



STUDIES
OF
N A T U R E.

VOL. IV.

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J. J. Smith.

STUDIES
OF
N A T U R E.

BY
JAMES-HENRY-BERNARDIN
DE SAINT-PIERRE.

.....MISERIS SUCCURERE DISCO.

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CONTENTS

OF VOL. IV.

		Page
SEQUEL OF		
STUDY XII.	OF the Sentiments of the Soul, and,	
	first, <i>Of mental Affections</i>	1
	Of the Sentiment of Innocence	5
	<i>Of Pity</i>	6
	<i>Of the Love of Country</i>	10
	Of the Sentiment of Admiration	13
	<i>Of the Marvellous</i>	14
	<i>The Pleasure of Mystery</i>	17
	<i>The Pleasure of Ignorance</i>	19
	Of the Sentiment of Melancholy	24
	<i>The Pleasure of Ruin</i>	28
	<i>The Pleasure of Tombs</i>	38
	<i>Ruins of Nature</i>	45
	<i>The Pleasure of Solitude</i>	47
	Of the Sentiment of Love	ib.
	Of some other Sentiments of Deity, and,	
	among others, of that of Virtue	75
STUDY XIII.	Application of the Laws of Nature to the	
	Disorders of Society	97
	Of Paris	181
	Of Nobility	246
	Of an Elysium	251
	Of the Clergy	288
STUDY XIV.	Of Education	297
	National Schools	326
	Recapitulation	371



STUDIES
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SEQUEL OF STUDY XII.

OF THE SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUL.

AND, FIRST,

Of mental Affections.

I SHALL speak of mental affections, chiefly in the view of distinguishing them from the sentiments of the soul : they differ essentially from each other. For example, the pleasure which comedy bestows is widely different from that of which tragedy is the source. The emotion which excites laughter is an affection of the mind, or of human reason ; that which dissolves us into tears is a sentiment of the soul. Not that I would make of the mind, and of the soul, two powers of a different nature ; but it seems to me, as has been already said, that the one is to the other, what sight is to the body ; mind is a faculty, and soul is the principle of it : the soul is, if I may venture

thus to express myself, the body of our intelligence. I consider the mind, then, as an intellectual eye, to which may be referred the other faculties of the understanding, as the *imagination*, which apprehends things future; *memory*, which contemplates things that are past; and *judgment*, which discerns their correspondencies. The impression made upon us by these different acts of vision, sometimes excites in us a sentiment which is denominated *evidence*; and in that case, this last perception belongs immediately to the soul; of this we are made sensible by the delicious emotion which it suddenly excites in us; but, raised to that, it is no longer in the province of mind; because, when we begin to feel, we cease to reason; it is no longer vision, it is enjoyment.

As our education and our manners direct us toward our personal interest, hence it comes to pass, that the mind employs itself only about social conformities, and that reason, after all, is nothing more than the interest of our passions; but the soul, left to itself, is incessantly pursuing the conformities of Nature, and our sentiment is always the interest of Mankind.

Thus, I repeat it, mind is the perception of the Laws of Society, and sentiment is the perception of the Laws of Nature. Those who display to us
the

the conformities of Society, such as comic Writers, Satyrists, Epigrammatists, and even the greatest part of Moralists, are men of wit : such were the Abbé *de Choisy*, *La Bruyere*, *St. Evremont*, and the like. Those who discover to us the conformities of Nature, such as tragic, and other Poets of sensibility, the Inventors of arts, great Philosophers, are men of genius : such were *Shakespeare*, *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Newton*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Montesquieu*, *La Fontaine*, *Fenelon*, *J. J. Rousseau*. The first class belong to one age, to one season, to one nation, to one junto ; the others to posterity and to Mankind.

We shall be still more sensible of the difference which subsists between mind and soul, by tracing their affections in opposite progresses. As often, for example, as the perceptions of the mind are carried up to evidence, they are exalted into a source of exquisite pleasure, independently of every particular relation of interest ; because, as has been said, they awaken a feeling within us. But when we go about to analyze our feelings, and refer them to the examination of the mind, or reasoning power, the sublime emotions which they excited in us vanish away ; for in this case, we do not fail to refer them to some accommodation of society, of fortune, of system, or of some other personal interest, whereof our reason is composed. Thus, in

the first case, we change our copper into gold; and in the second, our gold into copper.

Again, nothing can be less adapted, at the long-run, to the study of Nature, than the reasoning powers of Man; for though they may catch here and there some natural conformities, they never pursue the chain to any great length: besides, there is a much greater number which the mind does not perceive, because it always brings back every thing to itself, and to the little social or scientific order within which it is circumscribed. Thus, for example, if it takes a glimpse of the celestial spheres, it will refer the formation of them to the labour of a glass-house; and if it admits the existence of a creating Power, it will represent him as a mechanic out of employment, amusing himself with making globes, merely to have the pleasure of seeing them turn round. It will conclude, from its own disorder, that there is no such thing as order in Nature; from its own immortality, that there is no mortality. As it refers every thing to its own reason, and seeing no reason for existence, when it shall be no longer on the Earth, it thence concludes, that, in fact, it shall not in that case exist. To be consistent, it ought equally to conclude, on the same principle, that it does not exist now; for it certainly can discover, neither in
itself,

itself, nor in any thing around, an actual reason for it's existence.

We are convinced of our existence by a power greatly superior to our mind, which is sentiment, or intellectual feeling. We are going to carry this natural instinct along with us into our researches respecting the existence of the DEITY, and the immortality of the soul; subjects, on which our versatile reason has so frequently engaged, sometimes on this, sometimes on the other side of the question. Though our insufficiency be too great to admit of launching far into this unbounded career, we presume to hope, that our perceptions, nay, our very mistakes, may encourage men of genius to enter upon it. These sublime and eternal truths seem to us so deeply imprinted on the human heart, as to appear themselves the principles of our intellectual feeling, and to manifest themselves in our most ordinary affections, as in the wildest excesses of our passions.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF INNOCENCE.

The sentiment of innocence exalts us toward the DEITY, and prompts us to virtuous deeds. The Greeks and Romans employed little children to sing in their religious festivals, and to present
B 3 their

their offerings at the altar, in the view of rendering the Gods propitious to their Country, by the spectacle of infant innocence. The sight of infancy calls men back to the sentiments of Nature. When *Cato* of Utica had formed the resolution to put himself to death, his friends and servants concealed his sword; and upon his demanding it, with expressions of violent indignation, they delivered it to him by the hand of a child: but the corruption of the age in which he lived, had stifled in his heart the sentiment which innocence ought to have excited.

JESUS CHRIST recommends to us to become as little children: We call them innocents, *non nocentes*, because they have never injured any one. But, notwithstanding the claims of their tender age, and the authority of the Christian Religion, to what barbarous education are they not abandoned?

Of Pity.

The sentiment of innocence is the native source of compassion; hence we are more deeply affected by the sufferings of a child than by those of an old man. The reason is not, as certain Philosophers pretend, because the resources and hopes of the child are inferior; for they are, in truth, greater
than

than those of the old man, who is frequently infirm, and hastening to dissolution; whereas the child is entering into life; but the child has never offended; he is innocent. This sentiment extends even to animals, which, in many cases, excite our sympathy more than rational creatures do, from this very consideration, that they are harmless. This accounts for the idea of the good *La Fontaine*, in describing the Deluge, in his fable of *Baucis* and *Philemon*.

.....Tout disparut sur l'heure.
 Les vieillards déploroient ces fœvères destins :
 Les animaux perir ! Car encor les humains,
 Tous avoient dû tomber sous les célestes armes,
 Baucis en répandit en secret quelques larmes.

All disappear'd in that tremendous hour.
 Age felt the weight of Heaven's insulted power :
 On guilty Man the stroke with justice fell,
 But harmless brutes !—the fierceness who can tell
 Of wrath divine ?—At thought of this, some tears
 Stole down the cheeks of *Baucis*.....

Thus the sentiment of innocence develops, in the heart of Man, a divine character, which is that of generosity. It bears, not on the calamity abstractedly considered, but on a moral quality, which it discerns in the unfortunate being who is the object of it. It derives increase from the view of innocence, and sometimes still more from that of repentance. Man alone, of all animals, is sus-

ceptible of it : and this, not by a secret retrospect to himself, as some enemies of the Human Race have pretended : for, were that the case, on stating a comparison between a child and an old man, both of them unfortunate, we ought to be more affected by the misery of the old man, considering that we are removing from the wretchedness of childhood, and drawing nearer to those of old-age : the contrary, however, takes place, in virtue of the moral sentiment which I have alleged.

When an old man is virtuous, the moral sentiment of his distress is excited in us with redoubled force ; this is an evident proof, that pity in Man is by no means an animal affection. The sight of a *Belisarius* is, accordingly, a most affecting object. If you heighten it by the introduction of a child holding out his little hand to receive the alms bestowed on that illustrious blind beggar, the impression of pity is still more powerful. But let me put a sentimental case. Suppose you had fallen in with *Belisarius* soliciting charity, on the one hand, and on the other, an orphan child, blind and wretched, and that you had but one crown, without the possibility of dividing it, to which of the two would you have given it ?

If on reflection you find, that the eminent services rendered by *Belisarius* to his ungrateful Country,

try,

try, have inclined the balance of sentiment too decidedly in his favour, suppose the child overwhelmed with the woes of *Belisarius*, and at the same time possessing some of his virtues, such as having his eyes put out by his parents, and, nevertheless, continuing to beg alms for their relief * ; there would, in my opinion, be no room for hesitation, provided a man felt only : for if you reason, the case is entirely altered ; the talents, the victories, the renown of the Grecian General, would presently absorb the calamities of an obscure child. Reason will recal you to the political interest, to the *I* human.

The sentiment of innocence is a ray of the Divinity. It invests the unfortunate person with a celestial radiance, which falls on the human heart, and recoils, kindling it into generosity, that other flame of divine original. It alone renders us sensible to the distress of virtue, by representing it to us as incapable of doing harm ; for otherwise, we might be induced to consider it as sufficient to itself. In this case it would excite rather admiration than pity.

* The rector of a country village, in the vicinity of Paris, not far from Dravet, underwent, in his infancy, a piece of inhumanity not less barbarous, from the hands of his parents. He suffered castration from his own father, who was by profession a surgeon : he, nevertheless, supported that unnatural parent in his old age. I believe both father and son are still in life.

Of

Of the Love of Country.

This sentiment is, still farther, the source of love of Country, because it brings to our recollection the gentle and pure affections of our earlier years. It increases with extension, and expands with the progress of time, as a sentiment of a celestial and immortal nature. They have, in Switzerland, an ancient musical air, and extremely simple, called the *rans des vaches*. This air produces an effect so powerful, that it was found necessary to prohibit the playing of it, in Holland and in France, before the Swiss soldiers, because it set them all a-deserting one after another. I imagine that the *rans des vaches* must imitate the lowing and bleating of the cattle, the repercussion of the echos, and other local associations, which made the blood boil in the veins of those poor soldiers, by recalling to their memory the valleys, the lakes, the mountains of their Country*, and, at the same time,

* I have been told that *Poutaveri*, the Indian of Taïti, who was some years ago brought to Paris, on seeing, in the Royal Garden, the paper-mulberry tree, the bark of which is, in that island, manufactured into cloth, the tear started to his eye, and clasping it in his arms, he exclaimed: *Ab! tree of my country!* I could wish it were put to the trial, whether, on presenting to a foreign bird, say a paroquet, a fruit of its country, which it had

time, the companions of their early life, their first loves, the recollection of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

The love of Country seems to strengthen in proportion as it is innocent and unhappy. For this reason Savages are fonder of their Country than polished Nations are; and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile countries and fine climates. Never could the Court of Russia prevail upon a single Samoïède to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at Petersburg. Some Greenlanders were brought, in the course of the last century, to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with a profusion of kindness, but soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned, in attempting to return to their Country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but there was one, in par-

had not seen for a considerable time, it would express some extraordinary emotion. Though physical sensations attach us strongly to Country, moral sentiments alone can give them a vehement intensity. Time, which blunts the former, gives only a keener edge to the latter. For this reason it is, that veneration for a monument is always in proportion to it's antiquity, or to it's distance; this explains that expression of *Tacitus: Major è longinquo reverentia*: distance increases reverence.

ticular,

ticular, whom they observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms; hence they conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, undoubtedly, thus powerfully attaches those poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inspired the Greeks and Romans with so much courage in the defence of their Country. The sentiment of innocence strengthens the love of it, because it brings back all the affections of early life, pure, sacred, and incorruptible. *Virgil* was well acquainted with the effect of this sentiment, when he puts into the mouth of *Nisus*, who was dissuading *Euryalus* from undertaking a nocturnal expedition, fraught with danger, those affecting words :

Te superesse velim : tua vitâ dignior ætas.

If thou survive me, I shall die content :
Thy tender age deserves the longer life.

But among Nations with whom infancy is rendered miserable, and is corrupted by irksome, ferocious, and unnatural education, there is no more love of Country than there is of innocence. This is one of the causes which sends so many Europeans a-rambling over the World, and which accounts for our having so few modern monuments in Europe, because the next generation never fails
to

to destroy the monuments of that which preceded it. This is the reason that our books, our fashions, our customs, our ceremonies, and our languages, become obsolete so soon, and are entirely different this age from what they were in the last; whereas all these particulars continue the same among the sedentary Nations of Asia, for a long series of ages together; because children brought up in Asia, in the habitation of their parents, and treated with much gentleness, remain attached to the establishments of their ancestors, out of gratitude to their memory, and to the places of their birth, from the recollection of their happiness and innocence.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF ADMIRATION.

The sentiment of admiration transports us immediately into the bosom of DEITY. If it is excited in us by an object which inspires delight, we convey ourselves thither as to the source of joy; if terror is roused, we flee thither for refuge. In either case, Admiration exclaims in these words, *Ab, my God!* This is, we are told, the effect of education merely, in the course of which frequent mention is made of the name of GOD; but mention is still more frequently made of our father, of the king, of a protector, of a celebrated literary character.

character. How comes it, then, that when we feel ourselves standing in need of support, in such unexpected concussions, we never exclaim, *Ab, my King!* or, if Science were concerned, *Ab, Newton!*

It is certain, that if the name of GOD be frequently mentioned to us, in the progress of our education, the idea of it is quickly effaced in the usual train of the affairs of this World; why then have we recourse to it in extraordinary emergencies? This sentiment of Nature is common to all Nations, many of whom give no theological instruction to their children. I have remarked it in the Negroes of the coast of Guinea, of Madagascar, of Cafrerie, and Mosambique, among the Tartars, and the Indians of the Malabar coast; in a word, among men of every quarter of the World. I never saw a single one who, under the extraordinary emotions of surprize or of admiration, did not make, in his own language, the same exclamation which we do, and who did not lift up his hands and his eyes to Heaven.

Of the Marvellous.

The sentiment of admiration is the source of the instinct which men have, in every age, discovered for the marvellous. We are hunting after it continually,

tinually, and every where, and we diffuse it, principally, over the commencement and the close of human life: hence it is that the cradles and the tombs of so great a part of Mankind have been enveloped in fiction. It is the perennial source of our curiosity; it discloses itself from early infancy, and is long the companion of innocence. Whence could children derive the taste for the marvellous? They must have Fairy-tales; and men must have epic poems and operas. It is the marvellous which constitutes one of the grand charms of the antique statues of Greece and Rome, representing heroes or gods, and which contributes, more than is generally imagined, to our delight, in the perusal of the ancient History of those Countries. It is one of the natural reasons which may be produced to the President *Henault*, who expresses astonishment that we should be more enamoured of ancient History than of modern, especially that of our own country: the truth is, independantly of the patriotic sentiments, which serve, at least, as a pretext to the intrigues of the great men of Greece and Rome, and which were so entirely unknown to ours, that they frequently embroiled their country in maintaining the interests of a particular house, and sometimes in asserting the honour of precedence, or of sitting on a joint-stool; there is a marvellous in the religion of the Ancients which consoles and elevates human nature,

ture, whereas that of the Gauls terrifies and debases it. The gods of the Greeks and the Romans were patriots, like their great men. *Minerva* had given them the olive, *Neptune* the horse. These gods protected the cities and the people. But those of the ancient Gauls were tyrants, like their Barons ; they afforded protection only to the Druids. They must be glutted with human sacrifices. In a word, this religion was so inhuman, that two successive Roman Emperors, according to the testimony of *Suetonius* and *Pliny*, commanded it to be abolished. I say nothing of the modern interests of our History ; but sure I am that the relations of our politics will never replace in it, to the heart of Man, those of the Divinity.

I must observe that, as admiration is an involuntary movement of the Soul toward Deity, and is, of consequence sublime, several modern Authors have strained to multiply this kind of beauty in their productions, by an accumulation of surprising incidents ; but Nature employs them sparingly in hers, because Man is incapable of frequently undergoing concussions so violent. She discloses to us, by little and little, the light of the Sun, the expansion of flowers, the formation of fruits. She gradually introduces our enjoyments by a long series of harmonies ; she treats us as human beings ; that is, as machines feeble and easily deranged ;

deranged ; the veils Deity from our view, that we may be able to support his approach.

The Pleasure of Mystery.

This is the reason that mystery possesses so many charms. Pictures placed in the full glare of light, avenues in straight lines, roses fully blown, women in gaudy apparel, are far from being the objects which please us most. But shady vallies, paths winding about through the forests, flowers scarcely half-opened, and timid shepherdesses, excite in us the sweetest and the most lasting emotions. The loveliness and respectability of objects are increased by their mysteriousness. Sometimes it is that of antiquity, which renders so many monuments venerable in our eyes ; sometimes it is that of distance, which diffuses so many charms over objects in the Horizon ; sometimes it is that of names. Hence the Sciences which retain the Greek names, though they frequently denote only the most ordinary things, have a more imposing air of respect than those which have only modern names, though these may, in many cases, be more ingenious and more useful. Hence, for example, the construction of ships, and the art of navigation, are more lightly prized by our modern *literati*, than several other physical sciences of the most frivolous nature, but which are dignified by Greek names. Admira-

tion, accordingly, is not a relation of the understanding, or a perception of our reason; but a sentiment of the soul, which arises in us, from a certain undescribable instinct of Deity, at sight of extraordinary objects, and from the very mysteriousness in which they are involved. This is so indubitably certain, that admiration is destroyed by the science which enlightens us. If I exhibit to a savage an eolipile darting out a stream of inflamed spirit of wine, I throw him into an extasy of admiration; he feels himself disposed to fall down and worship the machine; he venerates me as the God of Fire, as long as he comprehends it not; but no sooner do I explain to him the nature of the process, than his admiration ceases, and he looks upon me as a cheat *.

* For this reason it is that we admire only that which is uncommon. Were there to appear, over the Horizon of Paris, one of those parhelia which are so common at Spitzbergen, the whole inhabitants of the city would be in the streets to gaze at it, and wonder. It is nothing more, however, than a reflection of the Sun's disk in the clouds; and no one stands still to contemplate the Sun himself, because the Sun is an object too well known to be admired.

It is mystery which constitutes one of the charms of Religion. Those who insist upon a geometrical demonstration on this subject, betray a profound ignorance, at once, of the Laws of Nature, and of the demands of the human heart.

The Pleasures of Ignorance.

From an effect of those ineffable sentiments, and of those universal instincts of Deity, it is, that ignorance is become the inexhaustible source of delight to Man. We must take care not to confound, as all our Moralists do, ignorance and error. Ignorance is the work of Nature, and, in many cases, a blessing to Man; whereas error is frequently the fruit of our pretended human Sciences, and is always an evil. Let our political Writers say what they will, while they boast of our wonderful progress in knowledge, and oppose to it the barbarism of past ages, it was not ignorance which then set all Europe on fire, and inundated it with blood, in settling religious disputations. A race of ignorants would have kept themselves quiet. The mischief was done by persons who were under the power of error, who, at that time, vaunted as much, perhaps, of their superior illumination, as we now-a-days do of ours, and into each of whom the European spirit of education had instilled this error of early infancy, *Be the first.*

How many evils does ignorance conceal from us, which we are doomed one day to encounter, in the course of human life, beyond the possibility

of escaping ! the inconstancy of friends, the revolutions of fortune, calumnies, and the hour of death itself, so tremendous to most men. The knowledge of ills like these would mar all the comfort of living. How many blessings does ignorance render sublime ! the illusions of friendship, and those of love, the perspectives of hope, and the very treasures which Science unfolds. The Sciences inspire delight only when we enter upon the study of them, at the period when the mind, in a state of ignorance, plunges into the great career. It is the point of contact between light and darkness, which presents to the eye the most favourable state of vision : this is the harmonic point, which excites our admiration, when we are beginning to see clearly ; but it lasts only a single instant. It vanishes together with ignorance. The elements of Geometry may have impassioned young minds, but never the aged, unless in the case of certain illustrious Mathematicians, who were proceeding from discovery to discovery. Those sciences only, and those passions, which are subjected to doubt and chance, form enthusiasts at every age of life, such as chemistry, avarice, play, and love.

For one pleasure which Science bestows, and causes to perish in the bestowing, ignorance presents us with a thousand, which flatter us infinitely more. You demonstrate to me that the Sun is a
fixed

fixed globe, the attraction of which gives to the planets one half of their movements. Had they, who believed it to be conducted round the World by *Apollo*, an idea less sublime? They imagined, at least, that the attention of a God pervaded the Earth, together with the rays of the Orb of Day. It is Science which has dragged down the chaste *Diana* from her nocturnal car: she has banished the Hamadryads from the antique forests, and the gentle Naiads from the fountains. Ignorance had invited the Gods, to partake of it's joys and it's woes; to Man's wedding, and to his grave: Science discerns nothing in either, except the elements merely. She has abandoned Man to his fellow, and thrown him upon the Earth as into a desert. Ah! whatever may be the names which she gives to the different kingdoms of Nature, celestial spirits, undoubtedly, regulate their combinations so ingenious, so varied, and so uniform; and Man, who could bestow nothing upon himself, is not the only being in the Universe who partakes of intelligence.

It is not to the illumination of Science that the DEITY communicates the most profound sentiment of his attributes, but to our ignorance. Night conveys to the mind a much grander idea of infinity than all the glare of day. In the daytime, I see but one Sun; during the night I dis-

cern thousands. Are those very stars, so variously coloured, really Suns? Are those planets, which revolve around ours, actually inhabited, as ours is? From whence came the planet Cybele*, discovered but yesterday, by a German of the name of *Herschel*? It has been running it's race from the beginning of the Creation, and was, till of late, unknown to us. Whither go those uncertainly revolving comets, traversing the regions of unbounded space? Of what consists that milky way which divides the firmament of Heaven? What are those two dark clouds, placed toward the Antarctic Pole, near the cross of the South? Can there be stars which diffuse darkness, conformably to the belief of the Ancients? Are there places in the firmament which the light never reaches? The Sun discovers to me only a terrestrial infinity, and the night discloses an infinity altogether celestial. O, mysterious ignorance, draw thy hallowed curtains over those enchanting spectacles! Permit not human Science to apply to them it's cheerless compasses. Let not virtue be reduced, henceforth, to look for her reward from the justice and the sensibility of a Globe! Permit her to think that there are in the Universe, destinies far different from those which fill up the measure of woe upon this Earth.

* The English, in compliment to their Sovereign, *George III.* give it the name of *Georgium Sidus*.

Science is continually shewing us the boundary of our reason, and ignorance is for ever removing it. I take care, in my solitary rambles, not to ask information respecting the name and quality of the person who owns the castle which I perceive at a distance. The history of the master frequently disfigures that of the landscape. It is not so with the History of Nature; the more her Works are studied, the more is our admiration excited. There is one case only in which the knowledge of the works of men is agreeable to us, it is when the monument which we contemplate has been the abode of goodness. What little spire is that which I perceive at Montmorency? It is that of Saint-Gratian, where *Catinat* lived the life of a sage, and under which his ashes are laid to rest. My soul, circumscribed within the precincts of a small village, takes it's flight, and ranges over the capacious sphere of the age of *Louis XIV.* and hastens thence to expatiate through a sphere more sublime than that of the World, the sphere of virtue. When I am incapable of procuring for myself such perspectives as these, ignorance of places answers my purpose much better than the knowledge of them could do. I have no occasion to be informed that such a forest belongs to an Abbey or to a Dutchy, in order to feel how majestic it is. It's ancient trees, it's profound glades, it's solemn, silent solitudes, are sufficient for me. The moment I cease

to behold Man there, that moment I feel a present Deity. Let me give ever so little scope to my sentiment, there is no landscape but what I am able to ennoble. These vast meadows are metamorphosed into Oceans; these mist-clad hills are islands emerging above the Horizon; that city below, is a city of Greece, dignified by the residence of *Socrates* and of *Xenophon*. Thanks to my ignorance, I can give the reins to the instinct of my soul. I plunge into infinity. I prolong the distance of places by that of ages; and, to complete the illusion, I make that enchanted spot the habitation of virtue.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF MELANCHOLY.

So beneficent is Nature, that she converts all her phenomena into so many sources of pleasure to Man; and if we pay attention to her procedure, it will be found, that her most common appearances are the most agreeable.

I enjoy pleasure, for example, when the rain descends in torrents, when I see the old mossy walls dripping, and when I hear the whistling of the wind, mingled with the clattering of the rain. These melancholy sounds, in the night-time, throw me into a soft and profound sleep.

Neither

Neither am I the only person susceptible of such affections. *Pliny* tells us of a Roman Consul, who, when it rained, had his couch spread under the thick foliage of a tree, in order to hear the drops clatter as they fell, and to be lulled to sleep by the murmuring noise.

I cannot tell to what physical Law Philosophers may refer the sensations of melancholy. For my own part, I consider them as the most voluptuous affections of the soul. Melancholy, says *Michael Montaigne*, is dainty. It proceeds, if I am not mistaken, from its gratifying, at once, the two powers of which we are formed, the body and the soul; the sentiment of our misery, and that of our excellence.

Thus, for example, in bad weather, the sentiment of my human misery is tranquillized, by my seeing it rain, while I am under cover; by my hearing the wind blow violently, while I am comfortably in bed. I, in this case, enjoy a negative felicity. With this are afterwards blended some of those attributes of the Divinity, the perceptions of which communicate such exquisite pleasure to the soul; such as infinity of extension, from the distant murmuring of the wind. This sentiment may be heightened from reflection on the Laws of Nature, suggesting to me that this rain, which comes, for the

the sake of supposition, from the West, has been raised out of the bosom of the Ocean, and, perhaps, from the coasts of America; that it has been sent to sweep our great cities into cleanliness, to replenish the reservoirs of our fountains; to render our rivers navigable; and whilst the clouds, which pour it down, are advancing eastward, to convey fertility even to the vegetables of Tartary, the grains and the garbage, which it carries down our rivers, are hurling away westward, to precipitate themselves into the Sea, to feed the fishes of the Atlantic Ocean. These excursions of my understanding convey to the soul an extension corresponding to its nature, and appear to me so much the more pleasing, that the body, which, for its part loves repose, is more tranquil, and more completely protected.

If I am in a sorrowful mood, and not disposed to send my soul on an excursion so extensive, I still feel much pleasure in giving way to the melancholy which the bad weather inspires. It looks as if Nature was then conforming to my situation, like a sympathizing friend. She is, besides, at all times so interesting, under whatever aspect she exhibits herself, that when it rains, I think I see a beautiful woman in tears. She seems to me more beautiful, the more that she wears the appearance of affliction. In order to be impressed with these sentiments,

sentiments, which I venture to call voluptuous, I must have no project in hand of a pleasant walk, of visiting, of hunting, of journeying, which, in such circumstances, would put me into bad humour, from being contradicted. Much less ought our two component powers to cross, or clash against each other, that is, to let the sentiment of infinity bear upon our misery, by thinking that this rain will never have an end; and that of our misery to dwell on the phenomena of Nature, by complaining that the seasons are quite deranged, that order no longer reigns in the elements, and thus giving into all the peevish, inconclusive reasonings, adopted by a man who is wet to the skin. In order to the enjoyment of bad weather, our soul must be travelling abroad, and the body at rest.

From the harmony of those two powers of our constitution it is, that the most terrible revolutions of Nature frequently interest us more than her gayest scenery. The volcano near Naples attracts more travellers to that city, than the delicious gardens which adorn her shores; the plains of Greece and Italy, overspread with ruins, more than the richly cultivated lawns of England; the picture of a tempest, more connoisseurs than that of a calm; and the fall of a tower, more spectators than its construction.

The

The Pleasure of Ruin.

I was for some time impressed with the belief, that Man had a certain unaccountable taste for destruction. If the populace can lay their hands upon a monument, they are sure to destroy it. I have seen at Dresden, in the gardens of the Count *de Brühl*, beautiful statues of females, which the Prussian soldiery had amused themselves with mutilating by musket-shot, when they got possession of that city. Most of the common people have a turn for slander; they take pleasure in levelling the reputation of all that is exalted. But this malevolent instinct is not the production of Nature. It is infused by the misery of the individuals, whom education inspires with an ambition which is interdicted by Society, and which throws them into a negative ambition. Incapable of raising any thing, they are impelled to lay every thing low. The taste for ruin, in this case, is not natural, and is simply the exercise of the power of the miserable. Man, in a savage state, destroys the monuments only of his enemies; he preserves, with the most assiduous care, those of his own Nation; and, what proves him to be naturally much better than Man in a state of Society, he never slanders his compatriots.

Be it as it may, the passive taste for ruin is universal. Our voluptuaries embellish their gardens with artificial ruins ; savages take delight in a melancholy repose by the brink of the Sea, especially during a storm, or in the vicinity of a cascade surrounded by rocks. Magnificent destruction presents new picturesque effects ; and it was the curiosity of seeing this produced, combined with cruelty, which impelled *Nero* to set Rome on fire, that he might enjoy the spectacle of a vast conflagration. The sentiment of humanity out of the question, those long streams of flame which, in the middle of the night, lick the Heavens, to make use of *Virgil's* expression, those torrents of red and black smoke, those clouds of sparks of all colours, those scarlet reverberations in the streets, on the summit of towers, along the surface of the waters, and on the distant mountains, give us pleasure even in pictures and in descriptions.

This kind of affection, which is by no means connected with our physical wants, has induced certain Philosophers to allege, that our soul, being in a state of agitation, took pleasure in all extraordinary emotions. This is the reason, say they, that such crowds assemble in the Place de Grève to see the execution of criminals. In spectacles of this sort, there is, in fact, no picturesque effect whatever. But they have advanced their axiom as
slightly

slightly as so many others, with which their Works abound. First, our soul takes pleasure in rest as much as in commotion. It is a harmony very gentle, and very easily disturbed by violent emotions; and granting it to be, in it's own nature, a movement, I do not see that it ought to take pleasure in those which threaten it with it's own destruction. *Lucretius* has, in my opinion, come much nearer to the truth, when he says that tastes of this sort arise from the sentiment of our own security, which is heightened by the sight of danger to which we are not exposed. It is a pleasant thing, says he, to contemplate a storm from the shore. It is, undoubtedly, from this reference to self, that the common people take delight in relating, by the fire-side, collected in a family way, during the Winter evenings, frightful stories of ghosts, of men losing themselves by night in the woods, of highway robberies. From the same sentiment, likewise, it is, that the better sort take pleasure in the representation of tragedies, and in reading the description of battles, of shipwrecks, and of the crash of empire. The security of the snug tradesman is increased by the danger to which the soldier, the mariner, the courtier is exposed. Pleasure of this kind arises from the sentiment of our misery, which is, as has been said, one of the instincts of our melancholy.

But

But there is in us, besides, a sentiment more sublime, which derives pleasure from ruin, independantly of all picturesque effect, and of every idea of personal security ; it is that of Deity, which ever blends itself with our melancholy affections, and which constitutes their principal charm. I shall attempt to unfold some of the characters of it, by following the impressions made upon us by ruins of different kinds. The subject is both rich and new ; but I possess neither leisure nor ability to bestow upon it a profound investigation. I shall, however, drop a few words upon it, by the way, in the view of exculpating and exalting human nature with what ability I have.

The heart of man is so naturally disposed to benevolence, that the spectacle of a ruin, which brings to our recollection only the misery of our fellow men, inspires us with horror, whatever may be the picturesque effect which it presents. I happened to be at Dresden, in the year 1765, which was several years after it had been bombarded. That small, but very beautiful and commercial city, more than half composed of little palaces, charmingly arranged, the fronts of which were adorned externally with paintings, colonades, balconies, and pieces of sculpture, then presented a pile of ruins. A considerable part of the enemy's bombs had been directed against the Lutheran church,

church, called St. Peter's, built in form of a rotundo, and arched over with so much solidity, that a greater number of those bombs struck the cupola, without being able to injure it, but rebounded on the adjoining palaces, which they set on fire, and partly consumed. Matters were still in the same state as at the conclusion of the war, at the time of my arrival. They had only piled up, along some of the streets, the stones which encumbered them; so that they formed, on each side, long parapets of blackened stone. You might see halves of palaces standing, laid open from the roof down to the cellars. It was easy to distinguish in them the extremity of stair-cases, painted cielings, little closets lined with Chinese papers, fragments of mirror glasses, of marble chimnies, of smoked gildings. Of others, nothing remained, except massy stacks of chimneys rising amidst the rubbish, like long black and white pyramids. More than a third part of the city was reduced to this deplorable condition. You saw the inhabitants moving backward and forward, with a settled gloom on their faces, formerly so gay, that they were called the Frenchmen of Germany. Those ruins, which exhibited a multitude of accidents singularly remarkable, from their forms, their colours, and their grouping, threw the mind into a deep melancholy; for you saw nothing in them but the traces of the wrath of a King, who had not levelled

levelled his vengeance against the ponderous ramparts of a warlike city, but against the pleasant dwellings of an industrious people. I observed even more than one Prussian deeply affected at the sight. I by no means felt, though a stranger, that reflection of self-security which arises in us on seeing a danger against which we are sheltered; but, on the contrary, a voice of affliction thrilled through my heart, saying to me, *if this were thy Country!*

It is not so with ruins which are the effect of time. These give pleasure, by launching us into infinity; they carry us several ages back, and interest us in proportion to their antiquity. This is the reason that the ruins of Italy affect us more than those of our own country; the ruins of Greece more than those of Italy; and the ruins of Egypt more than those of Greece. The first antique monument which I had ever seen was in the vicinity of Orange. It was a triumphal arch, which *Marius* caused to be erected, to commemorate his victory over the Cimbri. It stands at a small distance from the city, in the midst of fields. It is an oblong mass, consisting of three arcades, somewhat resembling the gate of St. Denis. On getting near, I became all eyes to gaze at it. What! exclaimed I, a work of the ancient Romans! and imagination instantly hurried me away to Rome,

and to the age of *Marius*. It would not be easy for me to describe all the successive emotions which were excited in my breast. In the first place, this monument, though erected over the sufferings of Mankind, as all the triumphal arches in Europe are, gave me no pain, for I recollected that the Cimbri had come to invade Italy, like bands of Robbers. I remarked, that if this triumphal arch was a memorial of the victories of the Romans over the Cimbri, it was likewise a monument of the triumph of Time over the Romans. I could distinguish upon it, in the bas-relief of the frieze, which represents a battle, an ensign, containing these characters, clearly legible, S. P. Q. R. *Senatus Populus Que Romanus*; and another inscribed with M. O..... the meaning of which I could not make out. As to the warriors, they were so completely effaced, that neither their arms nor their features were distinguishable. Even the limbs of some of them were worn out. The mass of this monument was, in other respects, in excellent preservation, excepting one of the square pillars that supported the arch, which a vicar in the neighbourhood had demolished, to repair his parsonage-house. This modern ruin suggested another train of reflection, respecting the exquisite skill of the Ancients, in the construction of their public monuments; for, though the pillar which supported one of the arches, on one side, had been demolished

lished, as I have mentioned, nevertheless, that part of the arch which rested upon it, hung unsupported in the air, as if the pieces of the vaulting had been glued to each other. Another idea likewise struck me, namely, that the demolishing parson might, perhaps, have been a descendant from the ancient Cimbri, as we modern French trace up our descent to the ancient Nations of the North, which invaded Italy. Thus, the demolition excepted, of which I by no means approve, from the respect I bear to antiquity, I mused upon the vicissitudes of all human affairs, which put the victors in the place of the vanquished, and the vanquished in that of the victors. I settled the matter thus, therefore, in my own mind, that as *Marius* had avenged the honour of the Romans, and levelled the glory of the Cimbri, one of the descendants of the Cimbri had, in his turn, levelled that of *Marius*; while the young people of the vicinity, who might come, perhaps, on their days of festivity, to dance under the shade of this triumphal arch, spent not a single thought about either the person who constructed, or the person who demolished it.

The ruins, in which Nature combats with human Art, inspire a gentle melancholy. In these she discovers to us the vanity of our labours, and the perpetuity of her own. As she is always build-

ing up, even when she destroys, she calls forth from the clefts of our monuments, the yellow gillyflower, the chenopodium, grasses of various sorts, wild cherry-trees, garlands of bramble, stripes of moss, and all the saxatile plants, which, by their flowers and their attitudes, form the most agreeable contrasts with the rocks,

I used to stop formerly, with a high degree of pleasure, in the garden of the Luxembourg, at the extremity of the alley of the Carmelites, to contemplate a piece of architecture which stands there, and had been originally intended to form a fountain. On one side of the pediment which crowns it, is stretched along an ancient River-god, on whose face time has imprinted wrinkles inexpressibly more venerable than those which have been traced by the chisel of the Sculptor: it has made one of the thighs to drop off, and has planted a maple tree in its place. Of the Naiad who was opposite, on the other side of the pediment, nought remains except the lower part of the body. The head, the shoulders, the arms, have all disappeared. The hands are still supporting an urn, out of which issue, instead of fluviatic plants, some of those which thrive in the driest situations, tufts of yellow gillyflowers, dandelions, and long sheaves of saxatile grasses.

A fine

A fine style of Architecture always produces beautiful ruins. The plans of Art, in this case, form an alliance with the majesty of those of Nature. I know no object which presents a more imposing aspect than the antique and well-constructed towers, which our Ancestors reared on the summit of mountains, to discover their enemies from afar, and out of the coping of which now shoot out tall trees, with their tops waving majestically in the wind. I have seen others, the parapets and battlements of which, murderous in former times, were embellished with the lilach in flower, whose shades, of a bright and tender violet hue, formed enchanting oppositions with the cavernous and embrowned stone-work of the tower.

The interest of a ruin is greatly heightened, when some moral sentiment is blended with it; for example, when those degraded towers are considered as having been formerly the residence of rapine. Such has been, in the *Païs de Caux*, an ancient fortification, called the castle of *Lillebonne*. The lofty walls, which form its precinct, are ruinous at the angles, and so overgrown with ivy, that there are very few spots where the layers of the stones are perceptible. From the middle of the courts, into which I believe it must have been no easy matter to penetrate, arise lofty towers with battlements, out of the summit of which spring up great trees,

appearing in the air like a head-dress of thick and bushy locks. You perceive here and there, through the mantling of the ivy which clothes the sides of the castle, Gothic windows, embrasures, and breaches which give a glimpse of stair-cases, and resemble the entrance into a cavern. No bird is seen flying around this habitation of desolation, except the buzzard hovering over it in silence; and if the voice of any of the feathered race makes itself sometimes heard there, it is that of some solitary owl which has retired hither to build her nest. This castle is situated on a rising ground, in the middle of a narrow valley, formed by mountains crowned with forests. When I recollect, at sight of this mansion, that it was formerly the residence of petty tyrants, who, before the royal authority was sufficiently established over the kingdom, from thence exercised their self-created right of pillage, over their miserable vassals, and even over inoffensive passengers who fell into their hands, I imagine to myself that I am contemplating the carcass, or the skeleton, of some huge, ferocious beast of prey.

The Pleasure of Tombs.

But there are no monuments more interesting than the tombs of men, and especially those of our own ancestors. It is remarkable, that every Nation,

tion, in a state of Nature, and even the greatest part of those which are civilized, have made the tombs of their forefathers, the centre of their devotions, and an essential part of their religion. From these, however, must be excepted the people whose fathers rendered themselves odious to their children by a gloomy and severe education, I mean, the western and southern Nations of Europe. This religious melancholy is diffused every where else. The tombs of progenitors are, all over China, among the principal embellishments of the suburbs of their cities, and of the hills in the country. They form the most powerful bonds of patriotic affection among savage Nations. When the Europeans have sometimes proposed to these a change of territory, this was their reply: "Shall we say to the bones of our Fathers, arise, and accompany us to a foreign land?" They always considered this objection as insurmountable.

Tombs have furnished, to the poetical talents of *Young* and *Gosier*, imagery the most enchanting. Our voluptuaries, who sometimes recur to the sentiments of Nature, have factitious monuments erected in their gardens. These are not, it must be confessed, the tombs of their parents. But whence could they have derived this sentiment of funeral melancholy, in the very midst of pleasure? Must it not have been from the persuasion

that something still subsists after we are gone? Did a tomb suggest to their imagination only the idea of what it is designed to contain, that is, a corpse merely, the sight of it would shock rather than please them. How afraid are most of them at the thought of death! To this physical idea, then, some moral sentiment must undoubtedly be united. The voluptuous melancholy resulting from it arises, like every other attractive sensation, from the harmony of the two opposite principles; from the sentiment of our fleeting existence, and of that of our immortality; which unite on beholding the last habitation of Mankind. A tomb is a monument erected on the confines of the two Worlds.

It first presents to us the end of the vain inquietudes of life, and the image of everlasting repose: it afterwards awakens in us the confused sentiment of a blessed immortality, the probabilities of which grow stronger and stronger, in proportion as the person whose memory is recalled was a virtuous character. It is there that our veneration fixes. And this is so unquestionably true, that though there be no difference between the dust of *Nero* and that of *Socrates*, no one would grant a place in his grove to the remains of the Roman Emperor, were they deposited even in a silver urn; whereas every one would exhibit those
of

of the Philosopher in the most honourable place of his best apartment, were they contained in only a vase of clay.

It is from this intellectual instinct, therefore, in favour of virtue, that the tombs of great men inspire us with a veneration so affecting. From the same sentiment too it is, that those which contain objects that have been lovely excite so much pleasing regret ; for, as we shall make appear presently, the attractions of love arise entirely out of the appearances of virtue. Hence it is that we are moved at the sight of the little hillock which covers the ashes of an amiable infant, from the recollection of it's innocence ; hence, again, it is, that we are melted into tenderness on contemplating the tomb in which is laid to repose a young female, the delight and the hope of her family, by reason of her virtues. In order to render such monuments interesting and respectable, there is no need of bronzes, marbles, and gildings. The more simple that they are, the more energy they communicate to the sentiment of melancholy. They produce a more powerful effect, when poor rather than rich, antique rather than modern, with details of misfortune rather than with titles of honour, with the attributes of virtue rather than with those of power. It is in the country, principally, that their impression makes itself felt in a very lively manner.

A simple,

A simple, unornamented grave there, causes more tears to flow than the gaudy splendor of a cathedral interment *. There it is that grief assumes sublimity ; it ascends with the aged yews in the church-yard ; it extends with the surrounding hills and plains ; it allies itself with all the effects of Nature, with the dawning of the morning, the

* Our Artists set statues of marble a-weeping round the tombs of the Great. It is very proper to make statues weep, where men shed no tears. I have been many a time present at the funeral obsequies of the rich ; but rarely have I seen any one shedding a tear on such occasions, unless it were, now and then, an aged domestic, who was, perhaps, left destitute. Some time ago, happening to pass through a little-frequented street of the Fauxbourg Saint-Marceau, I perceived a coffin at the door of a house of but mean appearance. Close by the coffin was a woman on her knees, in earnest prayer to God, and who had all the appearance of being absorbed in grief. This poor woman having caught with her eye, at the farther end of the street, the priests and their attendants coming to carry off the body, got upon her feet, and run off, putting her hands upon her eyes, and crying bitterly. The neighbours endeavoured to stop her, and to administer some consolation ; but all to no purpose. As she passed close by me, I took the liberty to ask if it was the loss of a mother or of a daughter that she lamented so piteously. " Alas ! " Sir," said she to me, the tears gushing down her cheeks, " I am mourning the loss of a good lady, who procured me the means of earning my poor livelihood ; she kept me employed from day to day." I informed myself in the neighbourhood respecting the condition of this beneficent lady : she was the wife of a petty joiner. Ye people of wealth, what use then do you make of riches, during your life-time, seeing no tears are shed over your grave !

murmuring

murmuring of the winds, the setting of the Sun, and the darkness of the night.

Labour the most oppressive, and humiliation the most degrading, are incapable of extinguishing the impression of this sentiment in the breasts of even the most miserable of Mankind. “ During the “ space of two years,” says Father *du Tertre*, “ our “ negro *Dominick*, after the death of his wife, “ never failed, for a single day, as soon as he re- “ turned from the place of his employment, to “ take the little boy and girl which he had by her, “ and to conduct them to the grave of the de- “ ceased, over which he sobbed and wept before “ them, for more than half an hour together, “ while the poor children frequently caught the “ infection of his sorrow *.” What a funeral oration for a wife and a mother ! This man, however, was nothing but a wretched slave.

There farther results, from the view of ruins, another sentiment; independant of all reflection : it is that of heroism. Great Generals have oftener than once employed their sublime effect, in order to exalt the courage of their soldiers. *Alexander* persuaded his army, loaded with the spoils of *Persia*, to burn their baggage ; and the moment that

* History of the Antilles : Tr. viii. chap. 1. sect. 4.

the fire was applied, they are on tiptoe to follow him all over the World. *William*, Duke of Normandy, as soon as he had landed his troops on England, set fire to his own ships, and the conquest of the kingdom was effected.

But there are no ruins which excite in us sentiments so sublime, as the ruins of Nature produce. They represent to us this vast prison of the Earth, in which we are immured, subject itself to destruction; and they detach us, at once, from our passions and prejudices, as from a momentary and frivolous theatrical exhibition. When Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, its inhabitants, on making their escape from their houses, embraced each other; high and low, friends and enemies, Jews and Inquisitors, known and unknown; every one shared his clothing and provisions with those who had saved nothing. I have seen something similar to this take place on board a ship, on the point of perishing in a storm. The first effect of calamity, says a celebrated Writer, is to strengthen the soul, and the second is, to melt it down. It is because the first emotion in Man, under the pressure of calamity, is to rise up toward the DEITY; and the second, to fall back into physical wants. This last effect is that of reflection; but the moral and sublime sentiment, almost always, takes possession of the heart, at sight of a magnificent destruction.

Ruins

Ruins of Nature.

When the predictions of the approaching dissolution of the World spread over Europe, some ages ago, a very great number of persons divested themselves of their property ; and there is no reason to doubt, that the very same thing would happen at this day, should similar opinions be propagated with effect. But such sudden and total ruins are not to be apprehended in the infinitely sage plans of Nature : under them nothing is destroyed, but what is by them repaired.

The apparent ruins of the Globe, such as the rocks which roughen it's surface in so many places, have their utility. Rocks have the appearance of ruins in our eyes, only because they are neither square nor polished, like the stones of our monuments ; but their anfractuosities are necessary to the vegetables and animals which are destined to find in them nourishment and shelter. It is only for beings vegetative and sensitive, that Nature has created the fossil kingdom ; and as soon as Man has raised useless masses out of it, to these objects, on the surface of the Earth, she hastens to apply her chisel to them, in order to employ them in the general harmony.

If

If we attend to the origin and the end of her Works, those of the most renowned Nations will appear perfectly frivolous. It was not necessary that mighty Potentates should rear such enormous masses of stone, in order, one day, to inspire me with respect, from their antiquity. A little flinty pebble, in one of our brooks, is more ancient than the pyramids of Egypt. A multitude of cities have been destroyed since it was created. If I feel myself disposed to blend some moral sentiment with the monuments of Nature, I can say to myself, on seeing a rock : “ It was on this place, perhaps, “ that the good *Fenelon* reposed, while meditating “ the plan of his divine *Telemachus* ; perhaps the “ day will come, when there shall be engraved on “ it, that he had produced a revolution in Europe, “ by instructing Kings, that their glory consisted “ in rendering Mankind happy ; and that the “ happiness of Mankind depends on the labours “ of agriculture : Posterity will gaze with delight “ on the very stone on which my eyes are at this “ moment fixed.” It is thus that I embrace, at once the past and the future, at sight of an insensible rock, and which, by consecrating it to virtue, by a simple inscription, I render infinitely more venerable, than by decorating it with the five orders of Architecture.

Of

Of the Pleasure of Solitude.

Once more, it is melancholy which renders solitude so attractive. Solitude flatters our animal instinct, by inviting us to a retreat so much more tranquil, as the agitations of our life have been more restless; and it extends our divine instinct, by opening to us perspectives, in which natural and moral beauties present themselves with all the attraction of sentiment. From the effect of these contrasts, and of this double harmony, it comes to pass, that there is no solitude more soothing than that which is adjoining to a great city; and no popular festivity more agreeable than that which is enjoyed in the bosom of a solitude.

OF THE SENTIMENT OF LOVE.

Were love nothing superior to a physical sensation, I would wish for nothing more than to leave two lovers to reason and to act, conformably to the physical laws of the motion of the blood, of the filtration of the chyle, and of the other humours of the body, were it my object to give the grossest libertine a disgust for it. Its principal act itself
is

is accompanied with the sentiment of shame, in the men of all countries. No Nation permits public prostitution; and though enlightened Navigators may have advanced, that the inhabitants of Taïti conformed to this infamous practice, observers more attentive have since adduced proof, that, as to the island in question, it was chargeable only on young women in the lowest rank of Society, but that the other classes there preserved the sense of modesty common to all Mankind.

I am incapable of discovering, in Nature, any direct cause of shame. If it be alleged, that Man is ashamed of the venereal act, because it renders him similar to the animal, the reason will be found insufficient; for sleep, drinking, and eating, bring him still more frequently to the similitude of the animal, and yet no shame attaches to these. There is, in truth, a cause of shame in the physical act: but whence proceeds that which occasions the moral sentiment of it? Not only is the act carefully kept out of sight, but even the recollection of it. Woman considers it as a proof of her weakness: she opposes long resistance to the sollicitations of Man. How comes it that Nature has planted this obstacle in her heart, which, in many cases, actually triumphs over the most powerful of propensities, and the most headstrong of passions?

Independantly

Independantly of the particular causes of shame, which are unknown to me, I think I discern one in the two powers of which Man is constituted. The sense of love being, if I may so express myself, the centre toward which all the physical sensations converge, as those of perfumes, of music, of agreeable colours, and forms, of the touch, of delicate temperatures and flavours; there results from these a very powerful opposition to that other intellectual power, from which are derived the sentiments of divinity and immortality. Their contrast is so much the more collusive, that the act of the first is in itself animal and blind, and that the moral sentiment, which usually accompanies love, is more expansive and more sublime. The lover, accordingly, in order to render his mistress propitious, never fails to make this take the lead, and to employ every effort to amalgamate it with the other sensation. Thus, shame arises, in my opinion, from the combat of these two powers; and this is the reason that children naturally have it not, because the sense of love is not yet unfolded in them; that young persons have a great deal of it, because those two powers are acting in them with all their energy; and that most old people have none at all, because they are past the sense of love, from a decay of Nature in them, or have lost it's moral sentiment, from the corruption of Society; or, which is a common case, from the effect

of both together, by the concurrence of these two causes.

As Nature has assigned to the province of this passion, which is designed to be the means of perpetuating human life, all the animal sensations, she has likewise united in it all the sentiments of the soul; so that love presents to two lovers, not only the sentiments which blend with our wants, and with the instinct of our misery, such as those of protection, of assistance, of confidence, of support, of repose, but all the sublime instincts, besides, which elevate Man above humanity. In this sense it is that *Plato* defined love to be, an interposition of the Gods in behalf of young people*.

Whoever

* It was by means of the sublime influence of this passion, that the Thebans formed a battalion of heroes, called the sacred band; they all fell together in the battle of Cheronea. They were found extended on the ground, all in the same straight line, transfixed with ghastly wounds before, and with their faces turned toward the enemy. This spectacle drew tears from the eyes of *Philip* himself, their conqueror. *Lycurgus* had likewise employed the power of love in the education of the Spartans, and rendered it one of the great props of his republic. But, as the animal counterpoise of this celestial sentiment was no longer found in the beloved object, it sometimes threw the Greeks into certain irregularities, which have justly been imputed to them as matter of reproach. Their Legislators considered women as the instruments merely of procreating children; they did not perceive that, by favouring love between men, they enfeebled that

which

Whoever would wish to be acquainted with human nature, has only to study that of love; he would perceive springing out of it, all the sentiments

which ought to unite the sexes, and that in attempting to strengthen their political bands, they were bursting asunder those of Nature.

The Republic of *Lycurgus* had, besides, other natural defects; I mention only one, the slavery of the Helots. These two particulars, however, excepted, I consider him as the most sublime genius that ever existed: and even as to these he stands, in some measure, excusable, in consideration of the obstacles of every kind which he had to encounter in the establishment of his Laws.

There are, in the harmonies of the different ages of human life, relations so delightful, of the weakness of children to the vigour of their parents; of the courage and the love between young persons of the two sexes to the virtue and the religion of unimpassioned old people, that I am astonished no attempt has been made to present a picture, at least, of a human society thus in concord with all the wants of life, and with the Laws of Nature. There are, it is true, some sketches of this sort, in the *Telemachus*, among others, in the manners of the inhabitants of *Bœtica*; but they are indicated merely. I am persuaded that such a Society, thus cemented in all its parts, would attain the highest degree of social felicity, of which human nature is susceptible in this World, and would be able to bid defiance to all the storms of political agitation. So far from being exposed to the fear of danger, on the part of neighbouring States, it might make an easy conquest of them, without the use of arms, as ancient China did, simply by the spectacle of its felicity, and by the influence of its virtues. I once entertained a design, on the suggestion of *J. J. Rousseau*, of extending this idea, by composing

ments of which I have spoken, and a multitude of others, which I have neither time nor talents to unfold. We shall remark, first, that this natural affection discloses, in every being, it's principal character, by giving it all the advantage of a complete extension. Thus, for example, it is in the season when each plant re-perpetuates itself by it's flowers and it's fruit, that it acquires all it's perfection, and the characters which invariably determine it. It is in the season of loves that the birds of song redouble their melody, and that those which excel in the beauty of their colouring, array themselves in their finest plumage, the various shades of which they delight to display, by swelling their throats, by rounding their tail into the form of a wheel, or by extending their wings along the ground. It is then that the lusty bull presents his forehead, and threatens with the horn; that the nimble courser frisks along the plain; that the ferocious animals fill the forests with the dreadful noise of their roaring, and that the tigress, exhaling the odour of carnage, makes the solitudes of Africa to resound with her hideous yells, and appears

the History of a Nation of Greece, well known to the Poets, because it lived conformably to Nature, and, for that very reason, almost altogether unknown to our political Writers; but time permitted me only to trace the outline of it, or, at most, to finish the first Book.

clothed

clothed with every horrid, attractive grace, in the eyes of her tremendous lover.

It is, likewise, in the season of loving, that all the affections, natural to the heart of Man, unfold themselves. Then it is that innocence, candour, sincerity, modesty, generosity, heroism, holy faith, piety, express themselves, with grace ineffable, in the attitude and features of two young lovers. Love assumes, in their souls, all the characters of religion and virtue. They betake themselves to flight, far from the tumultuous assemblies of the city, from the corruptive paths of ambition, in quest of some sequestered spot, where, upon the rural altar, they may be at liberty to mingle and exchange the tender vows of everlasting affection. The fountains, the woods, the dawning *Aurora*, the constellations of the night, receive by turns the sacred deposit of the oath of Love. Lost, at times, in a religious intoxication, they consider each other as beings of a superior order. The mistress is a goddess, the lover becomes an idolater. The grass under their feet, the air which they breathe, the shades under which they repose, all, all appear consecrated in their eyes, from filling the same atmosphere with them. In the widely extended Universe, they behold no other felicity but that of living and dying together, or, rather, they have lost all sight of death. Love transports

them into ages of infinite duration, and death seems to them only the transition to eternal union.

But should cruel destiny separate them from each other, neither the prospects of fortune, nor the friendship of companions the most endeared, can afford consolation under the loss. They had reached Heaven, they languish on the earth, they are hurried, in their despair, into the retirement of the cloister, to employ the remaining dregs of life, in re-demanding of God the felicity of which they enjoyed but one transient glimpse. Nay, many an irksome year after their separation, when the cold hand of age has frozen up the current of sense; after having been distracted by a thousand and a thousand anxieties foreign to the heart, which so many times made them forget that they were human, the bosom still palpitates at sight of the tomb which contains the object once so tenderly beloved. They had parted with it in the World, they hope to see it again in Heaven. Unfortunate *Heloïsa*! what sublime emotions were kindled in thy soul by the ashes of thy *Abelard*?

Such celestial emotions cannot possibly be the effects of a mere animal act. Love is not a slight convulsion, as the divine *Marcus-Aurelius* calls it. It is to the charms of virtue, and to the sentiment of her divine attributes, that love is indebted for
all

all that enthusiastic energy. Vice itself, in order to please, is under the necessity of borrowing its looks and its language. If theatrical female performers captivate so many lovers, the seduction is carried on by means of the illusions of innocence, of benevolence, and of magnanimity, displayed in the characters of the shepherdesses, of the heroines, and of the goddesses, which they are accustomed to represent. Their boasted graces are only the appearances of the virtues which they counterfeit. If sometimes, on the contrary, virtue becomes displeasing, it is because she exhibits herself in the disguise of harshness, caprice, peevishness, or some other repulsive bad quality.

Thus, beauty is the offspring of virtue, and ugliness that of vice; and these characters frequently impress themselves from the earliest infancy by means of education. It will be objected to me, that there are men handsome, yet vicious, and others homely, yet virtuous. *Socrates* and *Alcibiades* have been adduced as noted instances, in ancient times. But these very examples confirm my position. *Socrates* was unhappy and vicious at the time of life when the physiognomy assumes its principal characters, from infancy up to the age of seventeen years. He was born in a poor condition; his father had determined, notwithstanding his declared reluctance, to breed him to the art of sculpture.

ture. Nothing less than the authority of an oracle could rescue him from this parental tyranny. *Socrates* acknowledged, in conformity to the decision of a Physiognomist, that he was addicted to women and wine, the vices into which men are usually thrown by the pressure of calamity : at length, he became reformed, and nothing could be more beautiful than this Philosopher, when he discoursed about the DEITY. As to the happy *Alcibiades*, born in the very lap of fortune, the lessons of *Socrates*, and the love of his parents and fellow-citizens, expanded in him, at once, beauty of person and of soul ; but having been, at last, betrayed into irregular courses, through the influence of evil communications, nothing remained but the bare physiognomy of virtue. Whatever seduction may be apparent in their first aspect, the ugliness of vice soon discovers itself on the faces of handsome men degraded into wickedness. You can perceive, even under their smiles, a certain marked trait of falsehood and perfidy. This dissonance is communicated even to the voice. Every thing about them is masked, like their face.

I beg leave, farther, to observe, that all the forms of organized beings express intellectual sentiments, not only to the eyes of Man, who studies Nature, but to those of animals, which are instructed, at once, by their instinct, in such particulars of knowledge,

knowledge, as are, in many respects, so obscure to us. Thus, for example, every species of animal has certain traits, which are expressive of it's character. From the sparkling and restless eyes of the tiger, you may discover his ferocity and perfidy. The gluttony of the hog is announced by the vulgarity of his attitude, and the inclination of his head toward the ground. All animals are perfectly well acquainted with those characters, for the Laws of Nature are universal. For instance, though there be in the eyes of a man, unless he is very attentive, an exceedingly slight exterior difference between a fox and a species of dog which resembles him, the hen will never mistake the one for the other. She will take no alarm on the approach of the dog, but will be seized with horror the instant that the fox appears.

It is, still farther, to be remarked, that every animal expresses, in it's features, some one ruling passion, such as cruelty, sensuality, cunning, stupidity. But Man alone, unless he has been debased by the vices of Society, bears upon his countenance the impress of a celestial origin. There is no one trait of beauty but what may be referred to some virtue: such an one belongs to innocence, such another to candour, those to generosity, to modesty, to heroism. It is to their influence that Man is indebted, in every country, for the respect
and

and confidence with which he is honoured by the brute creation, unless they have been forced out of Nature by unrelenting persecution on the part of Man.

Whatever charms may appear in the harmony of the colours and forms of the human figure, there is no visible reason why it's physical effect should exert an influence over animals, unless the impress of some moral power were combined with it. The plumpness of form, or the freshness of colouring, ought rather to excite the appetite of ferocious animals, than their respect or their love. Finally, as we are able to distinguish their impassioned character, they, in like manner, can distinguish ours, and are capable of forming a very accurate judgment as to our being cruel or pacific: The game-birds, which fly the sanguinary fowler, gather confidently around the harmless shepherd.

It has been affirmed, that beauty is arbitrary in every Nation; but this opinion has been already refuted by an appeal to matter of fact. The mutilations of the Negroes, their incisions into the skin, their flattened noses, their compressed foreheads; the flat, long, round, and pointed heads of the savages of North-America; the perforated lips of the Brasilians; the large ears of the people of Laos, in Asia, and of some Nations of Guiana,
are

are the effects of superstition, or of a faulty education. The ferocious animals themselves are struck at sight of these deformities. All travellers unani- mously concur in their testimony, that when lions or tygers are famished, which rarely happens, and thereby reduced to the necessity of attacking caravans in the night time, they fall first upon the beasts of burden, and next upon the Indians, or the black people. The European figure, with it's simplicity, has a much more imposing effect upon them, than when disfigured by African or Asiatic characters.

When it has not been degraded by the vices of Society, it's expression is sublime. A Neapolitan, of the name of *John-Baptiste Porta*, took it into his head to trace in it relations to the figures of the beasts. To this effect, he has composed a book, embellished with engravings, representing the human head under the forced resemblance of the head of a dog, of a horse, of a sheep, of a hog, and of an ox. His system is somewhat favourable to certain modern opinions, and forms a very tolerable alliance with the hideous changes which the passions produce in the human form. But I should be glad to know after what animal *Pigalle* has copied that charming *Mercury* which I have seen at Berlin; and after the passions of what brutes the Grecian Sculptors produced the *Jupiter* of the Capitol,

pitol, the *Venus pudica*, and the *Apollo* of the Vatican? In what animals have they studied those divine expressions?

I am thoroughly persuaded, as I have said already, that there is not a single beautiful touch in a figure, but what may be allied to some moral sentiment, relative to virtue and to Deity. The traits of ugliness might be, in like manner, referred to some vicious affection, such as jealousy, avarice, gluttony, or rage. In order to demonstrate to our Philosophers, how far they are wide of the mark, when they attempt to make the passions the only moving principles of human life, I wish they could be presented with the expression of all the passions, collected in one single head; for example, the wanton and obscene leer of a courtesan, with the deceitful and haughty air of an ambitious courtier; and accompanied with an infusion of some touches of hatred and envy, which are negative ambitions. A head which should unite them all would be more horrid than that of *Medusa*; it would be a likeness of *Nero*.

Every passion has an animal character, as *John-Baptiste Porta* excellently observed. But every virtue, too, has its animal character; and never is a physiognomy more interesting than when you distinguish in it a celestial affection conflicting with
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an animal passion. Nay, I do not know whether it be possible to express a virtue otherwise than by a triumph of this kind. Hence it is that modesty appears so lovely on the face of a young female, because it is the conflict of the most powerful of animal passions with a sublime sentiment. The expression of sensibility, likewise, renders a face extremely interesting, because the soul, in this case, shews itself in a state of suffering, and because the sight of this excites a virtue in ourselves, namely, the sentiment of compassion. If the sensibility of the figure in question is active, that is, if it springs, itself, out of the contemplation of the misery of another, it strikes us still more, because then it becomes the divine expression of generosity.

I have a conviction, that the most celebrated statues and pictures of Antiquity owe much of their high reputation entirely to the expression of this double character, that is, to the harmony arising out of the two opposite sentiments of passion and virtue. This much is certain, that the most justly boasted master-pieces, in sculpture and painting, among the Ancients, all presented this kind of contrast. Of this abundance of examples might be adduced from their statues, as the *Venus pudica*, and the dying Gladiator, who preserves, even when fallen, respect for his own glory, at the moment he is sinking into the arms of death. Such, likewise,

was

was that of *Cupid* hurling the thunder after the infant *Alcibiades*, which *Pliny* ascribes to *Praxiteles*, or to *Scopas*. An amiable child, launching from his little hand the dread thunderbolt of *Jupiter*, must excite, at once, the sentiment of innocence, and that of terror. With the character of the God was blended that of a man equally attractive and formidable.

I believe that the paintings of the Ancients expressed, still better, those harmonies of opposite sentiments. *Pliny*, who has preserved to us the memory of the most noted of them, quotes, among others, a picture by *Athenion* of Maronea, which represented the cautious and crafty *Ulysses* detecting *Achilles* under the disguise of a young woman, by presenting an assortment of female trinkets, among which he had carelessly, and without appearance of art, introduced a sword. The lively emotion with which *Achilles* lays hold of that sword, must have exhibited a charming contrast with the habit, and the composed deportment of his nymph character. There must have resulted another, no less interesting, in the character of *Ulysses*, with his air of reserve, and the expression of his satisfaction, under the restraint of prudence, fearful lest, in discovering *Achilles*, he should at the same time betray himself.

Another

Another piece, still more affecting, from the pencil of *Aristides* of Thebes, represented *Biblis* languishing to death of the love which she bore to her own brother. In it there must have been distinctly represented the sentiment of virtue, repelling the idea of a criminal passion, and that of fraternal friendship, which recalled the heart to love, under the very appearances of virtue. These cruel consonances; despair at the thought of being betrayed by her own heart, the desire of dying, in order to conceal her shame, the desire of life to enjoy the sight of the beloved object, health winking away under the pressure of conflicts so painful, must have expressed, amidst the languors of death and of life, contrasts the most interesting, on the countenance of that ill-fated maid.

In another picture, of the same *Aristides*, was represented to admiration, a mother wounded in the breast, during the siege of a city, giving suck to her infant. She seemed afraid, says *Pliny*, lest it should draw in her blood, together with her milk. *Alexander* prized it so highly, that he had it conveyed to Pella, the place of his birth. What emotions must have been excited, in contemplating a triumph so exalted as that of maternal affection absorbing all sense of personal suffering! *Poussin*, as we have seen, has borrowed, from this virtue, the principal expression of his picture of the Deluge.

Rubens

Rubens has employed it, in a most wonderful manner, in giving expression to the face of his *Mary de Medicis*, in which you distinguish, at once, the anguish and the joy of child-bearing. He farther heightens the violence of the physical passion, by the careless attitude into which the Queen is thrown, in an easy-chair, and by her naked foot, which has shaken off the slipper; and, on the other hand, conveys the sublimity of the moral sentiment awakened in her, by the high destiny of her infant, who is presented to her by a God, reposed in a cradle of bunches of grapes and ears of corn, symbols of the felicity of his reign.

It is thus that the great Masters, not satisfied with opposing mechanically groups of figures and vacuity, shades and lights, children and old men, feet and hands, pursue with unremitting care, those contrasts of our internal powers which express themselves on "the human face divine," in touches ineffable, and which must constitute the eternal charm of their productions. The Works of *Le Sueur* abound in these contrasts of sentiment, and he places them in such perfect harmony with those of the elementary nature, that the result from them is the sweetest, and the most profound melancholy. But it has been much easier for his pencil to paint, than it is for my pen to describe, them.

I shall

I shall adduce but one example more to my present purpose, taken from *Poussin*, an Artist most admirable for his skill in graphic composition, but whose colours have suffered considerably from the hand of time. The piece to which I refer is his picture of the rape of the Sabine women. While the Roman soldiery are carrying off by force, in their arms, the terrified young women of the Sabines, there is a Roman officer, who is desirous of getting possession of one extremely beautiful as well as young. She has taken refuge in the arms of her mother. He dares not presume to offer violence to her, but seems to address the mother with all the ardour of love, tempered with respect; his countenance thus speaks: "She will be happy
 " with me! Let me be indebted for her to love,
 " and not to fear! I am less eager to rob you of
 " a daughter, than to give you a son." It is thus that, while he conforms himself, in dressing his characters, to the simplicity of the age, which rendered all conditions nearly similar, he has distinguished the officer from the soldier, not by his garb, but by his manners. He has caught, as he usually does, the moral character of his subject, which produces a very different effect from that of mere *costume*.

I should have been extremely happy had we been favoured, from the pencil of the same ingenious

Artist, with a representation of these same female Sabines, after they had become wives and mothers, rushing in between the two contending armies of the Sabines and Romans, "Running," as *Plutarch* tells us, "some on this side, others "on that, in tears, shrieking, exclaiming; thrusting themselves through the clashing of arms, "and heaps of the dead strewed along the ground, "like persons frantic, or possessed with a spirit, "carrying their sucking infants in their arms, "with hair dishevelled, appealing now to Romans, "now to Sabines, by every tender adjuration that "can reach the heart of Man *."

The most powerful effects of love, as has been said, arise out of contradictory feelings, melting into each other, just as those of hatred, frequently, are produced from similar sentiments which happen to clash. Hence it is that no feeling can be more agreeable than to find a friend in a man whom we considered as an enemy; and no mortification so poignant as meeting an enemy in the man whom we depended upon as a friend. These harmonic effects frequently render a slight and transient kindness more estimable than a continued series of good offices; and a momentary offence more outrageous than the declared enmity

* *Plutarch's Life of Romulus.*

of a whole life-time; because, in the first case, feelings diametrically opposite graciously unite; and, in the second, congenial feelings violently clash. Hence too it is, that a single blemish, amidst the valuable qualities of a man of worth, frequently appears more offensive than all the vices of a libertine, who displays only a solitary virtue, because, from the effect of contrast, these two qualities become more prominent, and eclipse the others in the two opposite characters. It proceeds, likewise, from the weakness of the human mind, which, attaching itself always to a single point of the object which it contemplates, fixes on the most prominent quality, in framing it's decisions. It is impossible to enumerate the errors into which we are every day falling, for want of studying these elementary principles of Nature. It would be possible, undoubtedly, to extend them much farther; it is sufficient for my purpose, if I have given a demonstration of their existence, and inspired others with an inclination to apply them properly.

These harmonies acquire greater energy from the adjoining contrasts which detach them, from the consonances which repeat them, and from the other elementary Laws which have been indicated; but if with these are blended some one of the moral sentiments of which I have been presenting a

faint sketch, in this case, the effect resulting from the whole is inexpressibly delightful. Thus, for example, a harmony becomes, in some sort, celestial, when it contains a mystery, which always supposes something marvellous and divine. I one day felt a most agreeable effect, as I was looking over a collection of old prints, which represented the history of *Adonis*. *Venus* had stolen the infant *Adonis* from *Diana*, and was educating him with her son *Cupid*. *Diana* was determined to recover him, as being the son of one of her nymphs. *Venus*, then, having, on a certain day, alighted from her chariot, drawn by doves, was walking with the two boys in a valley of Cythera. *Diana*, at the head of her armed retinue, places herself in ambush, in a forest through which *Venus* was to pass. *Venus*, as soon as she perceived her adversary approaching, and incapable either to escape, or to prevent the re-capture of *Adonis*, was instantly struck with the thought of clapping wings on his shoulders, and presenting *Cupid* and him together to *Diana*, desired her to take either of the children which she believed to be her property. Both being equally beautiful, both of the same age, and both furnished with wings, the chaste Goddess of the woods was deterred from choosing either the one or the other, and refrained from taking *Adonis*, for fear of taking *Cupid*.

This

This fable contains several sentimental beauties. I related it one day to *J. J. Rousseau*, who was highly delighted with it. “Nothing pleases me so much,” said he, “as an agreeable image, which conveys a moral sentiment.” We were at that time in the plain of Neuilly, near a park, in which we saw a group of Love and Friendship, under the forms of a young man and young woman, of fifteen or sixteen years of age, embracing each other with mouth to mouth. Having looked at it, he said to me, “Here is an obscene image presented, after a charming idea. Nothing could have been more agreeable, than a representation of the two figures in their natural state: Friendship, as a grown young woman caressing an infant *Cupid*.” Being on that interesting subject, I repeated to him the conclusion of that touching fable of *Philomela* and *Progné*.

Le désert est-il fait pour des talens si beaux ?
 Venez faire aux cités eclater leurs merveilles :
 Aussi bien, en voyant les bois,
 Sans cesse il vous souvient que Térée autrefois,
 Parmi des demeures pareilles,
 Exerça sa fureur sur vos divins appas.—
 Et c'est le souvenir d'un si cruel outrage,
 Qui fait, reprit sa sœur, que je ne vous suis pas :
 En voyant les hommes, hélas !
 Il m'en souvient bien davantage.

Why waste such sweetness on the desert air !
 Come, charm the city with thy tuneful note.
 Think too, in solitude, that form so fair
 Felt violation : flee the horrid thought.

Ah ! sister dear, sad Philomel replies,
 'Tis this that makes me shun the haunts of men :
 Teræus and Courts the anguish'd heart allies,
 And hastes, for shelter, to the woods again.

“ What a series of ideas !” cried he, “ how tenderly affecting it is !” His voice was stifled, and the tears rushed to his eyes. I perceived that he was farther moved by the secret correspondencies between the talents and the destiny of that bird, and his own situation.

It is obvious, then, in the two allegorical subjects of *Diana* and *Adonis*, and of Love and Friendship, that there are really within us, two distinct powers, the harmonies of which exalt the soul, when the physical image throws us into a moral sentiment, as in the first example ; and abase it, on the contrary, when a moral sentiment recalls us to a physical sensation, as in the example of Love and Friendship.

The suppressed circumstances contribute farther to the moral expressions, because they are conformable to the expansive nature of the soul. They
 conduct

conduct it over a vast field of ideas. It is to these suppressions that the fable of the Nightingale is indebted for the powerful effect which it produces. Add to these a multitude of other oppositions, which I have not leisure to analyze.

The farther that the physical image is removed from us, the greater extension is given to the moral sentiment; and the more circumscribed the first is, the more energetic the sentiment is rendered. It is this, undoubtedly, which communicates so much force to our affections, when we regret the death of a friend. Grief, in this case, conveys the soul from one World to the other, and from an object full of charms to a tomb. Hence it is, that the following passage from *Jeremiah* contains a strain of sublime melancholy: *Vox in Ramâ audita est; ploratus & ululatus multus: Rachel plorans filios suos, & noluit consolari, quia non sunt.* “A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not*.” All the consolations which this World can administer, are dashed to pieces against this word of maternal anguish, *non sunt.*

* Jeremiah, chap. xxxi. ver. 15.

The single *jet d'eau* of Saint-Cloud pleases me more than all its cascades. However, though the physical image should not escape, and lose itself in infinity, it may convey sorrow thither, when it reflects the same sentiment. I find, in *Plutarch*, a noble effect of this progressive consonance. “*Brutus*,” says he, “giving all up for lost, and having resolved to withdraw from Italy, passed by land through Lucania, and came to Elea, which is situated on the sea-side. *Portia* being to return from thence to Rome, endeavoured to conceal the grief which oppressed her, in the prospect of their approaching separation; but, with all her resolution and magnanimity, she betrayed the sorrow which was preying on her heart, on seeing a picture which there accidentally caught her eye. The subject of the piece was taken from the *Iliad*, and represented the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, when he was preparing to take the field, and at the instant when he was delivering the infant *Ashtanax* into the arms of his mother, while her eyes remain immoveably fixed on *Hector*. The resemblance which the picture bore to her own distress made her burst into tears; and several times a day she resorted to the place where it hung, to gaze at it, and to weep before it. This being observed by *Acilius*, one of the friends of *Brutus*, he repeated

“ peated the passage from *Homer*, in which *Andromache* expresses her inward emotion :

Εκτωρ ἄτάρ σύ μοι ἔσσι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
 Ἡ δὲ κασίγνητός· σύ δὲ μοι θαλὲρ παρκαοίτης.

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see
 My father, mother, kindred, all in thee,
 My wedded Lord.....

“ *Brutus* replied, with a smile, *But I must not answer Portia in the words of Hector to Andromache :*

Ἀλλ' εἰς οἶκον ἴσθα, τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
 Ἴσον τ' ἡλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κίλευε.

.....hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.

“ *For though the natural weakness of her body prevents her from acting what the strength of men only can perform, yet she has a mind as valiant, and as active for the good of her Country as we have.*”

This picture was, undoubtedly, placed under the peristyle of some temple, built on the shore of the Sea. *Brutus* was on the point of embarking without pomp, and without a retinue. His wife, the daughter of *Cato*, had accompanied him, perhaps on foot. The moment of separation approaches ; in order to soothe her anguish, she fixes her eyes on that painting, consecrated to the Gods.

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She beholds in it the last, long farewell of *Hector* and *Andromache*; she is overwhelmed; and to reanimate her fortitude, turns her eyes upon her husband. The comparison is completed, her courage forsakes her, tears gush out, conjugal affection triumphs over love of Country. Two virtues in opposition! Add to these the characters of a wild nature, which blend so well with human grief: profound solitude, the columns and the cupola of that antique temple, corroded by the keen air of the Sea, and marbled over with mosses, which give them the appearance of green bronze; a setting Sun, which gilds the summit of it; the hollow murmurs of the Sea, at a distance, breaking along the coast of Lucania; the towers of Elea perceptible, in the bosom of a valley, between two steep mountains, and that forrow of *Portia*, which hurries us back to the age of *Andromache*. What a picture, suggested by the contemplation of a picture! O, ye Artists, could you but produce it, *Portia* would, in her turn, call forth many a tear.

I could multiply, without end, proofs of the two powers by which we are governed. Enough has been said on the subject of a passion, the instinct of which is so blind, to evince that we are attracted to it, and actuated by it, from Laws widely different from those of digestion. Our affections demonstrate the immortality of the soul,
because

because they expand in all the circumstances, in which they feel the attributes of Deity, such as that of infinity, and never dwell with delight on the Earth, except on the attractions of virtue and innocence.

OF SOME OTHER SENTIMENTS OF DEITY, AND AMONG
OTHERS, OF THAT OF VIRTUE.

There are, besides these, a great number of sentimental Laws, which it has not been in my power, at present, to unfold: such are those which suggest pre-sentiments, omens, dreams, the reference of events, fortunate and unfortunate, to the same epochs, and the like. Their effects are attested among Nations, polished and savage, by Writers profane and sacred, and by every man who pays attention to the Laws of Nature. These communications of the soul, with an order of things invisible, are rejected by the learned of modern times, because they come not within the province of their systems and of their almanacs; but how many things exist, which are not reducible to the plans of our reason, and which have not been so much as perceived by it!

There are particular laws which demonstrate the immediate action of Providence on the Human
Race,

Race, and which are opposite to the general Laws of Physics. For example, the principles of reason, of passion, and of sentiment, as well as the organs of speech and of hearing, are the same in men of all countries; nevertheless, the language of Nations differs all the world over. How comes it that the art of speech is so various among beings who all have the same wants, and that it should be constantly changing in the transmission from father to son, to such a degree, that we modern French no longer understand the language of the Gauls, and that the day is coming, when our posterity will be unable to comprehend ours? The ox of Bengal bellows like that of the Ukraine, and the nightingale pours out the same melodious strains to this day, in our climates, as those which charmed the ear of the Bard of Mantua, by the banks of the Po,

It is impossible to maintain, though it has been alleged by certain Writers of high reputation, that languages are characterized by climates; for, if they were subjected to influence of this kind, they would never vary in any country, in which the climate is invariable. The language of the Romans was at first barbarous, afterwards majestic, and is become, at last, soft and effeminate. They are not rough to the North, and soft to the South, as *J. J. Rousseau* pretends, who, in treating this point, has given far too great extension to physical Laws.

The

The language of the Russias, in the North of Europe, is very soft, being a dialect of the Greek ; and the jargon of the southern provinces of France is harsh and coarse. The Laplanders, who inhabit the shores of the Frozen Ocean, speak a language that is very grateful to the ear ; and the Hottentots, who inhabit the very temperate climate of the Cape of Good-Hope, cluck like India cocks. The language of the Indians of Peru is loaded with strong aspirations, and consonants of difficult pronunciation. Any one, without going out of his closet, may distinguish the different characters of the language of each Nation, by the names presented on the geographical charts of the Country, and may satisfy himself that their harshness, or softness, has no relation whatever to those of Latitude.

Other observers have asserted, that the languages of Nations have been determined and fixed by their great Writers. But the great Writers of the age of *Augustus* did not secure the Latin language from corruption, previously to the reign of *Marcus Aurelius*. Those of the age of *Louis XIV.* already begin to be antiquated among ourselves. If posterity fixes the character of a language to the age which was productive of great Writers, it is because, as they allege, it is then at it's greatest purity ; for you find in them as many of those inventions

sions of phraseology, of those decompositions of words, and of those embarrassed syntaxes, which render the metaphysical study of all Grammar tiresome and barbarous; but it is because the Writings of those great men sparkle with maxims of virtue, and present us with a thousand perspectives of the DEITY. I have no doubt that the sublime sentiments which inspire them, illuminate them still in the order and disposition of their Works, seeing they are the sources of all harmony. From this, if I am not mistaken, results the unalterable charm which renders the perusal of them so delicious, at all times, and to the men of all Nations. Hence it is that *Plutarch* has eclipsed most of the Writers of Greece, though he was of the age neither of *Pericles*, nor of *Alexander*; and that the translation of his Works into old French, by the good *Amyot*, will be more generally read by posterity than most of the original Works produced even in the age of *Louis XIV.* It is the moral goodness of a period which characterizes a language, and which transmits it unaltered to the generation following. This is the reason that the languages, the customs, and even the form of dresses are, in Asia, transmitted inviolably from generation to generation, because fathers, all over that Continent, make themselves beloved by their children. But these reasons do not explain the diversity of language which subsists between one Nation and another. It must ever
appear

appear to me altogether supernatural, that men who enjoy the same elements, and are subjected to the same wants, should not employ the same words in expressing them. There is but one Sun to illuminate the whole Earth, and he bears a different name in every different land.

I beg leave to suggest a farther effect of a Law to which little attention has been paid ; it is this, that there never arises any one man eminently distinguished, in whatever line, but there appears, at the same time, either in his own Country, or in some neighbouring Nation, an antagonist, possessing talents, and a reputation, in complete opposition : such were *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*, *Alexander* and *Diogenes*, *Descartes* and *Newton*, *Corneille* and *Racine*, *Bossuet* and *Fenelon*, *Voltaire* and *J. J. Rousseau*. I had collected, on the subject of the two extraordinary men last mentioned, who were contemporaries, and who died the same year, a great number of strictures, which demonstrate that, through the whole course of life, they presented a striking contrast in respect of talents, of manners, and of fortune : but I have relinquished this parallel, in order to devote my attention to a pursuit which I deemed much more useful.

This balancing of illustrious characters will not appear extraordinary, if we consider that it is a
consequence

consequence from the general Law of contraries; which governs the World, and from which all the harmonies of Nature result: it must, therefore, particularly manifest itself in the Human Race, which is the centre of the whole; and it actually does discover itself, in the wonderful equilibrium, conformably to which the two sexes are born in equal numbers. It does not fix on individuals, in particular, for we see families consisting wholly of daughters, and others all sons; but it embraces the aggregate of a whole city, and of a Nation, the male and female children of which are always produced very nearly equal in number. Whatever inequality of sex there may exist in the variety of births in families, the equality is constantly restored in the aggregate of a people.

But there is another equilibrium no less wonderful, which has not, I believe, become an object of attention. As there are a great many men who perish in War, in sea-voyages, and by painful and dangerous employments, it would thence follow, that, at the long run, the number of women would daily go on in an increasing proportion. On the supposition, that there perishes annually one tenth part more of men than of women, the balancing of the sexes must become more and more unequal. Social ruin must increase from the very regularity of the natural order. This, however,
does

does not take place; the two sexes are always, very nearly, equally numerous: their occupations are different; but their destiny is the same. The women, who frequently impel men to engage in hazardous enterprizes to support their luxury, or who foment animosities, and even kindle wars among them, to gratify their vanity, are carried off, in the security of pleasure and indulgence, by maladies to which men are not subject; but which frequently result from the moral, physical, and political pains which the men undergo in consequence of them. Thus the equilibrium of birth between the sexes, is re-established by the equilibrium of death.

Nature has multiplied those harmonic contrasts in all her Works, relatively to Man; for the fruits which minister to our necessities, frequently possess, in themselves, opposite qualities, which serve as a mutual compensation.

These effects, as has been elsewhere demonstrated, are not the mechanical results of climate, to the qualities of which they are frequently in opposition. All the Works of Nature have the wants of Man for their end; as all the sentiments of Man have Deity for their principle. The final intentions of Nature have given to Man the knowledge of all her Works, as it is the instinct of

Deity which has rendered Man superior to the Laws of Nature. It is this instinct which, differently modified by the passions, engages the inhabitants of Russia to bathe in the ices of the Neva, during the severest cold of Winter, as well as the Nations of Bengal in the waters of the Ganges; which, under the same Latitudes, has rendered women slaves in the Philippine Islands, and despots in the Island of Formosa; which makes men effeminate in the Moluccas, and intrepid in Macassar; and which forms, in the inhabitants of one and the same city, tyrants, citizens, and slaves.

The sentiment of Deity is the first mover of the human heart. Examine a man in those unforeseen moments, when the secret plans of attack and defence, with which social man continually encloses himself, are suppressed, not on the sight of a vast ruin, which totally subverts them, but simply on seeing an extraordinary plant or animal: "Ah, my God!" exclaims he, "how wonderful this is!" and he invites the first person who happens to pass by, to partake of his astonishment. His first emotion is a transport of delight which raises him to God; and the second, a benevolent disposition to communicate his discovery to men; but the social reason quickly recalls him to personal interest. As soon as he sees a certain number of spectators assembled round the object of his curiosity,

osity, "It was I," says he, "who observed it first." Then, if he happens to be a Scholar, he fails not to apply his system to it. By and by he begins to calculate how much this discovery will bring him in; he throws in some additional circumstances, in order to heighten the appearance of the marvellous, and he employs the whole credit of his junto to puff it off, and to persecute every one who presumes to differ from him in opinion. Thus, every natural sentiment elevates us to God, till the weight of our passions, and of human institutions, brings us back again to self. *J. J. Rousseau* was, accordingly, in the right, when he said that Man was good, but that men were wicked.

It was the instinct of Deity which first assembled men together, and which became the basis of the Religion and of the Laws whereby their union was to be cemented. On this it was that virtue found a support, in proposing to herself the imitation of the Divinity, not only by the exercise of the Arts and Sciences, which the ancient Greeks, for this effect, denominated the petty virtues; but in the result of the divine power and intelligence, which is beneficence. It consisted in efforts made upon ourselves, for the good of Mankind, in the view of pleasing God only. It gave to Man the sentiment

of his own excellence, by inspiring him with the contempt of terrestrial and transient enjoyments, and with a desire after things celestial and immortal. It was this sublime attraction which exalted courage to the rank of a virtue, and which made Man advance intrepidly to meet death, amidst so many anxieties to preserve life. Gallant *d'Affas*, what had you to hope for on the Earth, when you poured out your blood in the night, without a witness, in the plains of Klosterkam, for the salvation of the French army? And you, generous *Eustace de St. Pierre*, what recompence did you expect from your Country, when you appeared before her tyrants, with the halter about your neck, ready to meet an infamous death, in saving your fellow-citizens? Of what avail, to your insensible ashes, were the statues and the elogiums which posterity was one day to consecrate to your memory? Could you so much as hope for this reward, in return for sacrifices either unknown, or loaded with opprobriousness? Could you be flattered, in ages to come, with the empty homage of a world separated from you by eternal barriers? And you, more glorious still in the sight of God, obscure citizens, who sink ingloriously into the grave; you, whose virtues draw down upon your heads shame, calumny, persecution, poverty, contempt, even on the part of those who dispense the
honour;

honours of a present state, could you have forced your way through paths so dreary and so rude, had not a light from Heaven illuminated your eyes * ?

It

* It is impossible for virtue to subsist independantly of Religion. I do not mean the theatrical virtues, which attract public admiration, and that, many a time, by means so contemptible, that they may be rather considered as so many vices. The very Pagans have turned them into ridicule. See what *Marcus Aurelius* has said on the subject. By virtue I understand the good which we do to men, without expectation of reward on their part, and, frequently, at the expence of fortune, nay, even of reputation. Analyze all those whose traits have appeared to you the most striking; there is no one of them but what points out Deity, nearer or more remote. I shall quote one not generally known, and singularly interesting from it's very obscurity.

In the last war in Germany, a Captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly any thing but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage; on perceiving it, he went up, and knocked at the door; out comes an ancient Hernouten, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "shew me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging"... .. "Presently," replied the Hernouten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley: "There is the very thing we want," says the Captain..... "Have patience for a few minutes," replies his guide, "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and, at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther, they arrive at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer, upon this, says to his con-

This respect for virtue, is the source of that which we pay to ancient Nobility, and which has introduced, in process of time, unjust and odious

ductor, "Father, you have given yourself and us unnecessary "trouble; the first field was much better than this"....."Very "true, Sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This stroke goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce me any thing once to be compared with it. It may be proper to observe, that the *Hernoutens* are a species of *Quakers*, scattered over some cantons of Germany. Certain Theologians have maintained, that heretics were incapable of virtue, and that their good actions were utterly destitute of merit. As I am no Theologian, I shall not engage in this metaphysical discussion, though I might oppose to their opinion the sentiments of St. *Jerome*, and even those of St. *Peter*, with respect to Pagans, when he says to *Cornelius* the centurion: "Of a truth, I perceive that "God is no respecter of persons; but in every Nation, he that "feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with "Him †." But I should be glad to know what those Theologians think of the charity of the good Samaritan, who was a schismatic. Surely they will not venture to start objections against a decision pronounced by JESUS CHRIST himself. As the simplicity and depth of his divine responses, form an admirable contrast with the dishonesty and subtilty of modern doctors, I shall transcribe the whole passage from the Gospel, word for word.

"And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, "saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

"He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest "thou?

† Acts of the Apostles, chap. x. ver. 34, 35.

"And

odious differences among men, whereas, originally, it was designed to establish among them, respectable distinctions alone. The Asiatics, more equitable,

“ And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the LORD thy GOD
“ with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy
“ strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thy
“ self.

“ And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do,
“ and thou shalt live.

“ But he willing to justify himself, said unto JESUS, And who
“ is my neighbour?

“ And JESUS answering, said, A certain *man* went down
“ from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which
“ stripped him of his raiment, and wounded *him*, and departed,
“ leaving *him* half-dead.

“ And by chance there came down a certain priest that way;
“ and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

“ And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and
“ looked on *him*, and passed by on the other side.

“ But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he
“ was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on *him*.

“ And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil
“ and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to
“ an inn, and took care of him.

“ And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two
“ pence, and gave *them* to the host, and said unto him, Take
“ care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come
“ again, I will repay thee.

“ Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour
“ unto him that fell among the thieves?

“ And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said
“ JESUS unto him, Go, and do thou likewise †.”

† Luke, chap. x. ver. 25—37.

equitable, attached nobility only to places rendered illustrious by virtue. An aged tree, a well, a rock, objects of stability, appeared to them as alone adapted to perpetuate the memory of what was worthy of being remembered. There is not, all over Asia, an acre of land, but what is dignified by a monument. The Greeks and Romans who issued out of it, as did all the other Nations of the World, and who did not remove far from it, imitated, in part, the customs of our first Fathers. But the other Nations which scattered themselves over the rest of Europe, where they

I shall be carefully on my guard against adding any reflections of my own on this subject, except this simple observation, that the action of the Samaritan is far superior to that of the Hernouten; for, though the second makes a great sacrifice, he is in some sort determined to it by force: a field must of necessity have been subjected to forage. But the Samaritan entirely obeys the impulse of humanity. His action is free, and his charity spontaneous. This stricture, like all those of the Gospel, contains, in a few words, a multitude of clear and forcible instructions, respecting the duties inculcated in the second table of the Law. It would be impossible to replace them by others, were imagination itself permitted to dictate them. Weigh all the circumstances of the restless and persevering charity of the Samaritan. He dresses the wounds of an unfortunate wretch, and places him on his own horse; he exposes his own life to danger, by stopping, and walking on foot, in a place frequented by thieves. He afterwards makes provision, in the inn, for the future, as well as for the present, necessities of the unhappy man, and continues his journey, without expecting any recompense whatever from the gratitude of the person whom he had succoured.

were

were long in an erratic state, and who withdrew from those ancient monuments of virtue, chose rather to look for them in the posterity of their great men, and to see the living images of them in their children. This is the reason, in my opinion, that the Asiatics have no Noblesse, and the Europeans no monuments.

This instinct of Deity constitutes the charm of the performances which we peruse with most delight. The Writers to whom we always return with pleasure, are not the most sprightly, that is, those who abound the most in the social reason which endures but for a moment, but those who render the action of Providence continually present to us. Hence it is that *Homer, Virgil, Xenophon, Plutarch, Fenelon*, and most of the ancient Writers, are immortal, and please the men of all Nations. For the same reason it is, that books of travels, though, for the most part, written very artlessly, and though decried by multitudes, of various orders in Society, who discern in them an indirect censure of their own conduct, are, nevertheless, the most interesting part of modern reading; not only because they disclose to us some new benefits of Nature, in the fruits and the animals of foreign countries, but because of the dangers by land and by water which their authors have escaped, frequently beyond all reasonable expectation.

tion. Finally, it is because the greatest part of our very learned productions studiously steer clear of this natural sentiment, that the perusal of them is so very dry and disgusting, and that posterity will prefer *Herodotus* to *David Hume*, and the Mythology of the Greeks to all our treatises on Physics; because we love still more to hear the fictions of Deity blended with the History of men, than to see the reason of men in the History of Deity.

This sublime sentiment inspires Man with a taste for the marvellous, who, from his natural weakness, must have ever been crawling on the ground, of which he is formed. It balances in him the sentiment of his misery, which attaches him to the pleasures of habit; and it exalts his soul, by infusing into him continually the desire of novelty. It is the harmony of human life, and the source of every thing delicious and enchanting that we meet with in the progress of it. With this it is that the illusions of love ever veil themselves, ever representing the beloved object as something divine. It is this which opens to ambition perspectives without end. A peasant appears desirous of nothing in the World, but to become the church-warden of his village. Be not deceived in the man! open to him a career without any impediment in his way; he is groom, he becomes

becomes highwayman, captain of the gang, a commander in chief of armies, a king, and never rests till he is worshipped as a God. He shall be a *Tamerlane* or a *Mahomet*.

An old rich tradesman, nailed to his easy-chair by the gout, tells us, that he has no higher ambition than to die in peace. But he sees himself eternally renovating in his posterity. He enjoys a secret delight in beholding them mount, by the dint of his money, along all the ascending steps of dignity and honour. He himself reflects not that the moment approaches when he shall have nothing in common with that posterity, and that while he is congratulating himself on being the source of their future glory, they are already employing the upstart glory which they have acquired, in drawing a veil over the meanness of their original. The atheist himself, with his negative wisdom, is carried along by the same impulse. To no purpose does he demonstrate to himself the nothingness, and the fluctuation of all things: his reason is at variance with his heart. He flatters himself inwardly with the hope, that his book, or his monument, will one day attract the homage of posterity; or, perhaps, that the book, or the tomb, of his adversary will cease to be honoured. He mistakes the DEITY, merely because he puts himself in his place.

With

With the sentiment of Deity, every thing is great, noble, beautiful, invincible, in the most contracted sphere of human life ; without it, all is feeble, displeasing, and bitter, in the very lap of greatness. This it was which conferred empire on Rome and Sparta, by shewing to their poor and virtuous inhabitants the Gods as their protectors and fellow-citizens. It was the destruction of this sentiment which gave them up, when rich and vicious, to slavery ; when they no longer saw, in the Universe, any other Gods except gold and pleasure. To no purpose does a man make a bulwark around himself of the gifts of fortune ; the moment this sentiment is excluded from his heart, languor takes possession of it. If it's absence is prolonged, he sinks into sadness, afterwards into profound and settled melancholy, and finally into despair. If this state of anxiety becomes permanent, he lays violent hands on himself. Man is the only sensible being which destroys itself in a state of liberty. Human life, with all it's pomp, and all it's delights, ceases, to him, to have the appearance of life, when it ceases to appear to him immortal and divine*.

* *Plutarch* remarks, that *Alexander* did not abandon himself to those excesses, which sullied the conclusion of his glorious career, till he believed himself to be forsaken of the Gods. Not only does this sentiment become a source of misery, when it separates itself from our pleasures ; but when, from the effect of
our

Whatever be the disorders of Society, this celestial instinct is ever amusing itself with the children of men. It inspires the man of genius, by disclosing itself to him under eternal attributes. It presents to the Geometrician, the ineffable progressions of infinity; to the Musician, rapturous harmonies; to the Historian, the immortal shades

our passions, or of our institutions, which pervert the Laws of Nature, it presses upon our miseries themselves. Thus, for example, when after having given mechanical Laws to the operations of the soul, we come to make the sentiment of infinity to bear upon our physical and transient evils; in this case, by a just re-action, our misery becomes insupportable. I have presented only a faint sketch of the two principles in Man; but to whatever sensation of pain, or of pleasure, they may be applied, the difference of their nature, and their perpetual re-action, will be felt.

On the subject of *Alexander* forsaken of the Gods, it is matter of surprize to me, that the expression of this situation should not have inspired the genius of some Grecian Artist. Here is what I find on this subject in *Addison*: "There is in the same gallery, (at Florence) a fine bust of *Alexander* the Great, with the face turned toward Heaven, and impressed with a certain dignified air of chagrin and dissatisfaction. I have seen two or three ancient busts of *Alexander*, with the same air, and in the same attitude; and I am disposed to believe, that the Sculptor pursued the idea of the Conqueror sighing after new worlds, or some similar circumstance of his History." (*Addison's Voyage to Italy*.) I imagine that the circumstance of *Alexander's* History, to which those busts ought to be referred, is that which represents him complaining of being abandoned of the Gods. I have no doubt that it would have fixed the exquisite judgment of *Addison*, had he recollected the observation made by *Plutarch*.

of

of virtuous men. It raises a Parnassus for the Poet, and an Olympus for the Hero. It sheds a lustre on the unfortunate days of the labouring poor. Amidst the luxury of Paris, it extracts a sigh from the breast of the humble native of Savoy, after the sacred covering of the snows upon his mountains. It expatiates along the vast Ocean, and recalls, from the gentle climates of India, the European mariner, to the stormy shores of the West. It bestows a country on the wretched, and fills with regret those who have lost nothing. It covers our cradles with the charms of innocence, and the tombs of our forefathers with the hopes of immortality. It reposes in the midst of tumultuous cities, on the palaces of mighty Kings, and on the august temples of Religion. It frequently fixes its residence in the desert, and attracts the attention of the Universe to a rock. Thus it is that you are clothed with majesty, venerable ruins of Greece and Rome; and you, too, mysterious pyramids of Egypt! This is the object which we are invariably pursuing, amidst all our restless occupations; but the moment it discovers itself to us, in some unexpected act of virtue, or in some one of those events which may be denominated strokes of Heaven, or in some of those indescribably sublime emotions, which are called sentimental touches, by way of excellence, its first effect is to kindle in the breast a very ardent movement of joy, and the second is

to melt us into tears. The soul, struck with this divine light, exults, at once, in enjoying a glimpse of the heavenly Country, and sinks at the thought of being exiled from it.

.....Oculis errantibus alto
Quæsit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.

ÆNEID, BOOK IV.

With wandering eyes explor'd the heavenly light,
Then sigh'd, and sunk into the shades of night.

STUDY THIRTEENTH.

APPLICATION OF THE LAWS OF NATURE TO THE
DISORDERS OF SOCIETY.

I HAVE exposed, in this Work, the errors of human opinion, and the mischief which has resulted from them, as affecting morals, and social felicity. I have refuted those opinions, and have ventured to call in question even the methods of human Science; I have investigated certain Laws of Nature, and have made, I am bold to affirm, a happy application of them to the vegetable order: but all this mighty exertion would, in my own opinion, prove to be vain and unprofitable, unless I employed it in attempting to discover some remedies for the disorders of Society.

A Prussian Author, who has lately favoured the World with various productions, carefully avoids saying a word respecting the administration of the government of his own Country, because, being only a passenger, as he alleges, in the vessel of the State, he does not consider himself as warranted to

intermeddle with the pilot's province. This thought, like so many others borrowed from books, is a mere effusion of wit. It resembles that of the man, who, seeing a house on the point of being seized with the flames, scampered off, without making any attempt to save it, because, forsooth, the house was not his. For my own part, I think myself so much the more obliged to take an interest in the vessel of the State, that I am a passenger on board, and thereby bound to contribute my efforts toward her prosperous navigation. Nay, I ought to employ my very leisure, as a passenger, to admonish the steersman of any irregularity, or neglect, which I may have perceived in conducting the business of the ship. Such, to my apprehension, are the examples set us by a *Montesquieu*, a *Fenelon*, and so many other names to be held in everlasting respect, who have, in every country, consecrated their labours to the good of their compatriots. The only thing that can be, with justice, objected to me, is my insufficiency. But I have seen much injustice committed; I myself have been the victim of it. Images of disorder have suggested to me ideas of order. Besides, my errors may, perhaps, serve as a foil to the wisdom of those who shall detect them. Were I but to present one single, useful idea to my Sovereign, whose bounty has hitherto supported me, though my services remain unrewarded, I shall have received the most precious recompense

compense that my heart can desire: if I am encouraged to flatter myself with the thought that I have wiped away the tears from the eyes of but one unfortunate fellow-creature; such a reflection would wipe away mine own in my dying moments.

The men who can turn the distresses of their Country to their own private emolument, will reproach me with being it's enemy, in the hacknied observation, that things have always been so, and that all goes on very well, because all goes on well for them. But the persons who discover, and who unveil the evils under which their Country labours, they are not the enemies which she has to fear; the persons who flatter her, they are her real enemies. The Writers assuredly, such as *Horace* and *Juvenal*, who predicted to Rome her downfall, when at the very height of her elevation, were much more sincerely attached to her prosperity, than those who offered incense to her tyrants, and made a gain of her calamities. How long did the Roman Empire survive the salutary warnings of the first? Even the good Princes, who afterwards assumed the government of it, were incapable of replacing it on a solid foundation, because they were imposed upon by their contemporary Writers, who never had the courage to attack the moral and political causes of the general corruption. They satisfied themselves with their own personal reformation,

reformation, without daring to extend it so much as to their families. Thus it was that a *Titus* and a *Marcus Aurelius* reigned. They were only great Philosophers on the throne. As far as I am concerned, I should believe that I had already deserved well of my Country, had I only announced in her ear this awful truth : That she contains, in her bosom more than seven millions of poor, and that their number has been proceeding in an increasing proportion, from year to year, ever since the age of *Louis XIV.*

God forbid that I should wish or attempt to disturb, much less destroy, the different orders of the State. I would only wish to bring them back to the spirit of their natural Institution. Would to God that the Clergy would endeavour to merit, by their virtues, the first place, which has been granted to the sacredness of their functions ; that the Nobility would give their protection to the citizens, and render themselves formidable only to the enemies of the people ; that the administrators of finance, directing the treasures of the Public to flow in the channels of agriculture and commerce, would lay open to merit the road which leads to all useful and honourable employment ; that every woman, exempted, by the feebleness of her constitution, from most of the burthens of Society, would occupy herself in fulfilling the duties of her
gentle

gentle destination, those of wife and mother, and thus cementing the felicity of one family ; that, invested with grace and beauty, she would consider herself as one flower in that wreath of delight, by which Nature has attached Man to life ; and while she proved a joy and a crown to her husband in particular, the complete chain of her sex might indissolubly compact all the other bonds of national felicity !

It is not my aim to attract the applause of the million ; they will not read my Book ; besides, they are already sold to the rich and the powerful. They are continually, I grant, maligning their purchasers, and even frequently applaud the persons who treat them with some degree of firmness ; but they give such persons up, the moment they are discovered to be objects of hatred to the rich ; for they tremble at the frown of the great, or crawl among their feet, on receiving the slightest token of benevolence. By the million, I understand not only the lowest order in Society, but a great number of others, who consider themselves as very far above it.

The people is no idol of mine, If the powers which govern them are corrupted, they themselves are the cause of it. We exclaim against the reigns of *Nero* and *Caligula* ; but these detestable Princes

were the fruit of the age in which they lived, just as bad vegetable fruits are produced by bad trees : they would not have been tyrants, had they not found among the Romans, informers, spies, parasites, poisoners, prostitutes, hangmen, and flatterers, who told them that every thing went on very well. I do not believe virtue to be the allotment of the people, but I consider it as portioned out among all conditions in life, and in very small quantities, among the little, among the middling, and among the great ; and so necessary to the support of all the orders of Society, that were it entirely destroyed, Country would crumble to pieces, like a temple whose pillars had been undermined.

But I am not particularly interested in the people, either from the hope of their applause, or respect to their virtues, but from the labours in which they are employed. From the people it is that the greatest part of my pleasures, and of my distresses, proceed ; by the people I am fed, clothed, lodged, and they are frequently employed in procuring superfluities for me, while necessaries are sometimes wanting to themselves ; from them, likewise, issue epidemic diseases, robberies, seditions ; and did they present nothing to me, but simply the spectacle of their happiness or misery, I could not remain in a state of indifference. Their joy involuntarily inspires me with joy, and their misery wrings

wrings my heart. I do not reckon my obligation to them acquitted, when I have paid them a pecuniary consideration for their services. It is a maxim of the hard-hearted rich man, "that artizan and "I are quit," says he, "I have paid him." The money which I give to a poor fellow for a service which he has rendered me, creates nothing new for his use; that money would equally circulate, and perhaps more advantageously for him, had I never existed. The people supports, therefore, without any return on my part, the weight of my existence: it is still much worse when they are loaded with the additional burthen of my irregularities. To them I stand accountable for my vices and my virtues, more than to the magistrate. If I deprive a poor workman of part of his subsistence, I force him, in order to make up the deficiency, to become a beggar or a thief; if I seduce a plebeian young woman, I rob that order of a virtuous matron; if I manifest, in their eyes, a disregard to Religion, I enfeeble the hope which sustains them under the pressure of their labours. Besides, Religion lays me under an express injunction to love them. When she commands me to love men, it is the People she recommends to me, and not the Great: to them she attaches all the powers of Society, which exist only by them, and for them. Of a far different spirit from that of modern politics, which present Nations to Kings

as their domains, she presents Kings to Nations, as their fathers and defenders. The people were not made for Kings, but Kings for the people. I am bound, therefore, I who am nothing, and who can do nothing, to contribute my warmest wishes, at least, toward their felicity.

Farther, I feel myself constrained, in justice to the commonalty of our own Country, to declare, that I know none in Europe superior to them in point of generosity, though, liberty excepted, they are the most miserable of all with whom I have had an opportunity to be acquainted. Did time permit, I could produce instances innumerable of their beneficence. Our wits frequently trace caricatures of our fish-women, and of our peasantry, because their only object is to amuse the rich; but they might receive sublime lessons of virtue, did they know how to study the virtues of the common people: for my own part, I have, oftener than once, found ingots of gold on a dunghill.

I have remarked, for example, that many of our inferior shop-keepers sell their wares at a lower price to the poor man than to the rich; and when I asked the reason, the reply was, "Sir, every body must live." I have likewise observed, that a great many of the lower order never haggle, when they are buying from poor people like themselves:
"Every

“ Every one,” say they, “ must live by his trade.” I saw a little child, one day, buying greens from the herb-woman : she filled a large apron with the articles which he wanted, and took a penny : on my expressing surprize at the quantity which she had given him, she said to me, “ I would not, Sir, have given so much to a grown person ; but “ I would not for the world take advantage of a “ child.” I knew a man of the name of *Christal*, in the *rue de la Magdelaine*, whose trade was to go about felling Auvergne-waters, and who supported for five months, *gratis*, an upholsterer, of whom he had no knowledge, and whom a law-suit had brought to Paris, because, as he told me, that poor upholsterer, the whole length of the road, in a public carriage, had, from time to time, given an arm to his sick wife. That same man had a son eighteen years old, a paralytic and changeling from the womb, whom he maintained with the tenderest attachment, without once consenting to his admission into the Hospital of Incurables, though frequently solicited to that effect, by persons who had interest sufficient to procure it : “ God,” said he to me, “ has given me the poor “ youth : it is my duty to take care of him.” I have no doubt that he still continues to support him, though he is under the necessity of feeding him with his own hands, and has the farther charge of a frequently ailing wife.

I once

I once stopped, with admiration, to contemplate a poor mendicant, seated on a post, in the *rue Bergere*, near the Boulevards. A great many well-dressed people passed by, without giving him any thing; but there were very few servant-girls, or women loaded with baskets, who did not stop to bestow their charity. He wore a well-powdered peruque, with his hat under his arm, was dressed in a furtout, his linen white and clean, and every article so trim, that you would have thought these poor people were receiving alms from him, and not giving them. It is impossible, assuredly, to refer this sentiment of generosity in the common people to any secret suggestion of self-interest, as the enemies of mankind allege, in taking upon them to explain the causes of compassion. No one of those poor benefactresses thought of putting herself in the place of the unfortunate mendicant, who, it was said, had been a watchmaker, and had lost his eye-sight; but they were moved by that sublime instinct which interests us more in the distresses of the Great, than in those of other men; because we estimate the magnitude of their sufferings by the standard of their elevation, and of the fall from it. A blind watchmaker was a *Belisarius* in the eyes of servant-maids.

I should never have done, were I to indulge myself in detailing anecdotes of this sort. They would
be

be found worthy of the admiration of the rich, were they extracted from the History of Savages, or from that of the Roman Emperors; were they two thousand years old, or had they taken place two thousand leagues off. They would amuse their imagination, and tranquillize their avarice. Our own commonalty, undoubtedly, well deserves to be loved. I am able to demonstrate, that their moral goodness is the firmest support of Government, and that, notwithstanding their own necessities, to them our soldiery is indebted for the supplement to their miserable pittance of pay, and that to them the innumerable poor with whom the kingdom swarms, owe a subsistence wrung from penury itself.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO, said the Ancients: let the safety of the People be the paramount Law, because their misery is the general misery. This axiom ought to be so much the more sacred in the eyes of Legislators and Reformers, that no Law can be of long duration, and no plan of reform reduced into effect, unless the happiness of the people is previously secured. Out of their miseries abuses spring, are kept up, and are renewed. It is from want of having reared the fabrick on this sure foundation, that so many illustrious Reformers have seen their political edifice crumble into ruins. If *Agis* and *Cleomenes* failed
in

in their attempts to reform Sparta, it was because the wretched Helots observed with indifference a system of happiness which extended not to them. If China has been conquered by the Tartars, it was because the discontented Chinese were groaning under the tyranny of their Mandarins, while the Sovereign knew nothing of the matter. If Poland has, in our own days, been parcelled out by her neighbours, it was because her enslaved peasantry, and her reduced gentry, did not stand up in her defence. If so many efforts toward reform, on the subject of the clergy, of the army, of finance, of our courts of justice, of commerce, of concubinage, have proved abortive with us, it is because the misery of the people is continually reproducing the same abuses.

I have not seen, in the whole course of my travels, a country more flourishing than Holland. The capital is computed to contain, at least, a hundred and four-score thousand inhabitants. An immense commerce presents, in that city, a thousand objects of temptation, yet you never hear of a robbery committed. They do not even employ foldiers for mounting guard. I was there in 1762, and for eleven years previous to that period, no person had been punished capitally. The Laws, however, are very severe in that Country ; but the people, who possess the means of easily earning a livelihood,

livelihood, are under no temptation to infringe them. It is farther worthy of remark, that though they have gained millions by printing all our extravagances in morals, in politics, and in religion, neither their opinions nor their moral conduct have been affected by it, because the people are contented with their condition. Crimes spring up only from the extremes of indigence and opulence.

When I was at Moscow, an aged Genevois, who had lived in that city from the days of *Peter I.* informed me, that from the time they had opened to the people various channels of subsistence, by the establishments of manufactures and commerce, seditions, assassinations, robberies, and wilful fires, had become much less frequent than they used to be. Had there not been at Rome multitudes of miserable wretches, no *Catiline* would have started up there. The police, I admit, prevents at Paris very alarming irregularities. Nay, it may be with truth affirmed, that fewer crimes are committed in that capital, than in the other cities of the kingdom, in proportion to their population; but the tranquillity of the common people in Paris is to be accounted for, from their finding there readier means of subsistence, than in the other cities of the kingdom, because the rich of all the provinces fix their residence in the metropolis. After all, the expense of our police, in
guards,

guards, in spies, in houses of correction, and in gaols, are a burthen to that very people, and becomes an expence of punishments, when they might be transformed into benefits. Besides, these methods are repercussions merely, whereby the people are thrown into concealed irregularities, which are not the least dangerous.

The first step toward relieving the indigence of the commonalty, is to diminish the excessive opulence of the rich. It is not by them that the people live, as modern politicians pretend. To no purpose do they institute calculations of the riches of a State, the mass of them is undoubtedly limited; and if it is entirely in the possession of a small number of the citizens, it is no longer in the service of the multitude. As they always see in detail men, for whom they care very little, and in overgrown capitals money, which they love very much, they infer, that it is more advantageous for the kingdom, that a revenue of a hundred thousand crowns should be in the possession of a single person, rather than portioned out among a hundred families, because, say they, the proprietors of large capitals engage in great enterprizes; but here they fall into a most pernicious error. The financier who possesses them, only maintains a few footmen more, and extends the rest of his superfluity to objects of luxury and corruption: moreover,

over, every one being at liberty to enjoy in his own way, if he happens to be a miser, this money is altogether lost to Society. But a hundred families of respectable citizens could live comfortably on the same revenue. They will rear a numerous progeny, and will furnish the means of living to a multitude of other families of the commonalty, by arts that are really useful, and favourable to good morals.

It would be necessary, therefore, in order to check unbounded opulence, without, however, doing injustice to the rich, to put an end to the venality of employments, which confers them all on that portion of Society which needs them the least, as the means of subsistence, for it gives them to those who have got money. It would be necessary to abolish pluralities, by which two, three, four, or more offices, are accumulated on the head of one person; as well as reversionary offices, which perpetuate them in the same families. This abolition would, undoubtedly, destroy that monied aristocracy, which is extending farther and farther in the bosom of the monarchy, and which, by interposing an insurmountable barrier between the Prince and his subjects, becomes, in process of time, the most dangerous of all governments. The dignity of employments would thereby be greatly enhanced, as they must, in this case, rise in estimation, being considered

considered as the reward of merit, and not the purchase of money : that respect for gold, which has corrupted every moral principle, would be diminished, and that which is due to virtue would be heightened : the career of public honour would be laid open to all the orders of the State, which, for more than a century past, has been the patrimony of from four to five thousand families, which have transmitted all the great offices from hand to hand, without communicating any share of them to the rest of the citizens, except in proportion as they cease to be such, that is, in proportion as they sell to them their liberty, their honour, and their conscience.

Our Princes have been taught to believe, that it was safer for them to trust to the purses, than to the probity of their subjects. Here we have the origin of venality in the civil state ; but this sophism falls to the ground, the moment we reflect that it subsists not in either the ecclesiastical or military order ; and that these great bodies still are, as to the individuals which compose them, the best ordered of any in the State, at least with relation to their police, and to their particular interests.

The Court employs frequent change of fashions, in order to enable the poor to live on the superfluity of the rich. This palliative is so far good, though

though subject to dangerous abuse: it ought, at least, to be converted, to it's full extent, to the profit of the poor, by a prohibition of the introduction of every article of foreign luxury into France; for it would be very inhuman in the rich, who engross all the money in the Nation, to send out of it immense sums annually, to the Indies and to China, for the purchase of muslins, silks, and porcelains, which are all to be had within the kingdom. The trade to India and China is necessary only to Nations which have neither mulberry-trees nor silk worms, as the English and Dutch. They, too, may indulge themselves in the use of tea, because their country produces no wine. But every piece of callico we import from Bengal, prevents an inhabitant of our own islands from cultivating the plant which would have furnished the raw material, and a family in France from spinning and weaving it into cloth. There is another political and moral obligation which ought to be enforced, that of giving back to the female sex the occupations which properly belong to them, such as midwifery, millinery, the employments of the needle, linen-drapery, trimming, and the like, which require only taste and address, and are adapted to a sedentary way of life; in order to rescue great numbers of them from idleness, and from prostitution, in which so many seek the means of supporting a miserable existence.

Again, a vast channel of subsistence to the people might be opened, by suppressing the exclusive privileges of commercial and manufacturing companies. These companies, we are told, provide a livelihood for a whole country. Their establishments, I admit, on the first glance, present an imposing appearance, especially in rural situations. They display great avenues of trees, vast edifices, courts within courts, palaces; but while the undertakers are riding in their coaches, the rest of the village are walking in wooden shoes. I never beheld a peasantry more wretched than in villages where privileged manufactures are established. Such exclusive privileges contribute more than is generally imagined, to check the industry of a country. I shall quote, on this occasion, the remark of an anonymous English Author, highly respectable for the soundness of his judgment, and for the strictness of his impartiality. "I passed," says he, "through Montreuil, Abbeville, Perquigni.....The second of these cities has, like-
 " wife, it's castle: it's indigent inhabitants greatly
 " cry up their broad-cloth manufacture: but it is
 " less considerable than those of many villages of
 " the county of York *."

* Voyage to France, Italy, and the Islands of the Archipelago, in 1750. Four small volumes in 12mo.

I could,

I could likewise oppose to the woollen manufactures of the villages of the County of York, those of handkerchiefs, cotton-stuffs, woollens, of the villages of the Pays de Caux, which are there in a very flourishing state, and where the peasantry are very rich, because there are no exclusive privileges in that part of the country. The privileged undertaker having no competitor in a country, settles the workman's wages at his own pleasure. They have a thousand devices besides, to reduce the price of labour as low as it can go. They give them, for example, a trifle of money in advance, and having thereby inveigled them into a state of insolvency, which may be done by a loan of a few crowns, they have them thenceforward at their mercy. I know a considerable branch of the salt-water fishery, almost totally destroyed, in one of our sea ports, by means of this underhand species of monopoly. The tradesmen of that town, at first, bought the fish of the fishermen, to cure it for sale. They afterwards were at the expense of building vessels proper for the trade: they proceeded next to advance money to the fishermen's wives, during the absence of their husbands. These were reduced, on their return, to the necessity of becoming hired servants to the merchant, in order to discharge the debt. The merchant having thus become master of the boats, of the fisherman, and of the commodity, regulated the conditions of the

trade just as he pleased. Most of the fishermen, disheartened by the smallness of their profits, quitted the employment; and the fishery, which was formerly a mine of wealth to the place, is now dwindled to almost nothing.

On the other hand, if I object to a monopoly, which would engross the means of subsistence bestowed by Nature on every order of Society, and on both sexes, much less would I consent to a monopoly that should grasp at those which she has assigned to every man in particular. For example, the Author of a book, of a machine, or of any invention, whether useful or agreeable, to which a man has devoted his time, his attention, in a word, his genius, ought to be, at least, as well secured in a perpetual right over those who sell his book, or avail themselves of his invention, as a feudal Lord is to exact the rights of fines of alienation, from persons who build on his grounds, and even from those who re-sell the property of such houses. This claim would appear to me still better founded, on the natural right, than that of fines of alienation. If the Public suddenly lays hold of a useful invention, the State becomes bound to indemnify the Author of it, to prevent the glory of his discovery from proving a pecuniary detriment to him. Did a Law so equitable exist, we should not see a score of booksellers wallowing in affluence at the expense

pense of an Author who did not know, sometimes, where to find a dinner. We should not have seen, for instance, in our own days, the posterity of *Cornille* and of *La Fontaine* reduced to subsist on alms, while the booksellers of Paris have been building palaces out of the sale of their Works.

Immense landed property is still more injurious than that of money and of employments, because it deprives the other citizens, at once, of the social and of the natural patriotism. Besides, it comes, in process of time, into the possession of those who have the employments and the money ; it reduces all the subjects of the State to dependance upon them, and leaves them no resource for subsistence but the cruel alternative, of degrading themselves by a base flattery of the passions of those who have got all the power and wealth in their hands, or of going into exile. These three causes combined, the last especially, precipitated the ruin of the Roman Empire, from the reign of *Trajan*, as *Pliny* has very justly remarked. They have already banished from France more subjects than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes did. When I was in Prussia, in the year 1765, of the hundred and fifty thousand regular troops which the King then maintained, a full third was computed to consist of French deserters. I by no means consider that

number as exaggerated, for I myself remarked, that all the foldiers on guard, wherever I paffed, were compofed, to a third at leaft, of Frenchmen ; and fuch guards are to be found at the gates of all the cities, and in all the villages on the great road, efpecially toward the frontier.

When I was in the Ruffian fervice, they reckoned near three thoufand teachers of language of our nation in the city of Mofcow, among whom I knew a great many perfons of respectable families, advocates, young ecclefiaftics, gentlemen, and even officers. Germany is filled with our wretched compatriots. In the Courts of the South and of the North, what is to be feen but French dancers and comedians ? This we have in common, at this day, with the Italians, and this we had in common with the Greeks of the lower empire. In order to find the means of fubfiftence, we hunt after a country different from that to which we owe our birth. We do not find the other nations of Europe in this erratic ftate, except the Swifs, who trade in the human fpecies, but who all return home, after having made their fortune. Our compatriots never return ; becaufe the precarious employments which they purfue do not admit of their amafing the means of a reputable fubfiftence, one day, in their native country.

Men

Men of letters, who were never out of their country, or who reflect superficially, are constantly exclaiming against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But if they imagine that the restoration of that Edict would bring back to France the posterity of the French Refugees, they are greatly mistaken. Those, surely, who are rich, and comfortably settled in foreign countries, will never think of resigning their establishments, and of returning to the country of their fathers: none but *poor* Protestants, therefore, would come back. But what should they do there, when so many national Catholics are under the necessity of emigrating for want of subsistence? I have been oftener than once astonished at hearing our pretended politicians loudly re-demanding so many citizens to religion, while, by their silence, they abandon such numbers of them to the insatiable avidity of our great proprietors. The truth ought to be told: they have written rather out of hatred to priests, than from love to men. The spirit of tolerance which they wish to establish, is a vain pretext, with which they conceal their real aim; for the Protestants whom they are disposed to recal, are just as intolerant as they accuse the Catholics of being; of which we had an instance, a few years ago, in the very Land of Liberty, in England, where a Roman-Catholic Chapel was burnt down to the ground. Intolerance is a vice of European edu-

cation, and which manifests itself in literature, in systems, and in puppet-shows. There is a farther reason to be assigned for these clamours: it is the same reason which sets them a-talking for the aggrandizement of commerce, and silences them on the subject of agriculture, which is, from its very nature, the most noble of all occupations. It is, since we must speak out, because rich merchants, and great proprietors, give splendid suppers, which are attended by fine women, who build up and destroy reputations at their pleasure, whereas the tillers of the ground, and persons starved into exile, give none. The table is now-a-days the main-spring of the aristocracy of the opulent. By means of this engine it is, that an opinion, which may sometimes involve the ruin of a State, acquires preponderancy. There, too, it is, that the honour of a soldier, of a bishop, of a magistrate, of a man of letters, is frequently blasted by a woman who has forfeited her own.

Modern politics have advanced another very gross error, in alleging that riches always find their level in a state. When the indigent are once multiplied in it to a certain point, a wretched emulation is produced among those poor people, who shall give himself away the cheapest. Whilst, on the one hand, the rich man, teized by his famished compatriots for employment, over-rates the value
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of his money, the poor, in order to obtain a preference, let down the price of their labour, till, at length, it becomes inadequate to their subsistence. And then we behold, in the best countries, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, all expire. Consult, for this purpose, the accounts given us, of different districts of Italy, and, among others, what Mr. *Brydone* has advanced, in his very sensible Tour *, notwithstanding the severe strictures of a canon of Palermo, respecting the luxury and extreme opulence of the Sicilian nobility and clergy, and the abject misery of the peasantry ; and you will perceive whether money has found it's level in that island or not.

I have been in Malta, which is in no respect comparable, as to fertility of soil, with Sicily ; for

* I quote a great many books of travels, because, of all literary productions, I love and esteem them the most. I myself have travelled a great deal, and I can affirm, with truth, that I have almost always found them agreed, respecting the productions and the manners of every country, unless when warped by national or party spirit. We must, however, except a small number, whose romantic tone strikes at first sight. They are run down by every body, yet every body consults them. They afford a constant supply of information to Geographers, Naturalists, Navigators, Traders, Political Writers, Philosophers, Compilers on all subjects, Historians of foreign Nations, and even those of our own Country, when they are desirous of knowing the truth.

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it consists entirely of one white rock ; but that rock is extremely rich in foreign wealth, from the perpetual revenue of the commanderies of the Order of St. John, the capitals of which are deposited in all the Catholic States of Europe, and from the reversion, or spoils, of the Knights who die in foreign countries, and which find their way thither every year. It might be rendered still more opulent by the commodiousness of its harbour, which is situated the most advantageously of any in the Mediterranean : the peasant is there, nevertheless, in a most miserable condition. His whole clothing consists of drawers, which descend no lower than his knees, and of a shirt without sleeves. He sometimes takes his stand in the great square, his breast, legs, and arms, quite naked, and scorched with the heat of the Sun, waiting for a fare, at the rate of one shilling a day, with a carriage capable of holding four persons, drawn by a horse, from day-break till midnight ; and, thus equipped, to attend travellers to any part of the island they think proper, without any obligation on their part, to give either him or his beast so much as a draught of water. He conducts his calash, running always bare-footed over the rocks before his horse, which he leads by the bridle, and before the lazy Knight, who hardly ever deigns to speak to him, unless it be to regale him with the appellation of scoundrel ; whereas the guide never presumes to make a reply but

but with cap in hand, and with the address of, Your Most Illustrious Lordship. The treasury of the Republic is filled with gold and silver, and the common people are never paid but in a sort of copper coin, called a piece of four tarins, equivalent, in ideal value, to about eightpence of our money, and intrinsically worth little more than two farthings. It is stamped with this device, *non æs, sed fides*; “not value, but confidence.” What a difference do exclusive possessions, and gold, introduce between man and man! A grave porter, in Holland demands of you in *gout gweldt*, that is, good money, for carrying your portmanteau the length of a street, as much as the humble Maltese Buttaze receives for carrying you and three of your friends, a whole day together, around the island. The Dutchman is well clothed, and has his pockets lined with good pieces of gold and silver. His coin presents a very different inscription from that of a Malta: you read these words on it: *Concordia res parvæ crescunt*; “through concord small things increase.” There is, in truth, as great a difference between the power and the felicity of one State and another, as between the inscriptions and the substances of their coin.

In Nature it is that we are to look for the subsistence of a people, and in their liberty, the channel in which it is to flow. The spirit of monopoly
has

has destroyed many of the branches of it among us, which are pouring in tides of wealth upon our neighbours; such are, among others, the whale, cod, and herring fisheries. I admit, at the same time, on the present occasion, that there are enterprises which require the concurrence of a great number of hands, as well for their preservation and protection, as in order to accelerate their operations, such as the salt-water fisheries: but it is the business of the State to see to the administration of them. No one of our companies has ever been actuated by the patriotic spirit; they have been associated, if I may be allowed the expression, only for the purpose of forming small particular States. It is not so with the Dutch. For example, as they carry on the herring fishery to the northward of Scotland, for this fish is always better the farther North you go in quest of it, they have ships of war to protect the fishery. They have others of very large burthen, called buffies, employed night and day in catching them with the net: and others contrived to sail remarkably fast, which take them on board, and carry them quite fresh to Holland. Besides all this, they have premiums proposed to the vessel which first brings her cargo of fish to market at Amsterdam. The fish of the first barrel is paid at the Stadt-House, at the rate of a golden ducat, or about nine shillings and sixpence a-piece, and those of the rest
of

of the cargo, at the rate of a florin, or one shilling and tenpence each.

This is a powerful inducement to the proprietors of the fishing vessels, to stretch out to the North as far as possible, in order to meet the fish, which are there of a size, and of a delicacy of flavour far superior to those which are caught in the vicinity of our coasts. The Dutch erected a statue to the man who first discovered the method of smoking them, and of making what they call red-herring. They thought, and they thought justly, that the citizen who procures for his country a new source of subsistence, and a new branch of commerce, deserves to rank with those who enlighten, or who defend it. From such attentions as these, we see with what vigilance they watch over every thing capable of contributing to public abundance. It is inconceivable to what good account they turn an infinite number of productions, which we suffer to run to waste, and from a soil sandy, marshy, and naturally poor and ungrateful.

I never knew a country in which there was such plenty of every thing. They have no vines in the country, and there are more wines in their cellars than in those of Bordeaux: they have no forests, and there is more ship-building timber in their dock-yards than at the sources of the Meuse and
of

of the Rhine, from which their oaks are transfitted. Holland contains little or no arable ground, and her granaries contain more Polish corn than that great kingdom reserves for the support of it's own inhabitants. The same thing holds true as to articles of luxury ; for, though they observe extreme simplicity in dress, furniture, and domestic economy, there is more marble on sale in their magazines than lies cut in the quarries of Italy and of the Archipelago ; more diamonds and pearls in their caskets than in those of the jewellers of Portugal ; and more rose-wood, Acajou, Sandal, and India canes than there are in all Europe besides, though their own country produces nothing but willows and linden-trees.

The felicity of the inhabitants presents a spectacle still more interesting. I never saw, all over the country, so much as one beggar, nor a house in which there was a single brick, or a single pane of glass, deficient. But the 'Change of Amsterdam is the great object of admiration. It is a very large pile of building, of an architecture abundantly simple, the quadrangular court of which is surrounded by a colonade. Each of it's pillars, and they are very numerous, has it's chapter inscribed with the name of some one of the principal cities of the World, as Constantinople, Leghorn, Canton, Petersburg, Batavia, and so on ;
and

and is, in propriety of speech, the centre of it's commerce in Europe. Of these are very few but what every day witnesses transactions to the amount of millions. Most of the good people who there assemble are dressed in brown, and without ruffles. This contrast appeared to me so much the more striking, that only five days before, I happened to be upon the Palais Royal at Paris, at the same hour of the day, which was then crowded with people dressed in brilliant colours, with gold and silver laces, and prating about nothings, the opera, literature, kept mistresses, and such contemptible trifles, and who had not, the greatest part of them at least, a single crown in their pocket which they could call their own.

We had with us a young tradesman of Nantes, whose affairs had been unfortunately deranged, and who had come to seek an asylum in Holland, where he did not know a single person. He disclosed his situation to my travelling companion, a gentleman of the name of *Le Breton*. This Mr. *Le Breton* was a Swiss officer, in the Dutch service, half soldier, half merchant, one of the best men living, who first gave him encouragement, and recommended him, immediately on his arrival, to his own elder brother, a respectable trader, who boarded in the same house where we had fixed. Mr. *Le Breton* the elder carried this unfortunate
refugee

refugee to the Exchange, and recommended him without ceremony, and without humiliation, to a commercial agent, who simply asked of the young Frenchman a specimen of his hand-writing; he then took down his name and address in his pocket-book, and desired him to return next day to the same place at the same hour. I did not fail to observe the assignation in company with him and Mr. *Le Breton*. The agent appeared, and presented my compatriot with a list of seven or eight situations of clerk, in different counting-houses, some of which were worth better than thirty guineas a year, beside board and lodging; others, about sixty pounds without board. He was, accordingly, settled at once, without farther solicitation. I asked the elder Mr. *Le Breton* whence came the active vigilance of this agent in favour of a stranger, and one entirely unknown to him: He replied: "It is his trade; he receives, as an acknowledgment, one month's salary of the person for whom he provides. Do not be surprized at this," added he, "every thing here is turned to a commercial account, from an odd old shoe up to a squadron of ships."

We must not suffer ourselves to be dazzled, however, by the illusions of a prodigious commerce; and here it is that our politics have frequently misled us. Trade and manufactures, we
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are told, introduce millions into a State ; but the fine wools, the dye-stuffs, the gold and silver, and the other preparatives imported from foreign countries, are tributes which must be paid back. The people would not have manufactured the less of the wools of the country on their own account ; and if it's cloths had been of the lowest quality, they would have been, at least, converted to their use. The unlimited commerce of a country is adapted only to a people possessing an ungracious and contracted territory, such as the Dutch ; they export, not their own superfluity, but that of other nations ; and they run no risk of wanting necessaries, an evil which frequently befalls many territorial powers. What does it avail a people to clothe all Europe with their woollens, if they themselves go naked ; to collect the best wines in the World, if they drink nothing but water ; and to export the finest of flour, if they eat only bread made of bran ? Examples of such abuses might easily be adduced from Poland, from Spain, and from other countries, which pass for the most regularly governed.

It is in agriculture chiefly that France ought to look for the principal means of subsistence for her inhabitants. Besides, agriculture is the great support of morals and religion. It renders marriages easy, necessary, and happy. It contributes toward

raising a numerous progeny, which it employs, almost as soon as they are able to crawl, in collecting the fruits of the earth, or in tending the flocks and herds; but it bestows these advantages only on small landed properties. We have already said, and it cannot be repeated too frequently, that small possessions double and quadruple in a country both crops, and the hands which gather them. Great estates, on the contrary, in the hand of one man, transform a country into vast solitudes. They inspire the wealthy farmers with a relish for city pride and luxury, and with a dislike of country employments. Hence they place their daughters in convents, that they may be bred as ladies, and send their sons to academies, to prepare them for becoming advocates or abbés. They rob the children of the trades-people of their resources; for if the inhabitants of the country are always pressing toward an establishment in town, those of the great towns never look toward the plains, because they are blighted by tallages and imposts.

Great landed properties expose the State to another dangerous inconvenience, to which I do not believe that much attention has hitherto been paid. The lands thus cultivated lie in fallow one year, at least, in three, and, in many cases, once every other year. It must happen, accordingly, as in every thing left to chance, that sometimes great quantities

quantities of such land lie fallow at once, and at other times very little. In those years, undoubtedly, when the greatest part of those lands is lying fallow, much less corn must be reaped, over the kingdom at large, than in other years. This source of distress, which has never, as far as I know, as yet engaged the attention of Government, is one of the causes of that dearth, or unforeseen scarcity of grain, which, from time to time, fall heavy not on France only, but on the different Nations of Europe.

Nature has parcelled out the administration of agriculture between Man and herself. To herself she has reserved the management of the winds, the rain, the Sun, the expansion of the plants; and she is wonderfully exact in adapting the elements conformably to the seasons: but she has left to Man, the adaptation of vegetables, of soils, the proportions which their culture ought to have to the societies to be maintained by them, and all the other cares and occupations which their preservation, their distribution, and their police demand. I consider this remark as of sufficient importance to evince the necessity of appointing a particular Minister of agriculture*. If it should be found impossible for

* There are many other reasons which militate in favour of the appointment of a Minister of Agriculture. The watering canals absorbed by the luxury of the great Lords, or by the com-

him to prevent chance-combinations in the lands which might be in fallow all at once, he would have it, at least, in his power to prohibit the transportation of the grain of the country, in those years when the greatest part of the land was in full crop, for it is clear, almost to a demonstration, that the following year, the general produce will be so much less, as a considerable proportion of the lands will then, of course, be in fallow.

Small farms are not subjected to such vicissitudes; they are every year productive, and almost at all seasons. Compare, as I have already suggested, the quantity of fruits, of roots, of pot-herbs, of grafts, and of grain annually reaped, and without intermission, on a track of ground in the vicinity of Paris, called the *Pré Saint-Gervais*, the extent of which is but moderate, situated besides on a declivity, and exposed to the North, with the

merce of the great Towns; the puddles and laystalls which poison the villages, and feed perpetual focuses of epidemic disease; the safety of the great roads, and the regulation of the inns upon them; the militia-draughts and imposts of the peasantry; the injustice to which they are in many cases subjected, without daring so much as to complain, these would present to him a multitude of useful establishments which might be made, or of abuses which might be corrected. I am aware that most of these functions are apportioned into divers departments; but it is impossible they should harmonize, and effectually co-operate, till the responsibility attaches to a single individual.

productions

productions of an equal portion of ground, taken in the plains of the neighbourhood, and managed on the great scale of agriculture; and you will be sensible of a prodigious difference. There is, likewise, a difference equally striking in the number, and in the moral character of the labouring poor who cultivate them. I have heard a respectable Ecclesiastic declare, that the former class went regularly to confession once a month, and that frequently their confessions contained nothing which called for absolution.

I say nothing of the endless variety of delight which results from their labours; from their beds of pinks, of violets, of larks-heel; their fields of corn, of pease, of pulse; their edgings of lilach, of vines, by which the small possessions are subdivided: their stripes of meadow-ground displaying alternately, opening glades, clumps of willows and poplars discovering through their moving umbrage, at the distance of several leagues, either the mountains melting away into the Horizon, or unknown castles, or the village-spires in the plain, whose rural chimes, from time to time, catch the ear. Here and there you fall in with a fountain of limpid water, the source of which is covered with an arch enclosed, on every side, with large flabs of stone, which give it the appearance of an antique monument. I have, sometimes, read the following

innocent inscriptions traced on the stones with a bit of charcoal :

COLIN *and* COLETTE, *this 8th of March.*

ANTOINETTE *and* SEBASTIAN, *this 6th of May.*

And I have been infinitely more delighted with such inscriptions than with those of the Academy of Sciences. When the families which cultivate this enchanted spot are scattered about, parents and children, through it's glens, and along it's ridges, while the ear is struck with the distant voice of a country lass singing unperceived, or while the eye is caught by the figure of a lusty young swain; mounted on an apple-tree, with his basket and ladder, looking this way and that way, and listening to the song, like another *Vertumnus* : Where is the park with it's statues, it's marbles, and it's bronzes, once to be compared with it ?

O ye rich ! who wish to encompass yourselves with elysian scenery, let your park-walls enclose villages blest with rural felicity. What deserted tracks of land, over the whole kingdom, might present the same spectacle ! I have seen Brittany, and other provinces, covered, as far as the eye could reach, with heath, and where nothing grew but a species of prickly furze, black and yellowish. Our agricultural companies, which there, to no
purpose,

purpose, employ their large ploughs of new construction, have pronounced these regions to be smitten with perpetual sterility; but these heaths discover, by the ancient divisions of the fields, and by the ruins of old huts and fences, that they have been formerly in a state of cultivation. They are, at this day, surrounded by farms in a thriving condition, on the self-same soil. How many others would be still more fruitful, such as those of Bordeaux, which are covered over with great pines! A soil which produces a tall tree, is, surely, capable of bearing an ear of corn.

In speaking of the vegetable order, we have indicated the means of distinguishing the natural analogies of plants, with each latitude and each soil. There is actually no soil whatever, were it mere sand, or mud, on which, through a particular kindness of Providence, some one or other of our domestic plants may not thrive. But the first step to be taken, is to re-sow the woods which formerly sheltered those places, now exposed to the action of the winds, whereby the germ of every smaller plant is cankered as it shoots. These means, however, and many others of a similar nature, belong not to the jurisdiction of intangible companies, with their delineations on the great scale, neither are they consistent with provincial imposts and oppression; they depend on the local and pa-

tient assiduity of families enjoying liberty, possessing property which they can call their own, not subjected to petty tyrants, but holding immediately of the Sovereign. By such patriotic means as these, the Dutch have forced oaks to grow at Schevelling, a village in the neighbourhood of the Hague, in pure sea-sand, of which I have had the evidence from my own eyes. I repeat an assertion already hazarded : It is not on the face of vast domains, but into the basket of the vintager, and the apron of the reaper, that God pours down from Heaven the precious fruits of the Earth.

These extensive districts of land in the kingdom, lying totally useless, have attracted the attention of sordid cupidity ; but there is a still greater quantity which has escaped it, from the impossibility of forming such tracks into marquisates or seignories ; and because, too, the great plough is not at all applicable to them. These are, among others, the stripes by the high-way side, which are innumerable. Our great roads are, I admit, for the most part rendered productive, being skirted with elms. The elm is undoubtedly a very useful tree : its wood is proper for cartwright's work. But we have a tree which is far preferable to it, because its wood is never attacked by the insect ; it is excellent for wainscoting, and it produces abundance of very nutrimental food :

food : it is the chestnut-tree I mean. A judgment may be formed of the duration and of the beauty of it's wood, from the ancient wainscotting of the market St. Germain, before it was burnt down. The joists were of a prodigious length and thickness, and perfectly sound, though more than four hundred years old. The durable quality of this wood may still be ascertained, by examining the wainscotting of the ancient castle of Marcouffi, built in the time of *Charles VI.* about five leagues from Paris. We have, of late, entirely neglected this valuable tree, which is now allowed to grow only as coppice-wood in our forests. It's port, however, is very majestic, it's foliage beautiful, and it bears such a quantity of fruit, in tiers multiplied one a-top of the other, that no spot, of the same extent, sown with corn, could produce a crop of subsistence so plentiful.

It must be admitted, as we have seen, in discussing the characters of vegetables, that this tree takes pleasure only in dry and elevated situations ; but we have another, adapted to the vallies and humid places, of not much inferior utility, whether we attend to the wood or to the fruit, and whose port is equally majestic : it is the walnut-tree. These beautiful trees would magnificently decorate our great roads. With them might, likewise, be intermixed other trees, peculiar to each district.

They

They would announce to travellers the various provinces of the kingdom : the vine, Burgundy ; the apple tree, Normandy ; the mulberry-tree, Dauphiny ; the olive-tree, Provence. Their stems loaded with produce, would determine much better than stakes furnished with iron collars, and than the tremendous gibbets of criminal justice, the limits of each province, and the gently diversified seignories of Nature.

It may be objected, that the crops would be gathered by passengers ; but they hardly ever touch the grapes in the vineyards which sometimes skirt the highway. Besides, if they were to pick the fruit, what great harm would be done ? When the King of Prussia ordered the sides of many of the great roads through Pomerania to be planted with fruit-trees, it was insinuated to him that the fruit would be stolen : “ The people,” replied he, “ at least, will profit by it.” Our cross-roads present, perhaps, still more lost ground than the great highways. If it is considered, that by means of them the communication is kept up between the smaller cities, towns, villages, hamlets, abbeys, castles, and even single country-houses ; that several of them issue in the same place, and that every one must have, at least, the breadth of a chariot ; we shall find the whole space which they occupy to be of incredible magnitude. It would be proper
to

to begin with applying the line to them ; for most of them proceed in a serpentine direction, which, in many cases, adds a full third to their length, beyond what is necessary. I acknowledge, at the same time, that these sinuosities are highly agreeable, especially along the declivity of a hill, over the ridge of a mountain, in rural situations, or through the midst of forests. But they might be rendered susceptible of another kind of beauty, by skirting them with fruit-trees, which do not rise to a great height, and which, flying off in perspective, would give a greater apparent extension to the landscape. These trees would likewise afford a shade to travellers. The husbandmen, I know, allege, that the shade, so grateful to passengers, is injurious to their standing corn. They are undoubtedly in the right, as to several sorts of grain ; but there are some which thrive better in places somewhat shaded than any where else, as may be seen in the *Pré Saint-Gervais*. Besides, the farmer would be amply indemnified by the wood of the fruit-trees, and by the crops of fruit. The interests even of the husbandman and of the traveller, might farther be rendered compatible, by planting only the roads which go from North to South, and the South side of those which run East and West, so that the shade of their trees should scarcely fall on the arable lands.

It

It would be, moreover, necessary, in order to increase the national subsistence, to restore to the plough great quantities of land now in pasture. There is hardly such a thing as a meadow in all China, a country so extremely populous. The Chinese sow every where corn and rice, and feed their cattle with the straw. They say it is better that the beasts should live with Man than Man with the beasts. Their cattle are not the less fat for this. The German horses, the most vigorous of animals, feed entirely on straw cut short, with a small mixture of barley or oats. Our farmers are every day adopting practices the direct contrary of this economy. They turn, as I have observed in many provinces, a great deal of land which formerly produced corn, into small grass-farms, to save the expence of cultivation, and especially to escape the tithe, which their clergy do not receive from pasture-lands. I have seen, in Lower-Normandy, immense quantities of land, thus forced out of their natural state, greatly to the public detriment. The following anecdote was told me, on my taking notice of an ancient track of corn-land, which had undergone a metamorphosis of this sort. The rector, vexed at losing part of his revenue, without having it in his power to complain, said to the owner of the land, by way of advice : “ Master *Peter*, in my opinion, if you
“ would

“ would remove the stones from that ground, dung
“ it well, plough it thoroughly, and sow it with
“ corn, you might still raise very excellent crops.”
The farmer, an arch, shrewd fellow, perceiving the
drift of his tithing-man, replied: “ You are in the
“ right, good Mr. Rector; if you will take the
“ ground, and do all this to it, I shall ask no more
“ of you than the tithe of the crop.”

Our agriculture will never attain all the activity of which it is susceptible, unless it is restored to its native dignity. Means ought, therefore, to be employed to induce a multitude of easy and idle burghers, who vegetate in our small cities, to go and live in the country. In order to determine them to this, husbandmen ought to be exempted from the humiliating impositions of tallage, of feignorial exactions, and even of those of the militia-service, to which they are at present subjected. The state must undoubtedly be served, when necessity requires; but wherefore affix characters of humiliation to the services which she imposes? Why not accept a commutation in money? It would require a great deal, our Politicians tell us. Yes, undoubtedly. But do not our Burgeffes, likewise, pay many imposts in our towns, in lieu of those very services? Besides, the more inhabitants that there are scattered over the country, the lighter will fall the burthen on those who are assailable.

fable. A man properly brought up would much rather be touched in his purse, than suffer in his self-love.

By what fatal contradiction have we subjected the greatest part of the lands of France to soccage-tenures, while we have ennobled those of the New World? The same husbandman who, in France, must pay tallage, and go, with the pick-axe in his hand, to labour on the high-road, may introduce his children into the King's Household, provided he is an inhabitant of one of the West-India Islands. This injudicious dispensation of nobility has proved no less fatal to those foreign possessions, into which it has introduced slavery, than to the lands of the Mother-Country, the labourers of which it has drained of many of their resources. Nature invited, into the wildernesses of America, the overflowings of the European Nations: she had there disposed every thing, with an attention truly maternal, to indemnify the Europeans for the loss of their country. There is no necessity, in those regions, for a man to scorch himself in the Sun, while he reaps his grain, nor to be benumbed with cold in tending his flocks as they feed, nor to cleave the stubborn earth with the clumsy plough, to make it produce aliment for him, nor to rake into it's bowels to extract from thence iron, stone, clay, and the first materials of his house and furniture.

ture. Kind Nature has there placed on trees, in the shade, and within the reach of the hand, all that is necessary and agreeable to human life. She has there deposited milk and butter in the nuts of the cocoa-tree; perfumed creams in the apples of the *atte*; table-linen and provision in the large fatty leaves, and in the delicious figs of the banana; loaves ready for the fire in the potatoes, and the roots of the manioc; down finer than the wool of the fleecy sheep in the shell of the cotton-plant; dishes of every form in the gourds of the calabasse. She had there contrived habitations, impenetrable by the rain and by the rays of the Sun, under the thick branches of the Indian fig-tree, which, rising toward Heaven, and afterwards descending down to the ground where they take root, form, by their continued arcades, palaces of verdure. She had scattered about, for the purposes at once of delight and of commerce, along the rivers, in the bosom of the rocks, and in the very bed of torrents, the maize, the sugar-cane, the chocolate-nut, the tobacco plant, with a multitude of other useful vegetables, and, from the resemblance of the Latitudes of this New World to that of the different countries of the Old, she promised its future inhabitants to adopt, in their favour, the coffee-plant, the indigo, and the other most valuable vegetable productions of Africa and of Asia. Wherefore has the ambition of Europe inundated those

those happy climates with the tears and blood of the human race? Ah! had liberty and virtue collected and united their first planters, how many charms would French industry have added to the natural fecundity of the soil, and to the happy temperature of the tropical regions!

No fogs or excessive heats are there to be dreaded; and though the Sun passes twice a year over their Zenith, he every day brings with him, as he rises above the Horizon, along the surface of the Sea, a cooling breeze, which all day long refreshes the mountains, the forests, and the valleys. What delicious retreats might our poor foldiers, and possessionless peasants, find, in those fortunate islands! What expense in garrisons might there have been spared! What petty feignories might there have become the recompense either of gallant officers, or of virtuous citizens! What nurseries of excellent seamen might be formed by the turtle-fishery, so abundant on the shallows surrounding the islands, or by the still more extensive and profitable cod-fishery of the banks of Newfoundland! It would not have cost Europe much more than the expense of the settlement of the first families. With what facility might they have been successively extended to the most remote distances, by forming them, after the manner of the Caribs themselves, one after another, and at the expense of the community!

nity ! Undoubtedly, had this natural progression been adopted, our power would at this day have extended to the very centre of the American Continent, and could have bidden defiance to every attack.

Government has been taught to believe, that the independence of our colonies would be a necessary consequence of their prosperity, and the case of the Anglo-American colonies has been adduced in proof of this. But these colonies were not lost to Great-Britain because she had rendered them too happy ; it was, on the contrary, because she oppressed them. Britain was, besides, guilty of a great error, by introducing too great a mixture of strangers among her colonists. There is, farther, a remarkable difference between the genius of the English and ours. The Englishman carries his country with him wherever he goes : if he is making a fortune abroad, he embellishes his habitation in the place where he has settled, introduces the manufactures of his own Nation into it, there he lives, and there he dies ; or, if he returns to his country, he fixes his residence near the place of his birth. The Frenchman does not feel in the same manner : all those whom I have seen in the West-Indies, always consider themselves as strangers there. During a twenty years residence in one habitation, they will not plant a single tree before the door of the

VOL. IV. L house,

house, for the benefit of enjoying it's shade; to hear them talk, they are all on the wing to depart, next year at farthest. If they actually happen to acquire a fortune, away they go, nay, frequently, without having made any thing, and, on their return home, settle, not in their native province or village, but at Paris.

This is not the place to unfold the cause of that national aversion to the place of birth, and of that predilection in favour of the Capital; it is an effect of several moral causes, and, among others, of education. Be it as it may, this turn of mind is alone sufficient to prevent for ever the independence of our colonies. The enormous expence of preserving them, and the facility with which they are captured, ought to have cured us of this prejudice. They are all in such a state of weakness, that if their commerce with the Metropolis were to be interrupted but for a few years, they would presently be distressed for want of many articles essentially necessary. It is even singularly remarkable, that they do not manufacture there a single production of the country. They raise cotton of the very finest quality, but make no cloth of it as in Europe; they do not so much as practise the art of spinning it, as the Savages do; nor do they, like them, turn to any account the threads of *pitte*, of those of the banana, or of the leaves of the

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the palmit. The cocoa-tree, which is a treasure to the East-Indies, comes to great perfection in our islands, and scarcely any use is made of the fruit, or of the threaden husk that covers it. They cultivate indigo, but employ it in no process whatever of dying. Sugar, then, is the only article of produce which is there pursued through the several necessary processes, because it cannot be turned to commercial account till it is manufactured; and, after all, it must be refined in Europe, before it attains a state of full perfection.

We have had, it must be admitted, some seditious insurrections in our Colonies; but these have been much more frequent in their state of weakness than in that of their opulence. It is the injudicious choice of the persons sent thither, which has, at all times, rendered them the seat of discord. How could it be expected that citizens, who had disturbed the tranquility of a long established state of Society, should concur in promoting the peace and prosperity of a rising community? The Greeks and Romans employed the flower of their youth, and their most virtuous citizens, in the plantation of their colonies: and they became themselves kingdoms and empires. Far different is the case with us: bachelor-soldiers, seamen, gownmen, and of every rank; officers of the higher orders, so numerous and so useless, have filled ours with

the passions of Europe, with a rage for fashion, with unprofitable luxury, with corruptive maxims, and licentious manners. Nothing of this kind was to be apprehended from our undebauched peasantry. Bodily labour soothes to rest the solitudes of the mind ; fixes it's natural restlessness ; and promotes among the people health, patriotism, religion, and happiness. But admitting that, in process of time, these Colonies should be separated from France : Did Greece waste herself in tears, when her flourishing Colonies carried her laws and her renown over the coasts of Asia, and along the shores of the Euxine Sea, and of the Mediterranean ? Did she take the alarm, when they became the stems out of which sprung powerful kingdoms and illustrious republics ? Because they separated from her, were they transformed into her enemies ; and was she not, on the contrary, frequently protected by them ? What harm would have ensued, had shoots from the tree of France borne lilies in America, and shaded the New World with their majestic branches ?

Let the truth be frankly acknowledged, Few men, admitted to the councils of Princes, take a lively interest in the felicity of Mankind. When sight of this great object is lost, national prosperity, and the glory of the Sovereign, quickly disappear. Our Politicians, by keeping the Colonies
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in a perpetual state of dependance, of agitation and penury, have discovered ignorance of the nature of Man, who attaches himself to the place which he inhabits, only by the ties of the felicity which he enjoys. By introducing into them the slavery of the Negroes, they have formed a connection between them and Africa, and have broken asunder that which ought to have united them to their poor fellow-citizens. They have, farther, discovered ignorance of the European character, which is continually apprehensive, under a warm climate, of seeing it's blood degraded, like that of it's slaves; and which sighs incessantly after new alliances with it's compatriots, for keeping up, in the veins of those little ones, the circulation of the clear and lively colour of the European blood, and the sentiments of country, still more interesting. By giving them perpetually new civil and military rulers, magistrates entire strangers to them, who keep them under a severe yoke; men, in a word, eager to accumulate a fortune, they have betrayed ignorance of the French character, which had no need of such barriers to restrain it to the love of country, seeing it is universally regretting it's productions, it's honours, nay, it's very disorders. They have, accordingly, succeeded, neither in forming colonists for America, nor patriots for France; and they have mistaken, at once, the in-

terests of their Nation, and of their Sovereigns, whom they meant to serve.

I have dwelt the longer on the subject of these abuses, that they are not yet beyond the power of remedy in various respects, and that there are still lands in the New Worlds, on which a change may be attempted in the nature of our establishments. But this is neither the time nor the place for unfolding the means of these. After having proposed some remedies for the physical disorders of the Nation, let us now proceed to the moral irregularity which is the source of them. The principal cause is the spirit of division which prevails between the different orders of the State. There are only two methods of cure; the first, to extinguish the motives to division; the second, to multiply and increase the motives to union.

The greatest part of our Writers make a boast of our national spirit of society; and foreigners, in reality, look upon it as the most sociable in Europe. Foreigners are in the right, for the truth is, we receive and caress them with ardor; but our Writers are under a mistake. Shall I venture to expose it? We are thus fond of strangers, because we do not love our compatriots. For my own part, I have never met with this spirit of
union,

union, either in families, or in associations, or in natives of the same province ; I except only the inhabitants of a single province, which I must not name ; who, as soon as they are got a little from home, express the greatest ardor of affection for each other. But, as all the truth must out, it is rather from antipathy to the other inhabitants of the kingdom, than from love to their compatriots, for, from time immemorial, that province has been celebrated for intestine divisions. In general, the real spirit of patriotism, which is the first sentiment of humanity, is very rare in Europe, and particularly among ourselves.

Without carrying this reasoning any farther, let us look for the proofs of the fact, which are level to every capacity. When we read certain relations of the customs and manners of the Nations of Asia, we are touched with the sentiment of humanity, which, among them, attracts men to each other, notwithstanding the phlegmatic taciturnity which reigns in their assemblies. If, for example, an Asiatic, on a journey, stops to enjoy his repast, his servants and camel-driver collect around him, and place themselves at his table. If a stranger happens to pass by, he too sits down with him, and, after having made an inclination of the head to the master of the family, and given God thanks, he rises, and goes on his way, without

being interrogated by any one, who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. This hospitable practice is common to the Armenians, to the Georgians, to the Turks, to the Persians, to the Siamese, to the Blacks of Madagascar, and to different Nations of Africa and of America. In those countries Man is still dear to Man.

At Paris, on the contrary, if you go into the dining-room of a Tavern, where there are a dozen tables spread, should twelve persons arrive, one after another, you see each of them take his place apart, at a separate table, without uttering a syllable. If new guests did not successively come in, each of the first twelve would eat his morsel alone, like a Carthusian monk. For some time, a profound silence prevails, till some thoughtless fellow, put into good humour by his dinner, and pressed by an inclination to talk, takes upon him to set the conversation a-going. Upon this, the eyes of the whole company are drawn toward the orator, and he is measured, in a twinkling, from head to foot. If he has the air of a person of consequence, that is, rich, they give him the hearing. Nay, he finds persons disposed to flatter him, by confirming his intelligence, and applauding his literary opinion, or his loose maxim. But if his appearance displays no mark of extraordinary distinction, had he delivered sentiments worthy of a *Socrates*, scarce has he

he proceeded to the opening of his thesis, when some one interrupts him with a flat contradiction. His opponents are contradicted in their turn, by other wits who think proper to enter the lists; then the conversation becomes general and noisy. Sarcasms, harsh names, perfidious insinuations, gross abuse, usually conclude the sitting; and each of the guests retires, perfectly well-pleased with himself, and with a hearty contempt for the rest.

You find the same scenes acted in our coffee-houses, and on our public walks. Men go thither expressly to hunt for admiration, and to play the critic. It is not the spirit of Society which allures us toward each other, but the spirit of division. In what is called good company matters are still worse managed. If you mean to be well received, you must pay for your dinner at the expense of the family with whom you supped the night before. Nay, you may think yourself very well off, if it costs you only a few scandalous anecdotes; and if, in order to be well with the husband, you are not obliged to bubble him, by making love to his wife!

The original source of these divisions is to be traced up to our mode of education. We are taught, from earliest infancy, to prefer ourselves to another, by continued suggestions to be
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the first among our school-companions. As this unprofitable emulation presents not, to far the greatest part of the citizens, any career to be performed on the theatre of the World, each of them assumes a preference from his province, his birth, his rank, his figure, his dress, nay, the tutelary saint of his parish. Hence proceed our social animosities; and all the insulting nicknames given by the Norman to the Gascon, by the Parisian to the Champenois, by the man of family to the man of no family, by the Lawyer to the Ecclesiastic, by the Jansenist to the Molinist, and so on. The man asserts his pre-eminence, especially, by opposing his own good qualities to the faults of his neighbour. This is the reason that slander is so easy, so agreeable, and that it is, in general, the master-spring of our conversations.

A man of high quality one day said to me, that there did not exist a man, however wretched, whom he did not find superior to himself, in respect of some advantage whereby he surpasses persons of our condition, whether it be as to youth, health, talents, figure, or, in short, some one good quality or another, whatever our superiority in other respects may be. This is literally true; but this manner of viewing the members of a Society belongs to the province of virtue, and that is not ours. The contrary maxim being equally true,
our

our pride lays hold of that, and finds a determination to it from the manners of the World, and from our very education, which from infancy suggests the necessity of this personal preference.

Our public spectacles farther concur toward the increase of the spirit of division among us. Our most celebrated comedies usually represent tutors cozened by their pupils, fathers by their children, husbands by their wives, masters by their servants. The shows of the populace exhibit nearly the same pictures; and, as if they were not already sufficiently disposed to irregularity, they are presented with scenes of intoxication, of lewdness, of robbery, of constables drubbed: these instruct them to undervalue, at once, morals and magistrates. Spectacles draw together the bodies of the citizens, and alienate their minds.

Comedy, we are told, cures vice by the power of ridicule; *castigat ridendo mores*. This adage is equally false with many others, which are made the basis of our morality. Comedy teaches us to laugh at another, and nothing more. No one says, when the representation is over, the portrait of this miser has a strong resemblance of myself; but every one, instantly discerns in it the image and likeness of his neighbour. It is long since *Horace* made this remark. But, on the supposition, that a man
should

should perceive himself in the dramatic representation, I do not perceive how the reformation of vice would ensue. How could it be imagined, that the way for a physician to cure his patient, would be to clap a mirror before his face, and then laugh at him? If my vice is held up as an object of ridicule, the laugh, so far from giving me a disgust at it, plunges me in the deeper. I employ every effort to conceal it; I become a hypocrite: without taking into the account, that the laugh is much more frequently levelled against virtue than against vice. It is not the faithless wife, or profligate son who are held up to scorn, but the good-natured husband, or the indulgent father. In justification of our own taste, we refer to that of the Greeks; but we forget that their idle spectacles directed the public attention to the most frivolous objects; that their stage frequently turned into ridicule the virtue of the most illustrious citizens; and that their scenic exhibitions multiplied among them the aversions and the jealousies which accelerated their ruin.

Not that I would represent laughing as a crime, or that I believe, with *Hobbes*, it must proceed from pride. Children laugh, but most assuredly not from pride. They laugh at sight of a flower, at the sound of a rattle. There is a laugh of joy, of satisfaction, of composure. But ridicule differs
widely

widely from the smile of Nature. It is not, like this last, the effect of some agreeable harmony in our sensations, or in our sentiments: but it is the result of a harsh contrast between two objects, of which the one is great, the other little; of which the one is powerful, and the other feeble. It is remarkably singular, that ridicule is produced by the very same oppositions which produce terror; with this difference, that in ridicule, the mind makes a transition from an object that is formidable, to one that is frivolous, and, in terror, from an object that is frivolous to one that is formidable. The asp of *Cleopatra*, in a basket of fruit; the fingers of the hand which wrote, amidst the madness of a festivity, the doom of *Bellsazzar*; the sound of the bell which announces the death of *Clarissa*; the foot of a savage imprinted, in a desert island, upon the sand, scare the imagination infinitely more than all the horrid apparatus of battles, executions, massacres and death. Accordingly, in order to impress an awful terror, a frivolous and unimportant object ought to be first exhibited; and in order to excite excessive mirth, you ought to begin with a solemn idea. To this may be farther added some other contrast, such as that of surprize, and some one of those sentiments which plunge us into infinity, such as that of mystery; in this case, the soul, having lost it's equilibrium, precipitates itself into terror, or into mirth, according to the arrangement which has been made for it.

We

We frequently see these contrary effects produced by the same means. For example, if the nurse wants her child to laugh, she throws her head in her apron; upon this the infant becomes serious; then, all at once, she shews her face, and he bursts into a fit of laughter. If she means to terrify him, which is but too frequently the case, she first smiles upon the child, and he returns it: then, all at once, she assumes a serious air, or conceals her face, and the child falls a-crying.

I shall not say a word more respecting these violent oppositions; but shall only deduce this consequence from them, that it is the most wretched part of Mankind which has the greatest propensity to ridicule. Terrified by political and moral phantoms, they endeavour, first of all, to drown respect for them; and it is no difficult matter to succeed in this; for Nature, always at hand, to succour oppressed humanity, has blended, in most things of human institution, the effusions of ridicule with those of terror. The only thing requisite is to invert the objects of their comparison. It was thus that *Aristophanes*, by his comedy of *The Clouds*, subverted the religion of his country. Attend to the behaviour of lads at college; the presence of the master at first sets them a-trembling: what contrivance do they employ to familiarize themselves to his idea? They try to turn him into
ridicule,

ridicule, an effort in which they commonly succeed to admiration. The love of ridicule in a people, is by no means, therefore, a proof of their happiness, but, on the contrary, of their misery. This accounts for the gravity of the ancient Romans; they were serious, because they were happy: but their descendants, who are, at this day, very miserable, are likewise famous for their pasquinades, and supply all Europe with harlequins and buffoons.

I do not deny that spectacles, such as tragedies, may have a tendency to unite the citizens. The Greeks frequently employed them to this effect. But by adopting their dramas, we deviate from their intention. Their theatrical representations did not exhibit the calamities of other Nations, but those which they themselves had endured, and events borrowed from the History of their own country. Our tragedies excite a compassion whose object is foreign to us. We lament the distresses of the family of *Agamemnon*, and we behold, without shedding one tear, those who are in the depth of misery at our very door. We do not so much as perceive their distresses, because they are not exhibited on a stage. Our own heroes, nevertheless, well represented in the theatre, would be sufficient to carry the patriotism of the people to the very height of enthusiasm. What crowds of spec-

tators

tators have been attracted, and what bursts of applause excited, by the heroism of *Eustace Saint-Pierre*, in the Siege of Calais ! The death of *Joan of Arc* would produce effects still more powerful, if a man of genius had the courage to efface the ridicule which has been lavished on that respectable and unfortunate young woman, to whose name Greece would have consecrated altar upon altar.

I will deliver my thoughts on the subject, in a few words, if, perhaps, it may incite some virtuous man to undertake it. I could wish, then, without departing from the truth of History, to have her represented, at the moment when she is honoured with the favour of her Sovereign, the acclamations of the army, and at the very pinnacle of glory, deliberating on her return to an obscure hamlet, there to resume the employments of a simple shepherdess, unnoticed and unknown. Solicited afterwards by *Dunois*, she determines to brave new dangers in the service of her country. At last, made prisoner in an engagement, she falls into the hands of the English. Interrogated by inhuman judges, among whom are the Bishops of her own Nation, the simplicity and innocence of her replies render her triumphant over the insidious questions of her enemies. She is adjudged by them to perpetual imprisonment. I would have a representation of the dungeon in which she is doomed to pass
the

the remainder of her miserable days, with it's long spiracles, it's iron grates, it's massy arches, the wretched truckle-bed provided for her repose, the cruise of water and the black bread, which are to serve her for food. I would draw from her own lips the touchingly plaintive reflections, suggested by her condition, on the nothingness of human grandeur, her innocent expressions of regret for the loss of rural felicity: and then the gleams of hope, of being relieved by her Prince, extinguished by despair, at sight of the fearful abyss which has closed over her head.

I would then display the snare laid for her, by her perfidious enemies, while she was asleep, in placing by her side the arms with which she had combatted them. She perceives, on awakening, these monuments of her glory. Hurried away by the passion at once of a woman and of a hero, she covers her head with the helmet, the plume of which had shewn the dispirited French army the road to victory; she grasps with her feeble hands that sword so formidable to the English; and, at the instant when the sentiment of her own glory is making her eyes to overflow with tears of exultation, her dastardly foes suddenly present themselves, and unanimously condemn her to the most horrible of deaths. Then it is we should behold a spectacle worthy the attention of Heaven itself,

virtue conflicting with extreme misery ; we should hear her bitter complaints of the indifference of her Sovereign, whom she had so nobly served ; we should see her perturbation, at the idea of the horrid punishment prepared for her, and still more, at the apprehension of the calumny which is for ever to sully her reputation ; we should hear her, amidst conflicts so tremendous, calling in question the existence of a Providence, the protector of the innocent.

To death at last, however, walk out she must. At that moment it is, I could wish to see all her courage re-kindle. I would have her represented on the funeral-pile, where she is going to terminate her days, looking down on the empty hopes with which the World amuses those who serve it ; exulting at the thought of the everlasting infamy with which her death will clothe her enemies, and of the immortal glory which will for ever crown the place of her birth, and even that of her execution. I could wish that her last words, animated by Religion, might be more sublime than those of *Dido*, when she exclaims, on the fatal pile :—*Exoriaré aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.* “ Start up
“ some dire avenger from these bones.”

I could wish, in a word, that this subject, treated by a man of genius, after the manner of
Shakespeare,

Shakespear *, which, undoubtedly, he would not have failed to do, had *Joan of Arc* been an English-woman, might be wrought up into a patriotic Drama;

* The compliment here paid to *Shakespear* is justly merited ; and how well he could have managed the story of the Maid of Orleans, had he taken the incidents as *St.-Pierre* has stated them, and written with the partiality of a Frenchman, may be ascertained by the masterly touches which he actually has bestowed on this distinguished character, in his First Part of *Henry VI.* It may afford some amusement, to compare the above prose sketch, by our Author, with the poetical painting of our own immortal Bard, in the Drama now mentioned. I take the liberty to transcribe only the scene in which the audience is prepared for her entrance, and that in which she actually makes her appearance. For the rest, the Reader is referred to the Play itself.

H. II.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS to the DAUPHIN, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd ;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from Heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome ;

What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and infallible.

Drama; in order that this illustrious shepherdes
 may become, with us, the patroness of War, as
 Saint *Genevieve* is that of Peace; I would have the
 representation

Dau. Go, call her in: But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou will do these wond'rous feats?

Pucl. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
 I know thee well, though never seen before.
 Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
 In private will I talk with thee apart;—
 Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucl. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
 Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate:
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 And to Sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's Mother deigned to appear to me;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity:
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success;
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with, which you see.

representation of her tragedy reserved for the perilous situations in which the State might happen to be involved, and then exhibited to the people, as they display, in similar cases, to the people of Constantinople, the standard of *Mahomet*; and I have no doubt that, at sight of her innocence, of her services, of her misfortunes, of the cruelty of her enemies, and of the horrors of her execution, our people, in a transport of fury, would exclaim: “ War, war with the English * !”

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :
My courage try by combat, if thou dar’st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

—Assign’d I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I’ll raise :
Expect Saint Martin’s Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have enter’d thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
’Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With *Henry*’s death, the English circle ends ;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

* God forbid I should mean to rouse a spirit of animosity in our people against the English, now so worthy of all our esteem. But as their Writers, and even their Government, have, in more

Such means as these, though more powerful than draughts for the militia, and than either pressing or tricking men into the service, are still insufficient to form real citizens. We are accustomed by them to love virtue and our country, only when our heroes are applauded on the theatre. Hence it comes to pass, that the greatest part even of persons of the better sort, are incapable of appraising an action, till they see it detailed in some journal, or moulded into a drama. They do not form a judgment of it after their own heart, but after the opinion of another; not as it is in reality, and in it's own place, but as clothed with imagery, and fitted to a frame. They delight in heroes when they are applauded, powdered and perfumed; but were they to meet with one pouring out his blood in some obscure corner, and perishing in unmerited ignominy, they would not acknowledge him to be a hero. Every one would wish to be the *Alexander* of the opera, but no one the *Alexander* in the city of the Mallians*.

instances than one, descended to exhibit odious representations of us, on their stage, I was willing to shew them, how easily we could make reprisals. Rather, may the genius of *Fenelon*, which they prize so highly, that one of their most amiable fine writers, Lord *Littleton*, exalts it above that of *Plato*, one day unite our hearts and minds!

* See *Plutarch's* Life of *Alexander*.

Patriotism ought not to be made too frequently the subject of scenic representation. A heroism should be supposed to exist, which braves death, but which is never talked of. In order, therefore, to replace the people, in this respect, in the road of Nature and Virtue, they should be made to serve as a spectacle to themselves. They ought to be presented with realities, and not fictions; with soldiers, and not comedians; and if it be impossible to exhibit to them the terrible spectacle of a real engagement, let them see, at least, a representation of the evolutions and the vicissitudes of one, in military festivals.

The soldiery ought to be united more intimately with the Nation, and their condition rendered more happy. They are but too frequently the subjects of contention in the provinces through which they pass. The spirit of corps animates them to such a degree, that when two regiments happen to meet in the same city, an infinite number of duels is generally the consequence. Such ferocious animosities are entirely unknown in Prussian and Russian regiments, which I consider as, in many respects, the best troops in Europe. The King of Prussia has contrived to inspire his soldiers, not with the spirit of corps, which divides them, but with the spirit of country which unites them. This

he has been enabled to accomplish, by conferring on them most of the civil employments in his kingdom, as the recompense of military services. Such are the political ties by which he attaches them to their country. The Russians employ only one, but it is still more powerful; I mean Religion. A Russian foldier believes, that to serve his Sovereign is to serve God. He marches into the field of battle, like a neophyte to martyrdom, in the full persuasion, that, if he falls in it, he goes directly to Paradise.

I have heard M. *de Villebois*, Grand Master of the Russian artillery, relate, that the foldiers of his corps who served a battery, in the affair of Zornedorff, having been mostly cut off, the few who remained seeing the Prussians advance, with bayonets fixed, unable to make any farther resistance, but determined not to fly, embraced their guns, and suffered themselves to be all massacred, in order to preserve inviolate the oath which they are called upon to take, when received into the artillery, namely, never to abandon their cannon. A resistance so pertinacious stripped the Prussians of the victory which they had gained, and made the King of Prussia acknowledge, that it was easier to kill the Russians than to conquer them. This heroic intrepidity is the fruit of Religion.

It

It would be a very difficult matter to restore this power to it's proper elasticity among the French soldiery, who are formed, in part, of the dissolute youth of our great towns. The Russian and Prussian soldiers are draughted from the class of the peasantry, and value themselves upon their condition. With us, on the contrary, a peasant is terrified lest his son should be obliged to go for a soldier. Administration, on it's part, contributes toward the increase of this apprehension. If there be a single blackguard in a village, the deputy takes care that the black ball shall fall upon him, as if a regiment were a galley for criminals.

I once composed, on this subject, a memorial which suggested proposals of a remedy for these disorders, and for the prevention of desertion among our soldiers; but, like many other things of the same sort, it came to nothing. The principal means of reform which I proposed, were a melioration of the condition of the soldiery, as in Prussia, by holding up the prospect of civil employments, which, with us, are infinite in number; and, in order to prevent the irregularities into which they are thrown by a life of celibacy, I proposed to grant them permission to marry, as most of the Russian and Prussian soldiers do *. This

* I could likewise wish that the wives of sailors might be permitted to go to sea with their husbands; they would prevent, on ship-

method, so much adapted to the reformation of manners, would farther contribute toward conciliating our provinces to each other, by the marriages which regiments would contract, in their continual progress from place to place. They would strengthen the bands of national affection from North to South; and our peasantry would cease to be afraid of them, if they saw them marching through the country as husbands and fathers. If the soldiery are sometimes guilty of irregularities, to our military institutions the blame must be imputed. I have seen others under better discipline, but I know of none more generous.

ship-board, more than one species of irregularity. Besides, they might be usefully engaged in a variety of employments suitable to their sex, such as dressing the victuals, washing the linen, mending the sails, and the like.....They might, in many cases, co-operate in the labours of the ship's crew. They are much less liable to be affected by the scurvy, and by various other disorders, than men are.

The project of embarking women will, no doubt, appear extravagant to persons who do not know that there are, at least, ten thousand women who navigate the coasting vessels of Holland; who assist, on deck, in working the ship, and manage the helm as dextrously as any man. A handsome woman would, undoubtedly, prove the occasion of much mischief on board a French ship; but women, such as I have been describing, hardy and laborious, are exceedingly proper, on the contrary, to prevent, or remedy, many kinds of mischief, which are already but too prevalent in a sea life.

I was

I was witness to a display of humanity on their part, of which I doubt whether any other soldiery in Europe would have been capable. It was in the year 1760, in a detachment of our army, then in Germany, and an enemy's country, encamped hard by an inconsiderable city, called Stadberg. I lodged in a miserable village, occupied by the head-quarters. There were in the poor cottage, where I and two of my comrades had our lodgings, five or six women, and as many children, who had taken refuge there, and who had nothing to eat, for our army had foraged their corn, and cut down their fruit-trees. We gave them some of our provisions; but what we could spare was a small matter indeed, considering both their numbers and their necessities. One of them was a young woman big with child, who had three or four children beside. I observed her go out every morning, and return some hours after, with her apron full of slices of brown bread. She strung them on packthreads, and dried them in the chimney like mushrooms. I had her questioned one day by a servant of ours, who spoke German and French, where she found that provision, and why she put it through that process. She replied, that she went into the camp to solicit alms among the foldiers; that each of them gave her a piece of his ammunition-bread, and that she dried the slices in order to preserve them; for she did not know where to look for a
supply

supply, after we were gone, the country being utterly desolated.

A soldier's profession is a perpetual exercise of virtue, from the necessity to which it constantly subjects the man, to submit to privations innumerable, and frequently to expose his life. It has Religion, therefore, for it's principal support. The Russians keep up the spirit of it, in their national troops, by admitting among them not so much as one foreign foldier. The King of Prussia, on the contrary, has accomplished the same purpose, by receiving into his, foldiers of every religion; but he obliges every one of them exactly to observe that which he has adopted. I have seen, both at Berlin and at Potsdam, every Sunday morning, the officers mustering their men on the parade, about eleven o'clock, and then filing off with them in separate detachments, Calvinists, Lutherans, Catholics, every one to his own church, to worship God in his own way.

I could wish to have abolished among us the other causes of division, which lay one citizen under the temptation, that he may live himself, to with the hurt or the death of another. Our politicians have multiplied, without end, these sources of hatred, nay, have rendered the State an accomplice in such ungracious sentiments, by the establishment

blishment of lotteries, of tontines, and of annuities. "So many persons," say they, "have died this year; the State has gained so much." Should a pestilence come, and sweep off one half of the people, the State would be wonderfully enriched! Man is nothing in their eyes; gold is all in all. Their art consists in reforming the vices of Society, by violences offered to Nature: and, what is passing strange, they pretend to act after her example. "It is her intention, they gravely tell you, that every species of being should subsist only by the ruin of other species. Particular evil is general good." By such barbarous and erroneous maxims are Princes misled. These Laws have no existence in Nature, except between species which are opposite and inimical. They exist not in the same species of animals, which live together in a state of Society. The death of a bee, most assuredly, never tended to promote the prosperity of the hive. Much less still can the calamity and death of a man be of advantage to his Nation, and to Mankind, the perfect happiness of which must consist in a perfect harmony between its members. We have demonstrated in another place, that it is impossible the slightest evil should befall a single individual, without communicating the impression of it to the whole body politic.

Our

Our rich people entertain no doubt that the good things of the lower orders will reach them, as they enjoy the productions of the arts which the poor cultivate ; but they participate equally in the ills which the poor suffer, let them take what precautions they will to secure themselves. Not only do they become the victims of their epidemical maladies, and of their pillage, but of their moral opinions, which are ever in a progress of depravation in the breasts of the wretched. They start up, like the plagues which issued from the box of *Pandora*, and, in defiance of armed guards, force their way through fortresses and castle-walls, and fix their residence in the heart of tyrants. In vain do they dream of personal exemption, from the ills of the vulgar ; their neighbours catch the infection, their servants, their children, their wives, and impose the necessity of abstinence from every thing, in the very midst of their enjoyments.

But when, in a Society, particular bodies are constantly converting to their own profit the distresses of others, they perpetuate these very distresses, and multiply them to infinity. It is a fact easily ascertained, that wherever advocates and physicians peculiarly abound, law-suits and diseases there likewise are found in uncommon abundance. Though there be among them men of the best dispositions

positions, and of the soundest intellect, they do not set their face against irregularities which are beneficial to their corps.

These inconveniencies are by no means desperate; I am able to quote instances to this effect, which no sophistry can invalidate. On my entering into the service of Russia, the first month's revenue of my place was stopped, as a complete indemnification for the expense attending the treatment of every kind of malady with which I might be attacked; and this included, together with myself, my servants, and my family, if I should happen to marry; and extended to every possible expense of Physician, Surgeon, and Apothecary. There was farther stopped, for the same object, a small sum, amounting to one, or one and a half, per cent. of my appointments: this was to have been paid annually; and every step higher I might have risen, I was to have given an additional month's pay of that superior rank. This is the complete amount of the tax upon officers, in consideration of which they and their families are entitled to every kind of medical advice and assistance, under whatever indisposition.

The Physicians and Surgeons of every corps have, at the same time, a sufficiently ample revenue arising from these payments. I recollect that
the

the Physician of the corps in which I served, had an annual income of a thousand roubles, or five thousand livres (about two hundred guineas), and little or nothing to do for it; for, as our maladies brought him nothing, they were of very short duration. As to the soldiers, if my recollection is accurate, they are medically treated, without any defalcation of their pay. The grand Dispensary belongs to the Emperor. It is in the city of Moscow, and consists of a magnificent pile of building. The medicines are deposited in vases of porcelain, and are always of the very best quality. They are thence distributed over the rest of the Empire, at a moderate price, and the profit goes to the Crown. There is not the slightest ground to apprehend imposition in the conduct of this business. The persons employed, in the preparation and distribution, are men of ability, who have no kind of interest in adulterating them, and who, as they rise in a regular progression of rank and salary, are actuated with no emulation but that of discharging their duty with fidelity *.

* The insatiable thirst of gold and luxury might be allayed in the greatest part of our citizens, by presenting them with a great number of these political perspectives. They constitute the charm of petty conditions, by displaying to them the attractions of infinity, the sentiment of which, as we have seen, is so natural to the heart of Man. It is by means of these, that mechanics and small shopkeepers are much more powerfully attached, by moderate profits, to their contracted spheres, enlivened by hope,
than

The example of *Peter* the Great challenges imitation ; and the order which he has established among his troops, with respect to Physicians and Apothecaries, might be extended all over the kingdom, not only in the line of the medical profession, though even this would bring an immense increase of revenue to the State, but might also be usefully applied to the profession of the Law. It is greatly to be wished that Attorneys, Advocates, and Judges, were paid by the State, and scattered over the whole kingdom, not for the purpose of arguing causes, but of settling them by reference. These arrangements might be extended to all descriptions of profession, which subsist on the distress of the Public : then the whole body of the citizens, finding their repose and their fortune in the happiness

than the rich and great are to lofty situations, the term of which is before them. The process which passes in the head of the little, is something similar to the milk-maid's train of thought, in the fable. With the price of this milk I will buy eggs ; eggs will give me chicks ; those chicks will grow up to hens ; I will sell my poultry, and buy a lamb, and so on. The pleasure which they enjoy, in pursuing those endless progressions, is the sweet illusion that carries them through their labours ; and it is so real, that, when they happen to accumulate a fortune, and are able to live in ease and affluence, their health gradually declines, and most of them terminate their days in languor and melancholy. Modern Politicians, revert then to Nature ! The sweetest music is not emitted from flutes made of gold and silver, but from those which are constructed of simple reeds.

of the State, would exert themselves, to the utmost, to maintain it.

These causes, and many others, divide, among us, all the different classes of the Nation. There is not a single province, city, village, but what distinguishes the province, city, village, next to it, by some injurious and insulting epithet. The same remark applies to the various ranks and conditions of Society. *Divide & impera*, Divide and govern, say our modern Politicians. This maxim has ruined Italy, the country from whence it came. The opposite maxim contains much more truth. The more united citizens are, the more powerful and happy is the Nation which they compose. At Rome, at Sparta, at Athens, a citizen was at once advocate, senator, pontiff, edile, husbandman, warrior, and even seaman. Observe to what a height of power those republics advanced. Their citizens were, however, far inferior to us in respect of general knowledge, but they were instructed in two great Sciences, of which we are ignorant, namely, the love of the Gods, and of their Country. With these sublime sentiments, they were prepared for every thing. Where they are wanting, Man is good for nothing. With all our encyclopedic literature, a great man with us, even in point of talents, would be but the fourth part, at most, of a Greek or a Roman. He would distinguish himself
much

much more in supporting the honour of his particular profession, but very little in maintaining the honour of his country.

It is our wretched political constitution which produces in the State so many different centres. There was a time when we talked of our being republicans. Verily, if we had not a King, we should live in perpetual discord. Nay, how many Sovereigns do we make of one single and lawful Monarch! Every corps has it's own, who is not the Sovereign of the Nation. How many projects are formed, and defeated, in the King's name! The King of the waters, and of the forests, is at variance with the King of the bridges and highways. The King of the colonies sanctions a plan of improvement, the King of the finances refuses to advance the money. Amidst these various conflicts, of paramount authority, nothing is executed. The real King, the King of the People, is not served.

The same spirit of division prevails in the Religion of Europe. What mischief has not been practised in the name of God! All acknowledge the One Supreme Being, who created the Heavens, and the Earth, and Man; but each kingdom has it's own, who must be worshipped according to a certain ritual. To this God it is that each Nation, in particular, offers thanksgiving, on occasion

of every battle. In his name it was that the poor Americans were exterminated. The God of Europe is clothed with terror, and devoutly adored. But where are the altars of the God of Peace, of the Father of Mankind, of Him who proclaims the glad tidings of the Gospel? Let our modern Politicians trumpet their own applause, on the happy fruits of those divisions, and of an education dictated by ambition. Human life, so fleeting and so wretched, passes away in this unremitting strife; and while the Historians of every Nation, well paid for their trouble, are extolling to Heaven the victories of their Kings and of their Pontiffs, the People are addressing themselves, in tears, to the God of the Human Race, and asking of Him the way in which they ought to walk, in order to reach his habitation at length, and to live a life of virtue and happiness upon the earth.

The cause of the ills which we endure, I repeat it, is to be found in our vain-glorious Education; and in the wretchedness of the commonalty, which communicates a powerful influence to every new opinion, because they are ever expecting from novelty some mitigation of the pressure of inveterate woes. But as soon as they perceive that their opinions become tyrannical, in their turn, they presently renounce them: and this is the origin of their levity. Whenever they can find the means
of

of living in ease and abundance, they will be no longer subject to these vicissitudes, as we have seen in the instance of the Dutch, who print and sell the theological, political, and literary controversies of all Europe, without being themselves, in the least, affected, as to their civil and religious opinions; and when our public education shall be reformed, the people will enjoy the happy and uninterrupted tranquility of the Nations of Asia.

Before I proceed to suggest my ideas on this subject, I take the liberty to propose some other means of general union. I shall consider myself as amply recompensed for the labour which my researches have cost me, if so much as a single one of my hints of reform shall be adopted.

OF PARIS.

It has already been observed, that few Frenchmen are attached to the place of their birth. The greatest part of those who acquire fortune in foreign countries, on their return, settle at Paris. This, upon the whole, is no great injury to the State. The flighter their attachment to their Country, the easier it is to fix them at Paris, One single point of union is necessary to a great Nation. Every country which has acquired celebrity by it's

patriotism, has likewise fixed the centre of it in their Capital, and frequently in some particular monument of that Capital; the Jews had theirs at Jerusalem, and it's Temple; the Romans, theirs at Rome, and the Capitol; the Lacedemonians, theirs at Sparta, and in citizenship.

I am fond of Paris. Next to a rural situation, and a rural situation such as I like, I give Paris the preference to any thing I have ever seen in the World. I love that city, not only on account of it's happy situation, because all the accommodations of human life are there collected, from it's being the centre of all the powers of the kingdom, and for the other reasons, which made *Michael Montaigne* delight in it, but because it is the asylum and the refuge of the miserable. There it is that the provincial ambitions, prejudices, aversions, and tyrannies, are lost and annihilated. There a man may live in obscurity and liberty. There, it is possible to be poor without being despised. The afflicted person is there decoyed out of his misery, by the public gaiety; and the feeble there feels himself strong in the strength of the multitude. Time was when, on the faith of our political Writers, I looked upon that city as too great. But I am now far from thinking that it is of sufficient extent, and sufficiently majestic, to be the Capital of a kingdom so flourishing.

I could

I could wish that, our sea-ports excepted, there were no city in France but Paris; that our provinces were covered only with hamlets, and villages, and sub-divided into small farms; and that, as there is but one centre in the kingdom, there might likewise be but one Capital. Would to God it were that of all Europe, nay, of the whole Earth; and that, as men of all Nations bring thither their industry, their passions, their wants, and their misfortunes, it should give them back, in fortune, in enjoyment, in virtues, and in sublime consolations, the reward of that asylum which they there resort to seek!

Of a truth, our mind, illuminated as it is, at this day, with such various knowledge, wants the nobly comprehensive grasp which distinguished our forefathers. Amidst their simple and Gothic manners, they entertained the idea, I believe, of rendering it the Capital of Europe. The traces of this design are visible in the names which most of their establishments bear: the Scottish College, the Irish, that of the Four Nations; and in the foreign names of the Royal household-troops. Behold that noble monument of antiquity, the church of Notre-Dame, built more than six hundred years ago, at a time when Paris did not contain the fourth part of the inhabitants with which it is now peopled; it is more vast, and more majestic than any thing

of the kind which has been since reared. I could wish that this spirit of *Philip* the August, a Prince too little known in our frivolous age, might still preside over it's establishments, and extend the use of them to all Nations. Not but that men of every Nation are welcome there, for their money; our enemies themselves may live quietly there, in the very midst of war, provided they are rich; but, above all, I could wish to render her good and propitious to her own children. I do not know of any advantage which a Frenchman derives from having been born within her walls, unless it be, when reduced to beggary, that of having it in his power to die in one of her hospitals. Rome bestowed very different privileges on her citizens; the most wretched among them, there enjoyed privileges and honours, more ample than were communicated even to Kings, in alliance with the Republic.

It is pleasure which attracts the greatest part of strangers to Paris; and if we trace those vain pleasures up to their source, we shall find that they proceed from the misery of the People, and from the easy rate at which it is there possible to procure girls of the town, spectacles, modish finery, and the other productions which minister to luxury. These means have been highly extolled by modern politicians. I do not deny that they occasion a
considerable

considerable influx of money into a country ; but, at the long run, neighbouring Nations imitate them ; the money of strangers disappears, but their debauched morals remain. See what Venice has come to, with her mirrors, her pomatums, her courtezans, her masquerades, and her carnival. The frivolous arts on which we now value ourselves, have been imported from Italy, whose feebleness and misery they this day constitute.

The noblest spectacle which any Government can exhibit, is that of a people laborious, industrious, and content. We are taught to be well-read in books, in pictures, in algebra, in heraldry, and not in men. Connoisseurs are rapt with admiration at sight of a Savoyard's head, painted by *Greuze* ; but the Savoyard himself is at the corner of the street, speaking, walking, almost frozen to death, and no one minds him. That mother, with her children around her, forms a charming group ; the picture is invaluable : the originals are in a neighbouring garret, without a farthing whereupon to subsist. Philosophers ! ye are transported with delight, and well you may, in contemplating the numerous families of birds, of fishes, and of quadrupeds, the instincts of which are so endlessly varied, and to which one and the same Sun communicates life. Examine the families of men, of which the inhabitants of the Capital consist, and you
would

would be disposed to say, that each of them had borrowed it's manners, and it's industry, from some species of animal; so varied are their employments.

Walk out to yonder plain, at the entrance of the city; behold that general officer mounted on his prancing courser: he is reviewing a body of troops: see, the heads, the shoulders, and the feet, of his soldiers, arranged in the same straight line; the whole embodied corps has but one look, one movement. He makes a sign, and in an instant a thousand bayonets gleam in the air; he makes another, and a thousand fires start from that rampart of iron. You would think, from their precision, that a single fire had issued from a single piece. He gallops round those smoke-covered regiments, at the sound of drums and fifes, and you have the image of *Jupiter's* eagle, armed with the thunder, and hovering round Etna. A hundred paces from thence, there, is an insect among men. Look at that puny chimney-sweeper, of the colour of foot, with his lantern, his cymbal, and his leathern greaves: he resembles a black-beetle. Like the one which, in Surinam, is called the lantern-bearer, he shines in the night, and moves to the sound of a cymbal. This child, those soldiers, and that general, are equally men; and while birth, pride, and the demands of social life establish infinite

finite differences among them, Religion places them on a level: she humbles the head of the mighty, by shewing them the vanity of their power; and she raises up the head of the unfortunate, by disclosing to them the prospects of immortality: she thus brings back all men to the equality which Nature had established at their birth, and which the order of Society had disturbed.

Our Sybarites imagine they have exhausted every possible mode of enjoyment. Our moping, melancholy old men consider themselves as useless to the World; they no longer perceive any other perspective before them, but death. Ah! paradise and life are still upon the earth, for him who has the power of doing good.

Had I been blessed with but a moderate degree of fortune, I would have procured for myself an endless succession of new enjoyments. Paris should have become to me a second *Memphis*. It's immense population is far from being known to us. I would have had one small apartment, in one of it's suburbs, adjoining to the great road; another at the opposite extremity, on the banks of the Seine, in a house shaded with willows and poplars; another in one of it's most frequented streets; a fourth in the mansion of a gardener, surrounded
with

with apricot-trees, figs, coleworts, and lettuces ; a fifth in the avenues of the city, in the heart of a vineyard, and so on.

It is an easy matter, undoubtedly, to find, every where, lodgings of this description, and at an easy rate ; but it may not be so easy to find persons of probity for hosts and neighbours. There is, it must be admitted, much depravity among the lower orders ; but there are various methods which may be employed to find out such as are good and honest : and with them I commence my researches after pleasure. A new *Diogenes*, I am set out in search of men. As I look only for the miserable, I have no occasion to use a lantern. I get up at day-break, and step, to partake of a first mess, into a church still but half illumined by the daylight : there I find poor mechanics come to implore God's blessing on their day's labour. Piety, exalted above all respect to Man, is one assured proof of probity : cheerful submission to labour is another. I perceive, in raw and rainy weather, a whole family squat on the ground, and weeding the plants of a garden* : here, again, are good people.

* Persons employed in the culture of vegetables are, in general, a better sort of people. Plants have their Theology impressed upon them. I one day, however, fell in with a husbandman who was an atheist. It is true, he had not picked up his opinions

people. The night itself cannot conceal virtue. Toward midnight, the glimmering of a lamp announces to me, through the aperture of a garret, some poor widow prolonging her nocturnal industry, in order to bring up, by the fruits of it, her little ones who are sleeping around her. These shall be my neighbours and my hosts. I announce myself to them as a wayfaring man, as a stranger, who wishes to breathe a little in that vicinity. I beseech them to accommodate me with part of their habitation, or to look out for an apartment that will suit me, in the neighbourhood. I offer a good price, and am domesticated presently.

I am carefully on my guard, in the view of securing the attachment of those honest people, against giving them money for nothing, or by way of alms; I know of means much more honourable to gain their friendship. I order a greater quantity of provision than is necessary for my own use, and the overplus turns to account in the family; I reward the children for any little services which they

opinions in the fields, but from books. He seemed to be exceedingly well satisfied with his attainments in knowledge. I could not help saying to him at parting: "You have really gained a mighty point, in employing the researches of your understanding, to render yourself miserable!"

In the hypothetical examples hereafter adduced, there is scarcely any one article of invention merely, except the good which I did not do.

render

render me : I carry the whole household, of a holiday, into the country, and sit down with them to dinner upon the grafs ; the father and mother return to town in the evening, well refreshed, and loaded with a fupply for the reft of the week. On the approach of Winter, I clothe the children with good woollen ftuffs, and their little warmed limbs blefs their benefactor, becaufe my haughty, vain-glorious bounty, has not frozen their heart. It is the godfather of their little brother who has made them a prefent of the clothes. The lefs clofely you twift the bands of gratitude, the more firmly do they contract of themfelves.

I enjoy not only the pleafure of doing good, and of doing it in the beft manner ; I have the farther pleafure of amusing and inftructing myfelf. We admire in books the labours of the artifan, but books rob us of half our pleafure, and of the gratitude which we owe them. They feparate us from the People, and they impofe upon us, by displaying the arts with exceffive parade, and in falfe lights, as fubjects for the theatre, and for the magic-lantern. Befides, there is more knowledge in the head of an artifan than in his art, and more intelligence in his hands, than in the language of the Writer who tranflates him. Objects carry their own expreffion upon them : *Rem verba fequuntur* (words follow things). The man of the com-
monalty

monalty has more than one way of observing and of feeling, which is not a matter of indifference. While the Philosopher rises as high into the clouds as he possibly can, the other keeps contentedly at the bottom of the valley, and beholds very different perspectives in the World. Calamity forms him at the length, as well as another man. His language purifies with years ; and I have frequently remarked, that there is very little difference, in point of accuracy, of perspicuity, and of simplicity, between the expressions of an aged peasant and of an old courtier. Time effaces from their several styles of language, and from their manners, the rusticity and the refinement, which Society had introduced. Old-age, like infancy, reduces all men to a level, and gives them back to Nature.

In one of my encampments, I have a landlord who has made the tour of the Globe. He has been seaman, foldier, bucanier. He is sagacious as *Ulysses*, but more sincere. When I have placed him at table with me, and made him taste my wine, he gives me a relation of his adventures. He knows a multitude of anecdotes. How many times was he on the very point of making fortune, but failed ! He is a second *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*. The upshot of all is, he has got a good wife, and lives contented.

My

My landlord, in another of my stations, has lived a very different life; he scarcely ever was beyond the walls of Paris, and but seldom beyond the precinct of his shop. But though he has not travelled over the World, he has not missed his share of calamity, by staying at home. He was very much at his ease; he had laid up, by means of his honest savings, fifty good Louis d'or, when one night his wife and daughter thought proper to elope, carrying his treasure with them. He had almost died with vexation. Now, he says, he thinks no more about it; and cries as he tells me the story. I compose his mind, by talking kindly to him; I give him employment; he tries to dissipate his chagrin by labour; his industry is an amusement to me: I sometimes pass complete hours in looking at him, as he bores, and turns, pieces of oak as hard as ivory.

Now and then I stop in the middle of the city before the shop of a smith; and then I am transformed into the Lacedemonian *Liches*, at Tegeum, attending to the processes of forging and hammering iron. The moment that the man perceives me attentive to his work, I will soon acquire his confidence. I am not, as *Liches* was, looking for the tomb of *Orestes**; but I have occasion to

* See *Herodotus*, book i.

employ the art of a smith : if not for myself, for the benefit of some one else. I order this honest fellow to manufacture for me some solid useful articles of household furniture, which I intend to bestow, as a monument to preserve my memory in some poor family. I wish, besides, to purchase the friendship of an artificer ; I am perfectly sure that the attention which he sees I pay to his work, will induce him to exert his utmost skill in executing it. I thus hit two marks with one stone. A rich man, in similar circumstances, would give alms, and confer no obligation on any one.

J. J. Rousseau told me a little anecdote of himself, relative to the subject in hand. “ One-day,” said he, “ I happened to be at a village-festival, “ in a gentleman’s country-seat, not far from Paris. “ After dinner, the company betook themselves to “ walking up and down the fair, and amused “ themselves with throwing pieces of small money “ among the peasantry, to have the pleasure of “ seeing them scramble and fight, in picking them “ up. For my own part, following the bent of my “ solitary humour, I walked apart in another direction. I observed a little girl selling apples, displayed on a flat basket, which she carried before “ her. To no purpose did she extol the excellence of her goods ; no customer appeared to “ cheapen them. How much do you ask for all “ your

“ your apples, said I to her ?—All my apples ? replied she, and at the same time began to reckon with herself.—Threepence, Sir, said she.—I take them at that price, returned I, on condition you will go and distribute them among these little Savoyards, whom you see there below : this was instantly executed. The children were quite transported with delight at this unexpected regale, as was likewise the little merchant at bringing her wares to so good a market. I should have conferred much less pleasure on them had I given them the money. Every one was satisfied, and no one humbled.” The great art of doing good consists in doing it judiciously. Religion instructs us in this important secret, in recommending to us to do to others what we wish should be done to us.

I sometimes betake myself to the great road, like the ancient Patriarchs, to do the honours of the City to strangers who may happen to arrive. I recollect the time when I myself was a stranger in strange lands, and the kind reception I met with when far from home. I have frequently heard the nobility of Poland and Germany complain of our grandees. They allege, that French travellers of distinction are treated in these countries with unbounded hospitality and attention ; but that they, on visiting France, in their turn, are almost entirely

tirely neglected. They are invited to one dinner on their arrival, and to another when preparing to depart : and this is the whole amount of our hospitality. For my own part, incapable of acquitting the obligations of this kind which I lie under to the Great of foreign countries, I repay them to their commonalty.

I perceive a German travelling on foot ; I accost him, I invite him to stop and take a little repose at my habitation. A good supper, and a glass of good wine, dispose him to communicate to me the occasion of his journey. He is an officer ; he has served in Prussia and in Russia ; he has been witness to the partition of Poland. I interrupt him to make my enquiries after Marechal Count *Munich*, the Generals *de Villebois* and *du Bosquet*, the Count *de Munchio*, my friend *M. de Taubenheim*, Prince *Xatorinski*, Field Marechal of the Polish Confederation, whose prisoner I once was. Most of them are dead, he tells me ; the rest are superannuated, and retired from all public employment. Oh ! how melancholy it is, I exclaim, to travel from one's country, and to make acquaintance with estimable men abroad, whom we are never to see more ! Oh ! how rapid a career is human life ! Happy the man who has it in his power to employ it in doing good ! My guest favours me with a short detail of his adventures : to these I pay the closest

closest attention, from their resemblance to my own. His leading object was to deserve well of his fellow-creatures, and he has been rewarded by them with calumny and persecution. He is under misfortunes; he has come to France to put himself under the Queen's protection; he hopes a great deal from her goodness. I confirm his hopes, by the idea which public opinion has conveyed to me of the character of that Princess, and by that which Nature has impressed on her phyisionomy. I am pouring the balm of consolation, he tells me, into his heart. Full of emotion, he presses my hand. My cordial reception of him is a happy presage of the rest; he could have met with nothing so friendly even in his own country. Oh! what pungent sorrow may be soothed to rest by a single word, and by the feeblest mark of benevolence!

I remember that one day I found, not far from the iron-gate de Caillot, at the entrance into the Elysian Fields, a young woman sitting with a child in her lap, on the brink of a ditch. She was handsome, if that epithet may be applied to a female overwhelmed in melancholy. I walked into the sequestered alley where she had taken her station; the moment that she perceived me, she looked the other way: her timidity and modesty fixed my eyes on her. I remarked that she was very decently dressed, and wore very white linen; but her

her gown and neck handkerchief were so completely darned over, that you would have said the spiders had spun the threads. I approached her with the respect which is due to the miserable; I bowed to her, and she returned my salute with an air of gentility, but with reserve. I then endeavoured to engage her in conversation, by talking of the wind and the weather: her replies consisted of monosyllables only. At length, I ventured to ask if she had come abroad for the pleasure of enjoying a walk in the country: upon this she began to sob and weep, without uttering a single word. I sat down by her, and insisted, with all possible circumspection, that she would disclose to me the cause of her distress. She said to me; “Sir, my husband has just been involved in a bankruptcy at Paris, to the amount of five thousand livres (£.208 6s. 8d.); I have been giving him a conveyance as far as Neuilly: he is gone, on foot, a journey of sixty leagues hence, to try to recover a little money which is due to us. I have given him my rings, and all my other little trinkets, to defray the expense of his journey; and all that I have left in the world, to support myself and my child, is a single shilling piece.”——“What parish do you belong to, Madam?” said I.—“St. Eustache,” replied she.—“The Rector,” I subjoined, “passes for a very charitable, good man.”——“Yes, Sir,” said she, “but you need

“not to be informed, that there is no charity in
“parishes for us miserable Jews.” At these words,
her tears began to flow more copiously, and she
arose to go on her way. I tendered her a small
pittance toward her present relief, which I besought
her to accept, at least as a mark of my good-will.
She received it, and returned me more reverences
and thanks, and loaded me with more benedic-
tions, than if I had re-established her husband’s
credit. How many delicious banquets might that
man enjoy, who would thus lay out three or four
hundred pounds a year!

My different establishments, scattered over the
Capital and the vicinity, variegate my life most in-
nocently and most agreeably. In Winter, I take
up my residence in that which is exposed com-
pletely to the noon-day Sun; in Summer, I re-
move to that which has a northern aspect, and
hangs over the cooling stream. At another time,
I pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of the Rue
d’Artois, among piles of hewn stone, where I see
palaces rising around me, pediments decorated
with sphynxes, domes, kiosques. I take care never
to enquire to whom they belong. Ignorance is
the mother of pleasure and of admiration. I am
in Egypt, at Babylon, in China. To-day I sup
under an acacia, and am in America: to-morrow,
I shall dine in the midst of a kitchen-garden,
under

under an arbour shaded with lilach ; and I shall be in France.

But, I shall be asked, Is there nothing to be feared in such a style of living ? May I meet the final period of my days, while engaged in the practice of virtue ! I have heard many a history of persons who perished in hunting-matches, in parties of pleasure, while travelling by land and by water ; but never in performing acts of beneficence. Gold is a powerful commander of respect with the commonalty. I display wealth sufficient to secure their attention, but not enough to tempt any one to plunder me. Besides, the police of Paris is in excellent order. I am very circumspect in the choice of my hosts ; and if I perceive that I have been mistaken in my selection, the rent of my lodgings is paid beforehand, and I return no more.

On this plan of life, I have not the least occasion for the encumbrances of furniture and servants. With what tender solicitude am I expected, in each of my habitations ! What satisfaction does my arrival inspire ! What attention and zeal do my entertainers express to outrun my wishes ! I enjoy among them the choicest blessings of Society, without feeling any of the inconveniences. No one sits down at my table to backbite his neighbour, and no one leaves it with a

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disposition

disposition to speak unkindly of me. I have no children ; but those of my landlady are more eager to please me than their own parents. I have no wife : the most sublime charm of love is to devise and accomplish the felicity of another. I assist in the formation of happy marriages, or in promoting the happiness of those which are already formed. I thus dissipate my personal languor, I put my passions upon the right scent, by proposing to them the noblest attainments at which they can aim, upon the earth. I have drawn nigh to the miserable with an intention to comfort them, and from them, perhaps, I shall derive consolation in my turn.

In this manner it is in your power to live, O ye great ones of the earth ! and thus might you multiply your fleeting days in the land through which you are merely travellers. Thus it is that you may learn to know men ; and form no longer, with your own Nation, a foreign race, a race of conquerors, living on the spoils of the country you have subdued. Thus it is, that, issuing from your palaces, encircled with a crowd of happy vassals, who are loading you with benedictions, you might present the image of the ancient Patricians, a name so dear to the Roman people. You are every day looking out for some new spectacle ; there is no one which possesses so much the charm of novelty as the happiness of Mankind. You wish for
objects

objects that are interesting : there is no one more interesting than the sight of the families of the poor peasantry, diffusing fruitfulness over your vast and solitary domains, or superannuated soldiers, who have deserved well of their country, seeking refuge under the shadow of your wings. Your compatriots are surely much better than tragedy heroes, and more interesting than the shepherds of the comic opera.

The indigence of the commonalty is the first cause of the physical and moral maladies of the rich. It is the business of administration to provide a remedy. As to the maladies of the soul resulting from indigence, I could with some palliatives, at least, might be found. For this purpose, I would have formed, at Paris, some establishment similar to those which humane Physicians and sage Lawyers have there instituted, for remedying the ills of body and of fortune ; I mean dispensaries of consolation, to which an unfortunate wretch, secure of secrecy, nay, of remaining unknown, might resort to disclose the cause of his distress. We have, I grant, confessors and preachers, for whom the sublime function of comforting the miserable seems to be reserved. But confessors are not always of the same disposition with their penitents, especially when the penitent is poor, and not much known to them. Nay, there are many confessors who have
neither

neither the talents nor the experience requisite to the comforter of the afflicted. The point is not to pronounce absolution to the man who confesses his sins, but to assist him in bearing up under those of another, which lie much heavier upon him.

As to preachers, their sermons are usually too vague, and too injudiciously applied to the various necessities of their hearers. It would be of much more importance to the Public, if they would announce the subject of their intended discourses, rather than display the titles of their ecclesiastical dignities. They will declaim against avarice to a prodigal, or against profusion to a miser. They will expatiate on the dangers of ambition to a young man in love; and on those of love to an ancient female devotee. They will inculcate the duty of giving alms on the persons who receive them; and the virtue of humility on a poor water-porter. There are some who preach repentance to the unfortunate, who promise the joys of paradise to voluptuous courts, and who denounce the flames of hell against starving villages. I have known, in the country, a poor female peasant driven to madness, by a sermon of this cast. She believed herself to be in a state of damnation, and lay along speechless and motionless. We have no sermons calculated to cure languor, sorrow, scrupulousness

puloufnefs of confcience, melancholy, chagrin, and fo many other diftempers which prey upon the foul. Befides, how many circumftances change, to every particular auditor, the nature of the pain which he endures, and render totally ufelefs to him all the parade of a trim harangue. It is no eafy matter to find out, in a foul wounded, and oppreffed with timidity, the precise point of it's grief, and to apply the balm and the hand of the good Samaritan to the fore. This is an art known only to minds endowed with fenfibility, who have themfelves fuffered feverely, and which is not always the attainment of thofe who are virtuous only.

The people feel the want of this confolation ; and finding no man to whom they can make application for it, they addrefs themfelves to ftones. I have fometimes read, with an aching heart, in our churches, billets affixed by the wretched, to the corner of a pillar, in fome obfcure chapel. They reprefented the cafes of unhappy women abused by their hufbands ; of young people labouring under embarrassment : they foli-cited not the money of the compassionate, but their prayers. They were upon the point of finking into defpair. Their miferies were inconceivable. Ah ! if men who have themfelves been acquainted with grief, of all conditions, would unite in prefenting to the fons and daughters of affliction, their experience
and

and their sensibility, more than one illustrious sufferer would come and draw from them those consolations, which all the preachers, and books, and philosophy in the World, are incapable to administer. All that the poor man needs, in many cases, in order to soothe his woe, is a person into whose ear he can pour out his complaint.

A Society, composed of men such as I have fondly imagined to myself, would undertake the important task of eradicating the vices and the prejudices of the populace. They would endeavour, for example, to apply a remedy to the barbarity which imposes such oppressive loads on the miserable horses, and cruelly abuses them in other respects, while every street of the city rings with the horrible oaths of their drivers. They would likewise employ their influence with the rich, to take pity, in their turn, upon the human race. You see, in the midst of excessive heats, the hewers of stone exposed to the meridian Sun, and to the burning reverberation of the white substance on which they labour. Hence these poor people are frequently seized with ardent fevers, and with disorders in the eyes, which issue in blindness. At other times, they have to encounter the long rains, and pinching cold of Winter, which bring on rheums and consumptions. Would it be a very costly precaution for a master-builder, possessed of
humanity,

humanity, to rear in his work-yard, a moveable shed of matting or straw, supported by poles, to serve as a shelter to his labourers ? By means of a fabric so simple, they might be spared various maladies of body and of mind ; for most of them, as I have observed, are, in this respect, actuated by a false point of honour ; and have not the courage to employ a screen against the burning heat of the Sun, or against rainy weather, for fear of incurring the ridicule of their companions.

The people might farther be inspired with a relish for morality, without the use of much expensive cookery. Nay, every appearance of disguise renders truth suspected by them. I have many a time seen plain mechanics shed tears at reading some of our good romances, or at the representation of a tragedy. They afterwards demanded, if the story which had thus affected them was really true ; and on being informed that it was imaginary, they valued it no longer ; they were vexed to think that they had thrown away their tears. The rich must have fiction, in order to render morality palatable, and morality is unable to render fiction palatable to the poor ; because the poor man still expects his felicity from truth, and the rich hope for theirs, only from illusion.

The

The rich, however, stand in no less need than the populace, of moral affections. These are, as we have seen, the moving springs of all the human passions. To no purpose do they pretend to refer the plan of their felicity to physical objects; they soon lose all taste for their castles, their pictures, their parks, when, instead of sentiment, they possess merely the sensations of them. This is so indubitably true, that if, under the pressure of their languor, a stranger happens to arrive to admire their luxury, all their powers of enjoyment are renovated. They seem to have consecrated their life to an indefinite voluptuousness; but present to them a single ray of glory, in the very bosom of death itself, and they are immediately on the wing to overtake it. Offer them regiments, and they post away after immortality. It is the moral principle, therefore, which must be purified and directed in Man. It is not in vain, then, that Religion prescribes to us the practice of virtue, which is the moral sentiment by way of excellence, seeing it is the road to happiness, both in this World, and in that which is to come.

The society of which I have been suggesting the idea, would farther extend it's attentions, into the retreats of virtue itself. I have remarked that, about the age of forty-five, a striking revolution
takes

takes place in most men, and, to acknowledge the truth, that it is then they degenerate, and become destitute of principle. At this period it is that women transform themselves into men, according to the expression of a celebrated Writer, in other words, that they become completely depraved. This fatal revolution is a consequence of the vices of our education, and of the manners of Society. Both of these present the prospect of human happiness, only toward the middle period of life, in the possession of fortune and of honours. When we have painfully scrambled up this steep mountain, and reached it's summit, about the middle of our course, we re-descend with our eyes turned back toward youth, because we have no perspective before us but death. Thus the career of life is divided into two parts, the one consisting of hopes, the other of recollections; and we have laid hold of nothing, by the way, but illusions.

The first, at least, support us by feeding desire; but the others overwhelm us, by inspiring regret only. This is the reason that old men are less susceptible of virtue than young people, though they talk much more about it, and that they are much more melancholy among us than among savage Nations. Had they been directed by Religion and Nature, they must have rejoiced in the approach of their latter end, as vessels just ready

to enter the harbour. How much more wretched are those who, having devoted their youth to virtue, seduced by that treacherous commerce with the World, look backward, and regret the pleasures of youth, which they knew not how to prize! The empty glare which encompasses the wicked, dazzles their eyes; they feel their faith staggering, and they are ready to exclaim with *Brutus*:—“O Virtue! thou art but an empty name.” Where shall we find books and preachers capable of restoring confidence to them in tempests, which have shaken even the Saints? They transfix the soul with secret wounds, and torment it with gnawing ulcers, which shrink from discovery. They are beyond all possibility of relief, except from a society of virtuous men, who have been themselves tried through all the combinations of human woe, and who, in default of the ineffectual arguments of reason, may bring them back to the sentiment of virtue, at least by that of their friendship.

There is in China, if I am not mistaken, an establishment similar to that which I am proposing. At least certain Travellers, and, among others, *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, make mention of a house of Mercy, which takes up and pleads the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and which, in an infinite number of instances, goes forth to meet the calls of the miserable, much farther than our charitable

ritable Ladies do. The Emperor has bestowed the most distinguished privileges on it's members; and the Courts of Justice pay the utmost deference to their requests. Such a society, employed in acting well, would merit, among us, at least prerogatives as high as those whose attention is restricted to speaking well; and by drawing forward into view the virtues of our own obscure citizens, would deserve, at the least, as highly of their Country, as those who do nothing but retail the sentences of the sages, or, what is not less common, the brilliant crimes, of Antiquity.

Scrupulous care ought to be taken not to give to such an association, the form of an Academy or Fraternity. Thanks to our mode of education, and to our manners, every thing that is reduced to form among us, corps, congregation, sect, party, is generally ambitious and intolerant. If the men which compose them draw nigh to a light, which they themselves have not kindled, it is to extinguish it; if they touch upon the virtue of another, it is to blight it. Not that the greatest part of the members of those bodies are destitute of excellent qualities individually; but their incorporation is good for nothing, for this reason simply, that it presents to them centres different from the common centre of Country. What is it that has rendered the word so dear to humanity, theatrical

and vain? What sense is now-a-days affixed to the term charity, the Greek name of which, *χάρις*, signifies attraction, grace, loveliness? Can any thing be more humiliating than our parochial charities, and than the humanity of our Philosophers?

I leave this project to be unfolded and matured by some good man, who loves God and his fellow-creatures, and who performs good actions, in the way that Religion prescribes, without letting his left hand know what his right hand doth. Is it then a matter of so much difficulty to do good? Let us pursue the opposite scent to that which is followed by the ambitious and the malignant. They employ spies to furnish them with all the scandalous anecdotes of the day; let us employ ours in discovering, and bringing to light, good works performed in secret. They advance to meet men in elevated situations, to range themselves under their standards, or to level them with the ground; let us go forth in quest of virtuous men in obscurity, that we may make them our models. They are furnished with trumpets to proclaim their own actions, and to decry those of others; let us conceal our own, and be the heralds of other mens' goodness. There is such a thing as refinement in vice; let us carry virtue to perfection.

I am

I am sensible that I may be apt to ramble a little too far. But should I have been so happy as to suggest a single good idea to one more enlightened than myself; should I have contributed to prevent, some day in time to come, one poor wretch, in despair, from going to drown himself, or, in a fit of rage, from knocking out his enemy's brains, or, in the lethargy of languor, from going to squander his money and his health among loose women; I shall not have scribbled over a piece of paper in vain.

Paris presents many a retreat to the miserable, known by the name of hospitals. May Heaven reward the charity of those who have founded them, and the still greater virtue of those persons of both sexes who superintend them! But first, without adopting the exaggerated ideas of the populace, who are under the persuasion that these houses possess immense revenues, it is certain, that a person well known, and an adept in the science of public finance, having undertaken to furnish the plan of a receptacle for the sick, found, on calculation, that the expense of each of them would not exceed eight-pence halfpenny a day: that they might be much better provided on these terms, and at an easier rate, than in the hospitals. For my own part, I am clearly of opinion, that these same pence, distributed day by day, in the house

of a poor sick man, would produce a still farther saving, by contributing to the support of his wife and children. A sick person of the commonalty has hardly need of any thing more than good broths; his family might partly subsist on the meat of which they were made.

But hospitals are subject to many other inconveniencies. Maladies of a particular character are there generated, frequently more dangerous than those which the sick carry in with them. They are sufficiently known, such especially as are denominated hospital-fevers. Besides these, evils of a much more serious nature, those which affect morals, are there communicated. A person of extensive knowledge and experience has assured me, that most of the criminals who terminate their days on a gibbet, or in the galleys, are the spawn of hospitals. This amounts to what has been already asserted, that a corps, of whatever description, is always depraved, especially a corps of beggars. I could wish, therefore, that so far from collecting, and crowding together, the miserable, they might be provided for, under the inspection of their own relations, or entrusted to poor families, who would take care of them.

Public prisons are necessary; but it is surely desirable that the unhappy creatures there immured,
should

should be less miserable while under confinement. Justice, undoubtedly, in depriving them of liberty, proposes not only to punish, but to reform, their moral character. Excess of misery and evil communications can change it only from bad to worse. Experience farther demonstrates, that there it is the wicked acquire the perfection of depravity. One who went in only feeble and culpable, comes out an accomplished villain. As this subject has been treated profoundly by a celebrated Writer, I shall pursue it no farther. I shall only beg leave to observe, that there is no way but one to reform men, and that is to render them happier. How many who were living a life of criminality in Europe, have recovered their character in the West-India Islands, to which they were transported ! They are become honest men there, because they have there found more liberty, and more happiness, than they enjoyed in their native country.

There is another class of Mankind still more worthy of compassion, because they are innocent : I mean persons deprived of the use of reason. They are shut up ; and they seldom fail, of consequence, to become more insane than they were before. I shall, on this occasion, remark, that I do not believe there is through the whole extent of Asia, China however excepted, a single place of confinement for persons of this description. The Turks treat

them with singular respect; whether it be that *Mahomet* himself was occasionally subject to mental derangement, or whether from a religious opinion they entertain, that as soon as a madman sets his foot into a house, the blessing of God enters it with him. They delay not a moment to set food before him, and care for him in the tenderest manner. There is not an instance known of their having injured any one. Our madmen, on the contrary, are mischievous, because they are miserable. As soon as one appears in the streets, the children, themselves already rendered miserable by their education, and delighted to find a human being, on whom they can vent their malignity with safety, pelt him with stones, and take pleasure in working him up into a rage. I must farther observe, that there are no madmen among savages; and that I could not wish for a better proof that their political constitution renders them more happy than polished Nations are, as mental derangement proceeds only from excessive chagrin.

The number of insane persons under confinement is, with us, enormously great. There is not a provincial town, of any considerable magnitude, but what contains an edifice destined to this use. Their treatment in these is surely an object of commiseration, and loudly calls for the attention of Government, considering that if after all they are

no longer citizens, they are still men, and innocent men too. When I was pursuing my studies at Caen, I recollect having seen, in the madman's ward, some shut up in dungeons, where they had not seen the light for fifteen years. I one evening accompanied into some of those dismal caverns, the good Curé de S. Martin, whose boarder I then was, and who had been called to perform the last duties of his office to one of those poor wretches, on the point of breathing his last. He was obliged, as well as I, to stop his nose all the time he was by the dying man; but the vapour which exhaled from his dunghill was so infectious, that my clothes retained the smell for more than two months, nay, my very linen, after having been repeatedly sent to the washing. I could quote traits of the mode of treatment of those miserable objects, which would excite horror. I shall relate only one, which is still fresh in my memory.

Some years ago, happening to pass through l'Aigle, a small town in Normandy, I strolled out about sun-set, to enjoy a little fresh air. I perceived, on a rising ground, a convent most delightfully situated. A monk, who stood porter, invited me in to see the house. He conducted me through an immense court, in which the first thing that struck my eye, was a man of about forty years old, with half a hat on his head, who advanced di-

rectly upon me, saying, "Be so good as stab me to the heart; be so good as stab me to the heart." The monk, who was my guide, said to me, "Sir, don't be alarmed; he is a poor captain, who lost his reason, on account of an unmilitary preference that passed upon him in his regiment."

"This house, then," said I to him, "serves as a receptacle for lunatics?" "Yes," replied he, "I am Superior of it." He walked me from court to court, and conducted me into a small enclosure, in which were several little cells of mason work, and where we heard persons talking with a good deal of earnestness. There we found a canon in his shirt, with his shoulders quite exposed, conversing with a man of a fine figure, who was seated by a small table, in front of one of those little cells. The monk went up to the poor canon, and, with his full strength, applied a blow of his fist to the wretch's naked shoulder, ordering him, at the same time, to turn out. His comrade instantly took up the monk, and emphatically said to him: "Man of blood, you are guilty of a very cruel action. Do not you see that this poor creature has lost his reason?" The monk, struck dumb for the moment, bit his lips, and threatened him with his eyes. But the other, without being disconcerted, said to him: "I know I am your victim; you may do with me whatever you please."

Then,

Then, addressing himself to me, he shewed me his two wrists, galled to the quick by the iron manacles with which he had been confined.

“ You see, Sir,” said he to me, “ in what manner I am treated !” I turned to the monk, with an expression of indignation at a conduct so barbarous. He coolly replied : “ Oh ! I can put an end to all his fine reasoning in a moment.” I addressed, however, a few words of consolation to the unfortunate man, who, looking at me with an air of confidence, said, “ I think, Sir, I have seen you at S. Hubert, at the house of M. the Marechal *de Broglio*.” “ You must be mistaken, Sir,” replied I, “ I never had the honour of being at the Marechal *de Broglio*’s.” Upon that, he instituted a process of recollection, respecting the different places where he thought he had seen me, with circumstances so accurately detailed, and clothed with such appearances of probability, that the monk, nettled at his well-merited reproaches, and at the good sense which he displayed, thought proper to interrupt his conversation, by introducing a discourse about marriage, the purchase of horses, and so on. The moment that the chord of his insanity was touched, his head was gone. On going out, the monk told me, that this poor lunatic was a man of very considerable birth. Some time afterward, I had the pleasure of
being

being informed, that he had found means to escape from his prison, and had recovered the use of his reason.

A great many physical remedies are employed for the cure of madness; and it frequently proceeds from a moral cause, for it is produced by chagrin. Might there not be a possibility to employ, for the restoration of reason to those disordered beings, means directly opposed to those which occasioned the loss of reason; I mean, mirth, pleasure, and, above all, the pleasures of music? We see, from the instance of *Saul*, and many others of a similar nature, what influence music possesses for re-establishing the harmony of the soul. With this ought to be united treatment the most gentle, and care to place the unhappy patients, when visited with paroxysms of rage, not under the restraint of fetters, but in an apartment matted round, where they could do no mischief, either to themselves or others. I am persuaded that, by employing such humane precautions, numbers might be restored, especially if they were under the charge of persons who had no interest in perpetuating their derangement; as is but too frequently the case, with respect to families who are enjoying their estates, and houses of restraint, where a good board is paid for their detention. It would likewise be proper, in my opinion, to commit the care of men
disordered

disordered in their understanding, to females, and that of females to men, on account of the mutual sympathy of the two sexes for each other.

I would not wish that there should be in the kingdom any one art, craft, or profession, but whose final retreat and recompense should be at Paris. Among the different classes of citizens who practise these, and of whom the greater part is little known in the capital, there is one, and that very numerous, which is not known at all there, though one of the most miserable, and that to which, of all others, the rich are under the strongest obligations, I mean the seamen. These hardy and unpolished beings are the men, who go in quest of fuel to their voluptuousness to the very extremities of Asia, and who are continually exposing their lives upon our own coasts, in order to find a supply of delicacies for their tables. Their conversation is at least as sprightly as that of our peasantry, and incomparably more interesting, from their manner of viewing objects, and from the singularity of the countries which they have visited in the course of their voyages. At the recital of their many-formed disasters, and of the tempests which threatened them, while employed in conveying to you objects of enjoyment, from every region of the Globe, ye happy ones of the earth! your own repose may be rendered more precious to you.

By

By contrasts such as these, your felicity will be heightened.

I know not whether it was for the purpose of procuring for himself a pleasure of this nature, or to give an enlivening sea air to the park of Versailles, that *Louis XIV.* planted a colony of Venetian gondoliers on the great canal which fronts the palace. Their descendants subsist there to this day. This establishment, under a better direction, might have furnished a very desirable and useful retreat to our own seamen. But that great King, frequently misled by evil counsellors, almost always carried the sentiment of his own glory beyond his own people. What a contrast would these hardy sons of the waves, bedaubed with pitch, their wind and weather-beaten faces, resembling sea-calves, arrived some from Greenland, others from the coast of Guinea, have presented, with the marble statues, and verdant bowers of the park of Versailles! *Louis XIV.* would oftener than once have derived from those blunt, honest fellows, more useful information, and more important truth, than either books, or even his marine officers of the highest rank, could have given him; and, on the other hand, the novelty of their characteristic singularity, and that of their reflections on his own greatness, would have provided for him spectacles much more highly amusing than those which the wits of his Court

Court devised for him, at an enormous expense. Besides, what emulation would not the prospect of such preferments have kindled among our sailors ?

I ascribe the perfection of the English Marine, in part at least, simply to the influence of their Capital, and from it's being incessantly under the eye of the Court. Were Paris a sea-port, as London is, how many ingenious inventions, thrown away upon modes and operas, would be applied to the improvement of navigation ! Were sailors seen there even as currently as soldiers, a passion for the marine service would be more extensively diffused. The condition of the seaman, become more interesting to the Nation, and to it's rulers, would be gradually meliorated ; and, at the same time, this would have a happy tendency to mitigate the brutal despotism of those who frequently maintain their authority over them, merely by dint of swearing and blows. It is a good, and an easily practicable piece of policy, to enfeeble vice, by bringing men nearer to each other, and by rendering them more happy. Our country gentlemen did not give over beating their hinds, till they saw that this useful part of Mankind had become interesting objects in books, and on the theatre.

Not that I wish for our seamen, an establishment similar to that of the *Hotel des Invalides*. I am
charmed

charmed with the architecture of that monument, but I pity the condition of it's inhabitants. Most of them are dissatisfied, and always murmuring, as any one may be convinced, who will take the trouble to converse with them: I do not believe there is any foundation for this; but experience demonstrates, that men, formed into a corps, sooner or later, degenerate, and are always unhappy. It would be wiser to follow the Laws of Nature, and to associate them by families. I could wish that the practice of the English were observed and copied, by settling our superannuated seamen on the ferries of rivers, on board all those little barges which traverse Paris, and scatter them along the Seine, like tritons, to adorn the plains: we should see them stemming the tides of our rivers, in wherries under smack-sails, luffing as they go; and there they would introduce methods of Navigation more prompt, and more commodious, than those hitherto known and practised.

As to those whom age, or wounds, may have totally disabled for service, they might be suitably accommodated and provided for, in an edifice similar to that which the English have reared at Greenwich, for the reception of their decayed seamen. But, to acknowledge the truth, the State, I am persuaded, would find it a much more economical plan, to allow them pensions, and that
these

these very seamen would be much better disposed of in the bosom of their several families. This, however, need not prevent the raising, at Paris, a majestic and commodious monument, to serve as a retreat for those brave veterans. The capital sets little value upon them, because it knows them not; but there are some among them who, by going over to the enemy, are capable of conducting a descent on our Colonies, and even upon our own coasts. Desertion is as common among our mariners as among our soldiers, and their desertion is a much greater loss to the State, because it requires more time to form them, and because their local knowledge is of much higher importance to an enemy than that of our cavaliers, or of our foot-soldiers.

What I have now taken the liberty to suggest, on the subject of our seamen, might be extended to all the other estates of the kingdom, without exception. I could wish that there were not a single one but what had its centre at Paris, and which might not find there a place of refuge, a retreat, a little chapel. All these monuments of the different classes of citizens, which communicate life to the body politic, decorated with the attributes peculiar to each particular craft and profession, would there figure with perfect propriety, and with most powerful effect.

After

After having rendered the Capital a resort of happiness, and of improvement, to our own Nation, I would allure to it the men of foreign Nations, from every corner of the Globe. O! ye Women, who regulate our destiny, how much ought you to contribute towards uniting Mankind, in a City where your empire is unbounded! In ministering to your pleasures, do men employ themselves over the face of the whole Earth. While you are engrossed wholly in enjoyment, the Laplander issues forth, in the midst of storm and tempest, to pierce with his harpoon the enormous whale, whose beard is to serve for stuffing to your robes: a man of China puts into the oven the porcelain out of which you sip your coffee, while an Arabian of Moka is busied in gathering the berry for you: a young woman of Bengal, on the banks of the Ganges, is spinning your muslin, while a Russian, amidst the forests of Finland, is felling the tree which is to be converted into a mast for the vessel that is to bring it home to you.

The glory of a great Capital is to assemble, within it's walls, the men of all Nations who contribute to it's pleasures. I should like to see, at Paris, the Samoïèdes, with their coats of sea-calf-skin, and their boots of sturgeon's hide; and the black Iolofs, dressed in their waist-attire, streaked with red and blue. I could wish to see there the beardless

beardless Indians of Peru, dressed in feathers from head to foot, strolling about undismayed, in our public squares, around the statues of our Kings, mingled with stately Spaniards, in whiskers, and short-cloaks. It would give me pleasure to see the Dutch making a settlement on the thirsty ridges of Montmartre ; and, following the bent of their hydraulic inclination, like the beavers, find the means of there constructing canals filled with water ; while the inhabitants of the banks of the Oroonoko should live comfortably dry, suspended over the lands inundated by the Seine, amidst the foliage of willows and alder-trees.

I could wish that Paris were as large, and of a population as much diversified as those ancient cities of Asia, such as Nineveh and Suza, whose extent was so vast, that it required three days to make the tour of them, and in which *Abasuerus* beheld two hundred Nations bending before his throne. I could wish that every people on the face of the Earth kept up a correspondence with that city, as the members with the heart in the human body. What secrets did the Asiatics possess, to raise cities so vast and so populous ? They are, in all respects, our elder brothers. They permitted all Nations to settle among them. Present men with liberty and happiness, and you will attract them from the ends of the Earth.

It would be much to the honour of his humanity, if some great Prince would propose this question to the discussion of Europe : Whether the happiness of a People did not depend upon that of its neighbours ? The affirmative, clearly demonstrated, would level with the dust the contrary maxim, that of *Machiavel*, which has too long governed our European politics. It would be very easy to prove, in the first place, that a good understanding with her neighbours would enable her confidently to disband those land and naval forces, which are so burdensome to a Nation. It might be demonstrated, secondly, that every people has been a partaker in the blessings and the calamities of their neighbours, from the example of the Spaniards, who made the discovery of America, and have scattered the advantages, and the evils of it, over all the rest of Europe. This truth may be farther confirmed, from the prosperity and greatness attained by those Nations, who were at pains to conciliate the good-will of their neighbours, as the Romans did, who extended farther and farther the privileges of citizenship, and thereby, in process of time, consolidated all the Nations of Italy into one single State. They would, undoubtedly, have formed but one single People of the whole Human Race, had not their barbarous custom of exacting the service of foreign slaves, counteracted a policy so humane. It might, finally, be made
apparent,

apparent, how miserable those Governments were, which, however well constituted internally, lived in a state of perpetual anxiety, always weak and divided, because they did not extend humanity beyond the bounds of their own territory. Such were the ancient Greeks : such is, in modern times, Persia, which is sunk into a state of extreme weakness, and into which it fell immediately after the brilliant reign of *Scha Abbas*, whose political maxim it was to surround himself with deserts ; his own country has, at length, become one, like those of his neighbours. Other examples, to the same purpose, might be found among the Powers of Asia, who receive the Law from handfuls of Europeans.

Henry IV. had formed the celestial project of engaging all Europe to live in peace ; but his project was not sufficiently extensive to support itself : war must have fallen upon Europe from the other quarters of the World. Our particular destinies are connected with those of mankind. This is an homage which the Christian Religion justly challenges, and which it alone merits. Nature says to you, love thyself alone ; domestic education says, love your family ; the national, love your country ; but Religion says, Love all Mankind, without exception. She is better acquainted with our interests, than our natural instinct is, or our parentage, or our politics. Human societies are not detached

from each other, like those of animals. The bees of France are not in the least affected by the destruction of the hives in America. But the tears of Mankind, shed in the New World, cause streams of blood to flow in the ancient Continent; and the war-whoop of a savage, on the bank of a lake, has oftener than once re-echoed through Europe, and disturbed the repose of her Potentates. The Religion which condemns love of ourselves, and which enjoins the love of Mankind, is not self-contradictory, as certain sophists have alleged; she exacts the sacrifice of our passions only to direct them toward the general felicity; and by inculcating upon us the obligation of loving all men, she furnishes us with the only real means of loving ourselves.

I could wish, therefore, that our political relations with all the Nations of the World, might be directed toward a gracious reception of their subjects in the Capital of the kingdom. Were we to expend only a part of what we lay out on foreign communications, we should be no great losers. The Nations of Asia send no Consuls, nor Ministers, nor Ambassadors, out of the Country, unless in very extraordinary cases: and all the Nations of the Earth seek to them. It is not by sending Ambassadors, in great state, and at a vast expense, to neighbouring Nations, that we conciliate, or secure

cure their friendship. In many cases, our ostentatious magnificence becomes a secret source of hatred and jealousy among their grandees. The point is, to give a kind reception to their subjects, properly so called, the weak, the persecuted, the miserable. Our French refugees were the men who conveyed part of our skill, and of our power, to Prussia, and to Holland. How many unseen relations of commerce, and of national benevolence, have been formed upon the foundation of such graciousness of reception! An honest German, who retires into Austria, after having made a little fortune in France, is the means of sending to us a hundred of his compatriots, and disposes the whole canton, in which he settles, to wish us well. By bonds like these, national friendships are contracted, much better than by diplomatic treaties; for the opinion of a Nation always determines that of the Prince.

After having rendered the city of men wonderfully happy, I would direct my attention to the embellishment and commodiousness of the city of stones. I would rear in it a multitude of useful monuments: I would extend along the houses, arcades as in Turin, and a raised pavement as in London, for the accommodation of foot-passengers; in the streets, where it was practicable, trees and canals, as in Holland, for the facility of carriage;

riage; in the suburbs, caravanseries, as in the cities of the East, for the entertainment, at a moderate expense, of travellers from foreign lands; toward the centre of the city, markets of vast extent, and surrounded with houses six or seven stories high, for the reception of the poorer sort, who will soon be at a loss for a place where to lay their head. I would introduce a great deal of variety into their plans and decorations. In the circular surrounding space, I would dispose temples, halls of justice, public fountains; the principal streets should terminate in them. These markets, shaded with trees, and divided into great compartments, should display, in the most beautiful order, all the gifts of *Flora*, of *Ceres*, and of *Pomona*. I would erect in the centre the statue of a good King; for it is impossible to place it in a situation more honourable to his memory, than in the midst of the abundance enjoyed by his subjects.

I know of no one thing which conveys to me an idea more precise of the police of a city, and of the felicity of its inhabitants, than the sight of its markets. At Petersburg, every market is parcelled out into sub-divisions, destined to the sale of a single species of merchandise. This arrangement pleases at first glance, but soon fatigues the eye by its uniformity. *Peter* the First was fond of regular forms, because they are favourable to despotism.

For

For my own part, I should like to see the most perfect harmony prevailing among our merchants, and the most complete contrasts among their wares. By removing the rivalities which arise out of commerce in the same sort of goods, those jealousies, which are productive of so many quarrels, would be prevented. It would give me pleasure to behold Abundance there, pouring out the treasure of all her horns, pell-mell; pheasants, fresh-cod, heath cocks, turbots, pot-herbs, piles of oysters, oranges, wild-ducks, flowers, and so on. Permission should be granted to expose to sale there, every species of goods whatever; and this privilege alone would be sufficient to destroy various species of monopoly.

I would erect in the city but few temples; these few, however, should be august, immense, with galleries on the outside and within, and capable of containing, on festival days, the third part of the population of Paris. The more that temples are multiplied in a State, the more is Religion enfeebled. This has the appearance of a paradox; but look at Greece and Italy, covered with church-towers, while Constantinople is crowded with Greek and Italian renegadoes. Independently of the political, and even religious, causes, which produce these national depravations, there is one

which is founded in Nature, the effects of which we have already recognised in the weakness of the human mind. It is this, That affection diminishes, in proportion as it is divided among a variety of objects. The Jews, so astonishingly attached to their religion, had but one single temple, the recollection of which excites their regret to this day.

I would have amphitheatres constructed at Paris, like those at Rome, for the purpose of assembling the People, and of treating them, from time to time, with days of festivity. What a superb site for such an edifice is presented in the rising ground at the entrance into the Elysian Fields! How easy would it have been, to hollow it down to the level of the plain, in form of an amphitheatre, disposed into ascending rows of seats, covered with green turf simply, having it's ridge crowned with great trees, exalted on an elevation of more than four-score feet! What a magnificent spectacle would it have been, to behold an immense people ranged round and round, like one great family, eating, drinking, and rejoicing in the contemplation of their own felicity!

All these edifices should be constructed of stone; not in petty-layers, according to our mode of building, but in huge blocks, such as the Ancients employed,

employed *, and as becomes a city that is to last for ever. The streets, and the public squares, should be planted with great trees of various sorts.

Trees

* And such as Savages employ. Travellers are astonished when they survey, in Peru, the monuments of the ancient Incas, formed of vast irregular stones, perfectly fitted to each other. Their construction presents, at first sight, two great difficulties: How could the Indians have transported those huge masses of stone; and how did they contrive to adapt them so exactly to each other, notwithstanding their irregularity? Our men of Science have first supposed a machinery proper for the transportation of them; as if there could be any machine more powerful than the arms of a whole people exerting themselves in concert. They next tell us, that the Indians gave them these irregular forms by dint of labour and industry. This is a downright insult to the common sense of Mankind. Was it not much easier to cut them into a regular, than into an irregular, shape? I myself was embarrassed in attempting a solution of this problem. At length, having read in the Memoirs of Don *Uiloa*, and likewise in some other travellers, that there are found in many places of Peru, beds of stone along the surface of the ground, separated by clefts and crevices, I presently comprehended the address of the ancient Peruvians. All they had to do was to remove, piece and piece, those horizontal layers of the quarries, and to place them in a perpendicular direction, by moving the detached pieces close to each other. Thus they had a wall ready made, which cost them nothing in the hewing. The natural genius is possessed of resources exceedingly simple, but far superior to those of our arts. For example, the Savages of Canada had no cooking pots of metal, previous to the arrival of the Europeans. They had, however, found means to supply this want, by hollowing the trunk of a tree with fire. But how did they contrive to set it a boiling,

so

Trees are the real monuments of Nations. Time, which speedily impairs the Works of Man, only increases the beauty of those of Nature. It is to the trees, that our favourite walk, the Boulevards, is indebted for it's principal charm. They delight the eye by their verdure ; they elevate the soul to Heaven, by the loftiness of their stems ; they communicate respect to the monuments which they shade, by the majesty of their forms. They contribute, more than we are aware of, to rivet our attachment to the places which we have inhabited. Our memory fixes on them, as on points of union, which have secret harmonies with the soul of Man. They possess a commanding influence over the events of our life, like those which rise by the shore of the Sea, and which frequently serve as a direction to the pilot.

I never see the linden tree, but I feel myself transported into Holland ; nor the fir, without representing to my imagination the forests of Russia.

so as to dress a whole ox, which they frequently did ? I have applied to more than one pretended man of genius for a solution of this difficulty, but to no purpose. As to myself, I was long puzzled, I acknowledge, in devising a method by which water might be made to boil, in kettles made of wood, which were frequently large enough to contain several hundred gallons. Nothing, however, could be easier to Savages: they heated pebbles and flints till they were red-hot, and cast them into the water in the pot, till it boiled. Consult *Champlain*.

Trees

Trees frequently attach us to Country, when the other ties which united us to it are torn asunder. I have known more than one exile who, in old-age, was brought back to his native village, by the recollection of the elm, under the shade of which he had danced when a boy. I have heard more than one inhabitant of the Isle of France sighing after his Country, under the shade of the banana, and who said to me; “ I should be perfectly tranquil where I am, could I but see a violet.” The trees of our natal soil have a farther, and most powerful attraction, when they are blended, as was the case among the Ancients, with some religious idea, or with the recollection of some distinguished personage. Whole Nations have attached their patriotism to this object. With what veneration did the Greeks contemplate, at Athens, the olive-tree which *Minerva* had there caused to spring up, and, on Mount Olympus, the wild-olive with which *Hercules* had been crowned! *Plutarch* relates, that, when at Rome, the fig-tree, under which *Romulus* and *Remus* had been suckled by a wolf, discovered signs of decay from a lack of moisture, the first person who perceived it, exclaimed, Water! water! and all the people, in consternation, flew with pots and pails full of water to refresh it. For my part, I am persuaded that, though we have already far degenerated from Nature, we could not without emotion behold the cherry-tree of the forest,

rest,

reft, into which our good King *Henry IV.* clambered up, when he perceived the army of the Duke of *Mayenne* filing off to the bottom of the adjoining valley.

A city, were it built completely of marble, would have to me a melancholy appearance, unless I saw in it trees and verdure *: on the other hand, a landscape, were it Arcadia, were it along the banks

* Trees are, from their duration, the real monuments of Nations; and they are, farther, their calendar, from the different seasons at which they send forth their leaves, their flowers, and their fruits. Savages have no other, and our own peasantry make frequent use of it. I met one day, toward the end of Autumn; a country girl all in tears, looking about for a handkerchief which she had lost upon the great road. "Was your handkerchief very pretty?" said I to her. "Sir," replied she, "it was quite new; I bought it last bean-time." It has long been my opinion, that if our historical epochs, so loudly trumpeted, were dated by those of Nature, nothing more would be wanting to mark their injustice, and expose them to ridicule. Were we to read, for example, in our books of History, that a Prince had caused part of his subjects to be massacred, to render Heaven propitious to him, precisely at the season when his kingdom was clothed with the plenty of harvest; or were we to read the relations of bloody engagements, and of the bombardment of cities, dated with the flowering of the violet, the first cream-cheese making, the sheep-marking season; Would any other contrast be necessary to render the perusal of such histories detestable? On the other hand, such dates would communicate immortal graces to the actions of good Princes, and would confound the blessings which they bestowed, with those of Heaven.

of

of the Alpheus, or did it present the swelling ridges of Mount Lyceum, would appear to me a wilderness, if I did not see in it, at least, one little cottage. The works of Nature, and those of Man, mutually embellish each other. The spirit of selfishness has destroyed among us a taste for Nature. Our peasantry see no beauty in our plains, but there where they see the return of their labour. I one day met, in the vicinity of the Abbey of la Trappe, on the stony road of Notre Dame d'Apré, a countrywoman walking along, with two large loaves of bread under her arm. It was in the month of May; and the weather inexpressibly fine. "What a charming season it is!" said I to the good woman: "How beautiful are those apple trees in blossom! How sweetly these nightingales sing in the woods!"... "Ah!" replied she, "I don't mind nosegays, nor these little squallers! It is bread that we want." Indigence hardens the heart of the country people, and shuts their eyes. But the good folk of the town have no greater relish for Nature, because the love of gold regulates all their other appetites. If some of them set a value on the liberal arts, it is not because those arts imitate natural objects; it is from the price to which the hand of great masters raises their productions. That man gives a thousand crowns for a picture of the country painted by *Lorrain*, who would not take the trouble to put his head out of the

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the window to look at the real landscape: and there is another, who ostentatiously exhibits the bust of *Socrates* in his study, who would not receive that Philosopher into his house, were he in life, and who, perhaps, would not scruple to concur in adjudging him to death, were he under prosecution.

The taste of our Artists has been corrupted by that of our trades-people. As they know that it is not Nature, but their own skill, which is prized, their great aim is to display themselves. Hence it is, that they introduce a profusion of rich accessories into most of our monuments, while they frequently omit altogether the principal object. They produce, for instance, as an embellishment for gardens, vases of marble, into which it is impossible to put any vegetable; for apartments, urns and pitchers, into which you cannot pour any species of fluid; for our cities, colonnades without palaces, gates in places where there are no walls, public squares fenced with barriers, to prevent the people from assembling in them. It is, they tell us, that the grass may be permitted to shoot. A fine project truly! One of the heaviest curses which the Ancients pronounced against their enemies was, that they might see the grass grow in their public places. If they wish to see verdure in ours, why do they not plant trees in them, which would give
the

the people at once shade and shelter? There are some who introduce into the trophies which ornament the town residences of our grandees, bows, arrows, catapults; and who have carried the simplicity of the thing to such a height, as to plant on them Roman standards, inscribed with these characters, S. P. Q. R. This may be seen in the Palace de Bourbon. Posterity will be taught to believe, that the Romans were, in the eighteenth century, masters of our country. And in what estimation do we mean, vain as we are, that our memory should be held by them, if our monuments, our medals, our trophies, our dramas, our inscriptions, continually hold out to them, strangers and antiquity?

The Greeks and Romans were much more consistent. Never did they dream of constructing useless monuments. Their beautiful vases of alabaster and calcedony were employed, in festivals, for holding wine, or perfumes; their peristyles always announced a palace; their public places were destined only to the purpose of assembling the people. There they reared the statues of their great men, without enclosing them in rails of iron, in order that their images might still be within reach of the miserable, and be open to their invocation after death, as they themselves had been while they were alive. *Juvenal* speaks of a statue

of

of bronze at Rome, the hands of which had been worn away by the kisses of the People. What glory to the memory of the person whom it represented! Did it still exist, that mutilation would render it more precious than the *Venus de Medicis*, with it's fine proportions.

Our populace, we are told, is destitute of patriotism. I can easily believe it, for every thing is done, that can be done, to destroy that principle in them. For example, on the pediment of the beautiful church which we are building in honour of Saint *Genevieve*, but which is too small, as all our modern monuments are, an adoration of the cross is represented. You see, indeed, the Patroness of Paris in bas-reliefs, under the peristyle, in the midst of Cardinals; but would it not have been more in character, to exhibit to the People their humble Patroness in her habit of shepherdes, in a little jacket and cornet, with her scrip, her crook, her dog, her sheep, her moulds for making cheese, and all the peculiarities of her age, and of her condition, on the pediment of the church dedicated to her memory? To these might have been added a view of Paris, such as it was in her time. From the whole would have resulted contrasts, and objects of comparison of the most agreeable kind. The People, at sight of this rural scenery, would have called to memory the days of old. They
would

would have conceived esteem for the obscure virtues which are necessary to their happiness, and would have been stimulated to tread in the rough paths of glory which their lowly patroness trod before them, whom it is now impossible for them to distinguish in her Grecian robes, and surrounded by Prelates.

Our Artists, in some cases, deviate so completely from the principal object, that they leave it out altogether. There was exhibited some years ago, in one of the workshops of the Louvre, a monument in honour of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, designed for the cathedral of the city of Sens. Every body flocked to see it, and came away in raptures of admiration. I went with the rest; and the first thing I looked for was the resemblance of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, to whose memory the monument had been erected. There was no such thing there, not even in medallions. You saw *Time* with his scythe, *Hymen* with urns, and all the thread-bare ideas of allegory, which frequently is, by the way, the genius of those who have none. In order to complete the elucidation of the subject, there were on the panels of a species of altar, placed in the midst of this group of symbolical figures, long inscriptions in Latin, abundantly foreign to the memory of the great Prince who was the object of them. There, said I to myself, there

is a fine national monument ! Latin inscriptions for French readers, and pagan symbols for a cathedral ! Had the Artist, whose chisel I in other respects admired, meant to display only his own talents, he ought to have recommended to his successor, to leave imperfect a small part of the base of that monument, which death prevented himself from finishing, and to engrave these words upon it : *Coustou moriens faciebat* *. This consonance of fortune would have united him to the royal monument, and would have given a deep impression to the reflections on the vanity of human things, which the sight of a tomb inspires.

Very few Artists catch the moral object ; they aim only at the picturesque. “ Oh, what a fine “ subject for a *Belshazzar* ! ” exclaim they, when the conversation happens to turn on one of our great men, reduced to distress. Nevertheless, the liberal arts are destined only to revive the memory of Virtue, and not Virtue to give employment to the fine Arts. I acknowledge, that the celebrity which they procure is a powerful incentive to prompt men to great actions, though, after all, it is not the true one ; but though it may not inspire the sentiment, it sometimes produces the acts. Now-a-days we go much farther. It is no longer

* The work of *Coustou*, left unfinished by death.

the glory of virtue which associations and individuals endeavour to merit; it is the honour of distributing it to others at which they aim. Heaven knows the strange confusion which results from this! Women of very suspicious virtue, and kept-mistresses, establish Rose-feasts: they dispense premiums on virginity! Opera-girls crown our victorious Generals! The *Mareschal de Saxe*, our Historians tell us, was crowned with laurels on the national theatre: as if the Nation had consisted of players, and as if its Senate were a theatre! For my own part, I look on Virtue as so respectable, that nothing more would be wanting, but a single subject, in which it was eminently conspicuous, to overwhelm with ridicule those who dared to dispense to it such vain and contemptible honours. What stage-dancing girl, for example, durst have had the impudence to crown the august forehead of *Turenne*, or that of *Fenelon*.

The French Academy would be much more successful, if it aimed at fixing, by the charms of eloquence, the attention of the Nation on our great men, did it attempt less, in the elogiums which it pronounces, to panegyryze the dead, than to satyrize the living. Besides, posterity will rely as little on the language of praise, as on that of censure. For, first, the very term elogium is suspected of flattery: and farther, this species of elo-

quence characterizes nothing. In order to paint virtue, it is necessary to bring forward defects and vices, that conflict and triumph may be rendered conspicuous. The style employed in it is full of pomp and luxuriance. It is crowded with reflections, and paintings, foreign, very frequently, to the principal object. It resembles a Spanish horse; it prances about wonderfully, but never gets forward. This kind of eloquence, vague and indecisive as it is, suits no one great man in particular, because it may be applied, in general, to all those who have run the same career. If you only change a few proper names in the elogium of a General, you may comprehend in it all Generals, past and future. Besides, it's bombast tone is so little adapted to the simple language of truth and virtue, that when a Writer means to introduce characteristic traits of his hero, that we may know at least of whom he is speaking, he is under the necessity of throwing them into notes, for fear of deranging his academical order.

Assuredly, had *Plutarch* written the elogium only of illustrious men, he would have had as few readers at this day as the Panegyric of *Trajan*, which cost the younger *Pliny* so many years labour. You will never find an academical elogium in the hands of one of the common People. You might see them, perhaps, turning over those of *Fontenelle*,
and

and a few others, if the persons celebrated in them, had paid attention to the People while they lived. But the Nation takes pleasure in reading History.

As I was walking some time ago, toward the quarter of the Military School, I perceived at some distance, near a sand-pit, a thick column of smoke. I bent my course that way, to see what produced it. I found, in a very solitary place, a good deal resembling that which *Shakespear* makes the scene where the three witches appear to *Macbeth*, a poor and aged woman sitting upon a stone. She was deeply engaged in reading in an old book, close by a great pile of herbage, which she had set on fire. I first asked her for what purpose she was burning those herbs? She replied, that it was for the sake of the ashes, which she gathered up and sold to the laundresses; that for this end she bought of the gardeners the refuse plants of their grounds, and was waiting till they were entirely consumed, that she might carry off the ashes, because they were liable to be stolen in her absence. After having thus satisfied my curiosity, she returned to her book, and read on with deep attention. Eagerly desirous to know what book it was with which she filled up her hours of languor, I took the liberty to ask the title of it. "It is the life of M. *de Turenne*," she replied. "Well, what do you think of him?" said I. "Ah!"

replied she, with emotion, “ he was a very brave
“ man, who suffered much uneasiness from a Mi-
“ nister of State, while he was alive !” I withdrew,
filled with increased veneration for the memory of
M. de Turenne, who served to console a poor old
woman in distress. It is thus that the virtues of
the lower classes of society support themselves on
those of great men, as the feeble plants, which, to
escape being trampled under foot, cling to the
trunk of the oak.

OF NOBILITY.

The ancient Nations of Europe imagined, that
the most powerful stimulus to the practice of vir-
tue, was to ennoble the descendants of their virtu-
ous citizens. They involved themselves, by this,
in very great inconveniencies. For, in rendering
nobility hereditary, they precluded, to the rest of
the citizens, the paths which lead to distinction.
As it is the perpetual, exclusive, possession of a cer-
tain number of families, it ceases to be a national
recompense, otherwise, a whole Nation would con-
sist of Nobles at length ; which would produce a
lethargy fatal to arts and handicrafts ; and this is
actually the case in Spain, and in part of Italy.

Many other mischiefs necessarily result from he-
reditary noblesse, the principal of which is, the
formation,

formation, in a State, of two several Nations, which come, at last, to have nothing in common between them; patriotism is annihilated, and both the one and the other hastens to a state of subjection. Such has been, within our recollection, the fate of Hungary, of Bohemia, of Poland, and even of part of the provinces of our own kingdom, such as Brittany, where a nobility, insufferably lofty, and multiplied beyond all bounds, formed a class absolutely distinct from the rest of the citizens. It is well worthy of being remarked, that these countries, though republican, though so powerful, in the opinion of our political Writers, from the freedom of their constitution, have been very easily subjected by despotic Princes, who were the masters, they tell us, of slaves only. The reason is, that the People, in every country, prefer one Sovereign to a thousand tyrants, and that their fate always decides the fate of their lordly oppressors. The Romans softened the unjust and odious distinctions which existed between Patricians and Plebeians, by granting to these last, privileges and employments of the highest respectability.

Means, in my opinion, still more effectual, were employed by that People, to bring the two classes of citizens to a state of closer approximation; particularly the practice of adoption. How many great men started up out of the mass of the People, to

merit this kind of recompense, as illustrious as those which Country bestows, and still more addressed to the heart ! Thus did the *Catos* and the *Scipios* distinguish themselves, in hope of being ingrafted into Patrician families. Thus it was that the Plebeian *Agricola* obtained in marriage the daughter of *Augustus*. I do not know, but, perhaps, I am only betraying my own ignorance, that adoption ever was in use among us, unless it were between certain great Lords, who, from the failure of heirs of blood, were at a loss how to dispose of their vast possessions when they died. I consider adoption as much preferable to nobility conferred by the State. It might be the means of reviving illustrious families, the descendants of which are now languishing in the most abject poverty. It would endear the Nobility to the People, and the People to the Nobility. It would be proper that the privilege of bestowing the rights of adoption, should be rendered a species of recompense to the Noblesse themselves. Thus, for example, a poor man of family, who had distinguished himself, might be empowered to adopt one of the commonalty, who should acquire eminence. A man of birth would be on the look-out for virtue among the People ; and a virtuous man of the commonalty, would go in quest of a worthy nobleman as a patron. Such political bonds of union appear to me more powerful, and more honourable, than mercenary

cenary matrimonial alliances, which, by uniting two individual citizens of different classes, frequently alienate their families. Nobility, thus acquired, would appear to me far preferable to that which public employments confer; for these, being entirely the purchase of so much money, from that very circumstance lose their respectability, and, consequently, degrade the nobility attached to them.

But, taking it at the best, one disadvantage must ever adhere to hereditary nobility, namely, the eventual excessive multiplication of persons of that description. A remedy for this has been attempted among us, by adjudging nobility to various professions, such as maritime commerce. First of all, it may be made a question, Whether the spirit of commerce can be perfectly consistent with the honour of a gentleman? Besides, What commerce shall he carry on, who has got nothing! Must not a premium be paid to the merchant for admitting a young man into his counting-house, to learn the first principles of trade? And where should so many poor men, of noble birth, find the means, who have not wherewithal to clothe their children? I have seen some of them, in Brittany, the descendants of the most ancient families of the province, so reduced, as to earn a livelihood by mowing down the hay of the peasantry for so much a day.

Would

Would to God, that all conditions were nobilitated, the profession of agriculture in particular ! for it is that, above all others, of which every function is allied to virtue. In order to be a husbandman, there is no need to deceive, to flatter, to degrade one's-self, to do violence to another. He is not indebted, for the profits of his labour, to the vices or the luxury of his age, but to the bounty of Heaven. He adheres to his Country, at least, by the little corner of it which he cultivates. If the condition of the husbandman were ennobled, a multitude of benefits, to the inhabitants of the kingdom, would result from it. Nay, it would be sufficient, if it were not considered as ignoble. But here is a resource which the State might employ, for the relief of the decayed nobility. Most of the ancient feignories are purchased now-a-days, by persons who possess no other merit but that of having money ; so that the honour of those illustrious houses have fallen to the share of men who, to confess the truth, are hardly worthy of them. The King ought to purchase those lordships as often as they come to market ; reserve to himself the feignorial rights, with part of the lands, and form, of those small domains, civil and military benefices, to be bestowed as rewards on good officers, useful citizens, and noble and poor families, nearly as the Timariots are in Turkey.

OF AN ELYSIUM.

The hereditary transmission of nobility is subject to a farther inconveniency; namely this, Here is a man, who sets out with the virtues of a *Marius*, and finishes the career, loaded with all his vices. I am going to propose a mode of distinguishing superior worth, which shall not be liable to the dangers of inheritance, and of human inconstancy: it is to withhold the rewards of virtue till after death.

Death affixes the last seal to the memory of Man. It is well known of what weight the decisions were, which the Egyptians pronounced upon their citizens, after life was terminated. Then, too, it was, that the Romans sometimes exalted theirs to the rank of demi-gods, and sometimes threw them into the Tiber. The People, in default of priests and magistrates, still exercises, among us, a part of this priesthood. I have oftener than once stood still, of an evening, at sight of a magnificent funeral procession, not so much to admire the pomp of it, as to listen to the judgment pronounced by the populace on the high and puissant Prince, whose obsequies were celebrating. I have frequently heard the question asked, Was he
a good

a good master? Was he fond of his wife and children? Was he a friend to the poor? The People insist particularly on this last question; because, being continually influenced by the principal call of Nature, they distinguish, in the rich, hardly any other virtue than beneficence. I have often heard this reply given: "Oh! he never did good to any one: he was an unkind relation, and a harsh master." I have heard them say, at the interment of a Farmer-General, who left behind him more than twelve millions of livres, (half a million sterling): "he drove away the country poor, from the gate of his castle, with fork and flail." On such occasions, you hear the spectators fall a swearing, and cursing the memory of the deceased. Such are, usually, the funeral orations of the rich, in the mouth of the populace. There is little doubt, that their decisions would produce consequences of a certain kind, were the police of Paris less strict than it is.

Death alone can ensure reputation, and nothing short of religion can consecrate it. Our grandees are abundantly aware of this. Hence the sumptuousness of their monuments, in our churches. It is not that the clergy make a point of their being interred there, as many imagine. The clergy would equally receive their perquisites, were the interment in the country: they would take care, and very justly, to be

be well paid for such journies; and they would be relieved from breathing, all the year round, in their stalls, the putrid exhalations of rotting carcases. The principal obstacle to this necessary reform in our police, proceeds from the great and the rich, who, seldom disposed to crowd the church in their life-time, are eager for admission after their death, that the people may admire their superb *mausolea*, and their virtues portrayed in brass and marble. But, thanks to the allegorical representations of our Artists, and to the Latin inscriptions of our *Literati*, the People know nothing about the matter; and the only reflection which they make, at sight of them, is, that all this must have cost an enormous sum of money; and that such a vast quantity of copper might be converted, to advantage, into porridge-pots.

Religion alone has the power of consecrating, in a manner that shall last, the memory of Virtue. The King of Prussia, who was so well acquainted with the great moving springs of politics, did not overlook this. As the Protestant Religion, which is the general profession of his kingdom, excludes from the churches the images of the Saints, he supplied their place with the portraits of the most distinguished officers who had fallen in his service. The first time I looked into the churches at Berlin, I was not a little astonished to see the walls adorned with

with the portraits of officers in their uniform. Beneath, there was an inscription indicating their names, their age, the place of their birth, and the battle in which they had been killed. There is likewise subjoined, if my recollection is accurate, a line or two of elogium. The military enthusiasm kindled by this sight is inconceivable.

Among us, there is not a monkish order so mean, as not to exhibit in their cloisters, and in their churches, the pictures of their great men, beyond all contradiction more respected, and better known, than those of the State. These subjects, always accompanied with picturesque and interesting circumstances, are the most powerful means which they employ for attracting novices. The Carthusians already perceive, that the number of their novices is diminished, now that they have no longer, in their cloisters, the melancholy history of *S. Bruno*, painted, in a style so masterly, by *Le Sueur*. No one order of citizens prizes the portraits of men who have been useful only to the Nation, and to Mankind; print-sellers alone sometimes display the images of them, filed on a string, and illuminated with blue and red. Thither the People resort to look for them among those of players and opera-girls. We shall soon have, it is said, the exhibition of a museum at the Tuilleries; but that royal monument is consecrated rather

ther to talents than to patriotism, and like so many others, it will, undoubtedly, be locked up from the People.

First of all, I would have it made a rule, that no citizen whatever should be interred in the church. *Xenophon* relates that *Cyrus*, the sovereign Lord of the greatest part of Asia, gave orders, at his death, that his body should be buried in the open country, under the trees, to the end that, said this great Prince, the elements of it might be quickly united to those of Nature, and contribute a-new to the formation of her beautiful Works. This sentiment was worthy of the sublime soul of *Cyrus*. But tombs in every country, especially the tombs of great Kings, are the most endeared of all monuments to the Nations. The Savages consider those of their ancestors as titles to the possession of the lands which they inhabit. "This country is "ours," say they, "the bones of our fathers are "here laid to rest." When they are forced to quit it, they dig them up with tears, and carry them off with every token of respect.

The Turks erect their tombs by the side of the high-ways, as the Romans did. The Chinese make theirs enchanted spots. They place them in the vicinity of their cities, in grottos dug out of the side of hills; they decorate the entrance into them
with

with pieces of architecture, and plant before them, and all around, groves of cypress, and of firs, intermingled with trees which bear flowers and fruits. These spots inspire a profound and a delicious melancholy ; not only from the natural effect of their decoration, but from the moral sentiment excited in us by tombs, which are, as we have said in another place, monuments erected on the confines of two Worlds.

Our great ones, then, would lose nothing of the respect which they wish to attach to their memory, were they to be interred in public receptacles of the dead, adjoining to the Capital. A magnificent sepulchral chapel might be constructed in the midst of the burying ground, devoted solely to funereal obsequies, the celebration of which frequently disturbs the worship of God in parish-churches. Artists might give full scope to their imagination, in the decorations of such a mausoleum ; and the temples of humility and truth would no longer be profaned, by the vanity and falshood of monumental epitaphs.

While each citizen should be left at liberty to lodge himself, agreeably to his own fancy, in this last and lasting abode, I would have a large space selected, not far from Paris, to be consecrated by every solemnity of Religion, to be a general receptacle

to the ashes of such as may have deserved well of their country.

The services which may be rendered to our Country, are infinite in number, and very various in their Nature. We hardly acknowledge any but what are of one and the same kind, derived from formidable qualities, such as valour. We revere that only which terrifies us. The tokens of our esteem are frequently testimonies of our weakness. We are brought up to sense of fear only, and not of gratitude. There is no modern Nation so insignificant, as not to have it's *Alexander* and it's *Cesar* to commemorate, but no one it's *Bacchus* and it's *Ceres*. The Ancients, as valiant, at least, as we are, thought incomparably better. *Plutarch* observes somewhere, that *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, who were mortals, attained the supreme rank of Gods, on account of the pure, universal, and lasting blessings which they had procured for Mankind; but that *Hercules*, *Theseus*, and other Heroes, were raised only to the subordinate rank of demi-gods, because the services which they rendered to men, were transient, circumscribed, and contained a great mixture of evil.

I have often felt astonishment at our indifference about the memory of those of our Ancestors who introduced useful trees into the country, the fruits

and shade of which are to this day so delicious. The names of those benefactors are, most of them, entirely unknown; their benefits are, however, perpetuated to us from age to age. The Romans did not act in this manner. *Pliny* tells us, with no small degree of self-complacency, that of the eight species of cherry known at Rome in his time, one was called the *Plinian*, after the name of one of his relations, to whom Italy was indebted for it. The other species of this very fruit bore, at Rome, the names of the most illustrious families, being denominated the Apronian, the Aëtian, the Cæcilian, the Julian. He informs us that it was *Lucullus* who, after the defeat of *Mithridates*, transplanted, from the kingdom of Pontus, the first cherry-trees into Italy, from whence they were propagated, in less than a hundred and twenty years, all over Europe, England not excepted, which was then peopled with barbarians. They were, perhaps, the first means of the civilization of that Island, for the first laws always spring up out of agriculture: and for this very reason it is, that the Greeks gave to *Ceres* the name of *Legislatrix*.

Pliny, in another place, congratulates *Pompey* and *Vespasian* on having displayed, at Rome, the ebony-tree, and that of the balm of Judea, in the midst of their triumphal processions, as if they had then triumphed, not only over the Nations, but
over

over the very Nature of their countries. Affuredly, if I entertained a wish to have my name perpetuated, I would much rather have it affixed to a fruit in France, than to an island in America. The People, in the season of that fruit, would recal my memory with tokens of respect. My name, preserved in the baskets of the peasantry, would endure longer, than if it were engraved on columns of marble. I know of no monument, in the noble family of *Montmorenci*, more durable, and more endeared to the People, than the cherry which bears it's name. The Good-Henry, otherwise *lapathum*, which grows without culture in the midst of our plains, will confer a more lasting duration on the memory of *Henry IV.* than the statue of bronze placed on the Pont-Neuf, though protected by an iron rail and a guard of soldiers. If the seeds, and the heifers, which *Louis XV.* by a natural movement of humanity, sent to the Island of Taïti, should happen to multiply there, they will preserve his memory much longer, and render it much dearer, among the Nations of the South-Sea, than the pitiful pyramid of bricks, which the fawning Academicians attempted to rear in honour of him at Quito, and, perhaps, than the statues erected to him in the heart of his own kingdom.

The benefit of a useful plant is, in my opinion, one of the most important services, which a citizen

can render to his Country. Foreign plants unite us to the Nations from whence they come ; they convey to us a portion of their happiness, and of their genial Suns. The olive-tree represents to me the happy climate of Greece, much better than the book of *Pausanias* ; and I find the gifts of *Minerva* more powerfully expressed in it, than upon medallions. Under a great-chestnut in blossom, I feel myself laid to rest amidst the rich umbrage of America ; the perfume of a citron transports me to Arabia ; and I am an inhabitant of voluptuous Peru, whenever I inhale the emanations of the heliotrope.

I would begin, then, with erecting the first monuments of the public gratitude to those who have introduced among us the useful plants ; for this purpose, I would select one of the islands of the Seine, in the vicinity of Paris, to be converted into an Elysium. I would take, for example, that one which is below the majestic bridge of Neuilly, and which, in a few years more, will actually be joined to the suburbs of Paris. I would extend my field of operation, by taking in that branch of the Seine which is not adapted to the purposes of navigation, and a large portion of the adjoining Continent. I would plant this extensive district with the trees, the shrubbery, and the herbage, with which France has been enriched for several
ages

ages past. There should be assembled the great Indian-chestnut, the tulip-tree, the mulberry, the acacia of America and of Asia; the pines of Virginia and Siberia; the bear's-ear of the Alps; the tulips of Calcedonia, and so on. The service-tree of Canada, with its scarlet clusters; the *magnolia grandiflora* of America, which produces the largest and most odoriferous of flowers: the ever-green thuia of China, which puts forth no apparent flower, should interlace their boughs, and form, here and there, enchanted groves.

Under their shade, and amidst carpets of variegated verdure, should be reared the monuments of those who transplanted them into France. We should behold, around the magnificent tomb of *Nicot*, Ambassador from France to the Court of Portugal, which is at present in the church of St. Paul, the famous tobacco-plant spring up, called at first, after his name, *Nicotiana*, because he was the man who first diffused the knowledge of it over Europe. There is not a European Prince but what owes him a statue for that service, for there is not a vegetable in the World which has poured such sums into their treasuries, and so many agreeable illusions into the minds of their subjects. The *nepenthes* of *Homer* is not once to be compared to it. There might be engraved on a tablet of marble, adjoining to it, the name of the Flemish

Auger de Busbequius, Ambassador from *Ferdinand* the First, King of the Romans, to the Porte, in other respects so estimable, from the charms of his epistolary correspondence; and this small monument might be placed under the shade of the lilach, which he transported from Constantinople, and of which he made a present to Europe*, in 1562. The lucern of Media should there surround, with it's shoots, the monument dedicated to the memory of the unknown husbandman, who first sowed it on our flinty hillocks, and who presented us with an article of pasture, in parched situations, which renovates itself at least four times a year. At sight of the solanum of America, which produces at it's root the potatoe, the poorer part of the community would bless the name of the man who secured to them a species of aliment, which is not liable, like corn, to suffer by the inconstancy of the elements, and by the granaries of monopolizers. There too should be displayed, not without a lively interest, the urn of the unknown Traveller who adorned, to endless generations, the humble window of his obscure habitation, with the brilliant colours of *Aurora*, by transplanting thither the nun of Peru †.

* See *Matthiola* on *Diescorides*.

† For my own part, I would contemplate the monument of that man, were it but a simple tile, with more respect than the superb mausolea which have been reared, in many places of Europe,

On advancing into this delicious spot, we should behold, under domes and porticos, the ashes and the busts of those who, by the invention of useful arts, have taught us to avail ourselves of the productions of Nature, and who, by their genius, have spared us the necessity of long and painful labours. There would be no occasion for epitaphs. The figures of the implements employed in weaving of stockings ; of those used in twisting of silk, and in the construction of the windmill, would be monumental inscriptions as august, and as expressive, on the tombs of their inventors, as the sphere inscribed in the cylinder on that of *Archimedes*. There might, one day, be traced the aërostatic globe, on the tomb of *Mongolfier* ; but it would be proper to know beforehand, whether that strange machine, which elevates men into the air, by means of fire, or gas, shall contribute to the happiness of Mankind ; for the name of the inventor of gunpowder himself, were we capable of tracing it, could not be admitted into the retreats of the benefactors of Humanity.

rope, and of America, in honour of the inhuman conquerors of Mexico and Peru. More Historians than one have given us their elogium ; but divine Providence has done them justice. They all died a violent death, and most of them by the hand of the executioner.

On approaching toward the centre of this Elyfium, we fhould meet with monuments ftill more venerable, of thofe who, by their virtue, have tranfmitted to pofterity, fruits far more delicious than thofe of the vegetables of Afia, and who have called into exercife the moft fublime of all talents. There fhould be placed the monuments, and the ftatues of the generous *Duquesne*, who himfelf fitted out a fquadron, at his fole expenfe, in the defence of his Country : of the fage *Catinat*, equally tranquil in the mountains of Savoy, and in the humble retreat of St. Gratian ; and of the heroic Chevalier *d'Affas*, facrificing himfelf by night, for the prefervation of the French army, in the woods of Klofterkam.

There, fhould be the illuftrious Writers, who inflamed their compatriots with the ardor of performing great actions. There we fhould fee *Amyot*, leaning on the bult of *Plutarch* ; and Thou, who haft given, at once, the theory, and the example of virtue, divine Author of *Telemachus* ! we fhould revere thy afhes, and thy image, in an image of thofe elyſian fields, which thy pencil has delineated in fuch glowing colours.

I would likewife give a place to the monuments of eminent women, for virtue knows no diftinction

tion of sex : there should be reared the statues of those who, with all the charms of beauty, preferred a laborious and obscure life, to the vain delights of the World ; of matrons who re-established order in a deranged family ; who, faithful to the memory of a husband, frequently chargeable with infidelity, preserved inviolate the conjugal vow, even after death had cancelled the obligation, and devoted youth to the education of the dear pledges of an union now no more : and, finally, the venerable effigies of those who attained the highest pinnacle of distinction, by the very obscurity of their virtues. Thither should be transported the tomb of a Lady of Lamoignon, from the poor church of Saint Giles, where it remains unnoticed ; its affecting epitaph would render it still more worthy of occupying this honourable station, than the chisel of *Girardon*, whose master-piece it is : in it we read that a design had been entertained to bury her body in another place ; but the poor of the parish, to whom she was a mother all her life long, carried it off by force, and deposited it in their church : they themselves would, undoubtedly, transport the remains of their benefactress, and resort to this hallowed spot, to display them to the public veneration.

Hic manus ob Patriam, pugnando vulnera passi ;
 Quique Sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat ;
 Quique pii Vates, & *Phæbo* digna locuti ;

Inventas

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes ;
 Quique fui memores alios fecere merendo *.

ÆNEID. BOOK VI.

“ Here inhabit the heroic bands who bled in
 “ fighting the battles of their Country ; the sacred
 “ ministers of religion, whose life exhibited un-
 “ sullied purity ; venerable bards, who uttered
 “ strains not unworthy of *Apollo* himself ; and
 “ those, who, by the invention of useful arts, con-
 “ tributed to the comfort of human life ; all those,
 “ in a word, who, by deserving well of Mankind,
 “ have purchased for themselves a deathless name.”

* Thus imitated :

Here, Patriot-bands, who for their Country bled :
 Priests, who a life of purest virtue led :
 Here, Bards sublime, fraught with ethereal fire,
 Whose heavenly strains outvied *Apollo's* lyre :
 Divine Inventors of the useful Arts :
 All those whose generous and expansive hearts,
 By goodness fought to purchase honest fame ;
 And dying left behind a deathless name.

Had *St. Pierre*, in the course of his travels, come over to this Island, and visited *Stowe*, he would have found his idea of an Elysium anticipated, and upon no mean scale, by the great Lord COBHAM, who has rendered every spot, of that terrestrial Paradise, sacred to the memory of departed excellence. What would have given our Author peculiar satisfaction, the Parish Church stands in the centre of the Garden ; hence the People have unrestrained access to it ; the monuments are, for the most part, patriotic, without regard to the distinctions of rank and fortune, except as allied to virtue ; and the best inscriptions are in plain English, and
 humble

There I would have, scattered about, monuments of every kind, and apportioned to the various degrees of merit : obelisks, columns, pyramids,

humble prose. In a beautifully solemn valley, watered by a silent stream, and shaded by the trees of the Country, stands the Temple of the British Worthies. The decorations, and the arrangements, are simple : only that there is mythological *Mercury* peeping over in the centre, to contemplate the immortal shades whom he has conducted to the Elysian Fields. Were I Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, the wing-heeled God, with his caduceus, and Latin motto, should no longer disfigure the uniformity and simplicity of that enchanting scene ; and if *Charon's* old crazy barge, too, were sunk to the bottom, the place and the idea would be greatly improved.

To those who have never been at *Stowe*, it may not be unacceptable to read the Names ; and the characteristic Inscriptions, of this lovely retreat, consecrated to Patriot worth, exalted genius, and the love of the Human Race.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM,

Who, by the honourable profession of a Merchant, having enriched himself, and his Country, for carrying on the Commerce of the World, built the Royal Exchange.

IGNATIUS JONES,

Who, to adorn his Country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman Architecture.

JOHN MILTON,

Whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the World.

WILLIAM

mids, urns, bas-reliefs, medallions, statues, tablets, peristyles, domes; I would not have them crowded together, as in a repository, but disposed with taste; neither

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,

Whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of Man, all the mines of Fancy, all the stores of Nature; and gave him power, beyond all other Writers, to move, astonish, and delight Mankind.

JOHN LOCKE,

Who, best of all Philosophers, understood the powers of the Human Mind, the nature, end, and bounds of Civil Government; and, with equal courage and sagacity, refuted the slavish systems of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or the reason of Mankind.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

Whom the God of Nature made to comprehend his Works; and, from simple principles, to discover the Laws never known before, and to explain the appearances, never understood, of this stupendous Universe.

SIR FRANCIS BACON, (LORD VERULAM.)

Who by the strength and light of a superior genius, rejecting vain speculation, and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve Philosophy by the certain method of experiment.

KING ALFRED,

The mildest, justest, most beneficent of Kings; who drove out the Danes, secured the Seas, protected Learning, established Juries, crushed Corruption, guarded Liberty, and was the Founder of the English Constitution.

EDWARD,

neither would I have them all of white marble, as if they came out of the same quarry; but of marbles, and stones, of every colour. There would be

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,

The terror of Europe, the delight of England; who preserved, unaltered, in the height of Glory and Fortune, his natural Gentleness and Modesty.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,

Who confounded the projects, and destroyed the Power that threatened to oppress the Liberties of Europe; shook off the yoke of Ecclesiastical Tyranny; restored Religion from the Corruptions of Popery; and, by a wife, a moderate, and a popular Government, gave Wealth, Security, and Respect to England.

KING WILLIAM III.

Who by his Virtue and Constancy, having saved his Country from a foreign Master, by a bold and generous enterprize, preserved the Liberty and Religion of Great-Britain.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

A valiant Soldier, and an able Statesman; who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his Master, for the Honour of his Country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court, whose arms he had vanquished, and whose designs he opposed.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

Who, through many perils, was the first of Britons that adventured to sail round the Globe; and carried into unknown Seas and Nations, the knowledge and glory of the English Name.

JOHN

be no occasion, through the whole extent of this vast enclosure, which I suppose to be, at least, a mile and a half in diameter, for the application of the line, nor for digging up the ground, nor for grafts-plots, nor for trees cut into shape, and fantastically trimmed, nor for any thing resembling what is to be seen in our gardens. For a similar reason, I would have no Latin inscriptions, nor mythological expressions, nor any thing that favoured of the Academy. Still less would I admit of dignities, or of honours, which call to remembrance the vain ideas of the World; I would retrench from them all the qualities which are destroyed by death; no importance should there be assigned but to good actions, which survive the man and the citizen, and which are the only titles that posterity cares for, and that God recompenses. The inscriptions upon them should be simple, and be naturally suggested by each particular subject. I would not set the living a-talking uselessly to the dead, and to inanimate objects, as is the case in our epitaphs; but the dead, and inanimate objects, should speak to the living, for their instruction, as among the Ancients. These correspondencies of

JOHN HAMPDEN,

Who with great spirit, and consummate abilities, begun a noble opposition to an arbitrary Court, in defence of the Liberties of his Country; supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the Field.

an invifible to a vifible nature, of a time remote to the time prefent, convey to the foul the celeftial extension of infinity, and are the fource of the delight which ancient infcriptions infpire.

Thus, for example, on a rock planted amidft a tuft of ftrawberry-plants of Chili, thefe words might be infcribed :

I WAS UNKNOWN TO EUROPE;
BUT,
 IN SUCH A YEAR,
 SUCH A PERSON, BORN IN SUCH A PLACE,
TRANSPLANTED ME FROM
 THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS OF CHILI,
AND NOW
 I BEAR FLOWERS AND FRUIT
 IN THE HAPPY CLIMATE OF FRANCE.

Underneath a bas-relief of coloured marble, which fhould reprefent little children eating, drinking, and playing, the following infcription might appear :

WE WERE EXPOSED IN THE STREETS TO THE DOGS,
 TO FAMINE AND COLD;
 SUCH A COMPASSIONATE FEMALE,
OF SUCH A PLACE,
 LODGED US, CLOTHED US, AND FED US WITH THE MILK
 WHICH OUR OWN MOTHERS HAD DENIED.

At

At the foot of a statue of white marble, of a young and beautiful woman, sitting, and wiping her eyes, with symptoms of grief and joy :

I WAS ODISIOUS
IN
THE SIGHT OF GOD AND MAN;
BUT,
MELTED INTO PENITENCE,
I have made my Peace with Heaven by Contrition,
AND HAVE
REPAIRED THE MISCHIEF WHICH I HAD DONE TO MEN,
BY
Befriending the Miserable.

Near this might be inscribed, under that of a young girl, in mean attire, employed with her distaff and spindle, and looking up to Heaven with rapture :

I HAVE LEARNED TO DESPISE
THE VAIN DELIGHTS OF THE WORLD;
AND NOW
I ENJOY HAPPINESS.

Of those monuments, some should exhibit no other elogium, but the name simply : such should be, for example, the tomb which contained the ashes of the Author of *Telemachus* ; or, at most, I
would

would engrave on it the following words, so expressive of his affectionate and sublime character :

HE FULFILLED THE TWO GREAT PRECEPTS OF THE LAW :

HE LOVED GOD AND MAN.

I have no need to suggest, that these inscriptions might be conceived in a much happier style than mine ; but I would insist upon this, that in the figures introduced, there should be displayed no air of insolence ; no dishevelled locks flying about in the wind, like those of the Angel sounding the resurrection-trumpet, no theatrical grief, and no violent tossing of the robes, like the Magdalene of the Carmelites ; no mythological attributes, which convey nothing instructive to the People. Every personage should there appear with his appropriate badge of distinction : there should be exhibited the sea-cap of the sailor, the cornet of the nun, the stool of the Savoyard, pots for milk, and pots for soup.

These statues of virtuous citizens ought to be fully as respectable as those of the Gods of Paganism, and unquestionably more interesting than that of the antique grinder or gladiator. But it would be necessary that our Artists should study to convey, as the Ancients did, the characters of the soul in the attitude of the body, and in the traits

of the countenance, such as penitence, hope, joy, sensibility, innocence. These are the peculiarities of Nature, which never vary, and which always please, whatever be the drapery. Nay, the more contemptible that the occupations and the garb of such personages are, the more sublime will appear the expression of charity, of humanity, of innocence, and of all their virtues. A young and beautiful female, labouring like *Penelope* at her web, and modestly dressed in a Grecian robe, with long plaits, would there, no doubt, present an object pleasing to every one: but I should think her a thousand times more interesting than the figure of *Penelope* herself, employed in the same labour, under the tatters of misfortune and misery.

There should be on those tombs, no skeletons, no bats-wings, no Time with his scythe, no one of those terrifying attributes, with which our slavish education endeavours to inspire us with horror at the thought of death, that last benefit of Nature; but we should contemplate on them symbols, which announce a happy and immortal life; vessels, shattered by the tempest, arriving safe in port; doves taking their flight toward Heaven, and the like.

The sacred effigies of virtuous citizens, crowned with flowers, with the characters of felicity, of
peace,

peace, and of consolation, in their faces, should be arranged toward the centre of the island, around a vast mossy down, under the trees of the Country, such as stately beech-trees, majestic pines, chestnut-trees loaded with fruit. There, likewise, should be seen the vine wedded to the elm, and the apple-tree of Normandy, clothed with fruit of all the variety of colours which flowers display. From the middle of that down should ascend a magnificent temple in form of a rotundo. It should be surrounded with a peristyle of majestic columns, as was formerly at Rome the *Moles Adriani*. But I could wish it to be much more spacious. On the frieze these words might appear :

TO

THE LOVE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In the centre, I would have an altar simple and unornamented, at which, on certain days of the year, divine service might be celebrated. No production of sculpture, nor of painting, no gold, nor jewels, should be deemed worthy of decorating the interior of this temple ; but sacred inscriptions should announce the kind of merit which there received the crown. All those who might repose within the precincts, undoubtedly would not be Saints. But over the principal gate, on a tablet of

white marble, these divine words might meet the eye :

Her Sins, which are many, are forgiven ;

FOR

SHE LOVED MUCH.

On another part of the frize, the following inscription, which unfolds the nature of our duties, might be displayed :

VIRTUE IS AN EFFORT MADE UPON OURSELVES,

FOR

THE GOOD OF MEN,

IN THE VIEW OF

PLEASING GOD ONLY.

To this might be subjoined the following, very much calculated to repress our ambitious emulations :

THE SMALLEST ACT

OF

VIRTUE IS OF MORE VALUE

THAN THE EXERCISE OF

THE GREATEST TALENTS.

On other tablets might be inscribed maxims of trust in the divine Providence, extracted from the
Philosophers

Philosophers of all Nations; such as the following, borrowed from the modern Persians :

WHEN AFFLICTION IS AT THE HEIGHT,

THEN

We are the most encouraged to look for Consolation.

THE NARROWEST PART OF THE DEFILE IS

AT

The Entrance of the Plain.*

And that other of the same country :

WHOEVER HAS CORDIALLY DEVOTED HIS SOUL

TO GOD,

HAS EFFECTUALLY SECURED HIMSELF AGAINST ALL THE ILLS
WHICH CAN BEFAL HIM,

BOTH IN THIS WORLD, AND IN THE NEXT.

There might be inserted some of a philosophic cast, on the vanity of human things, such as the following :

ESTIMATE EACH OF YOUR DAYS

By Pleasures, by Loves, by Treasures, and by Grandeurs;

THE LAST WILL

ACCUSE THEM ALL OF VANITY.

* Chardin's Palace of Isfahan.

Or that other, which opens to us a perspective of the life to come :

HE WHO HAS PROVIDED

LIGHT FOR THE EYE OF MAN, SOUNDS FOR HIS EAR,
PERFUMES FOR HIS SMELL, AND FRUITS FOR HIS PALATE,

WILL FIND

The Means of One Day replenishing his Heart,

WHICH NOTHING HERE BELOW CAN SATISFY.

And that other, which inculcates charity toward men, from the motives of self-interest :

WHEN A MAN STUDIES THE WORLD,

He prizes those only who possess Sagacity ;

BUT,

WHEN HE STUDIES HIMSELF,

He esteems only those who exercise Indulgence.

I would have the following inscribed round the cupola, in letters of antique bronze :

*Mandatum novum do vobis, ut diligatis invicem sicut
dilexi vos, ut et vos diligatis invicem.*

JOAN. cap. xiii. v. 34.

A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE
ONE ANOTHER ; AS I HAVE LOVED YOU, THAT YE
ALSO LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

In

In order to decorate this temple externally, with a becoming dignity, no ornament would be necessary, except those of Nature. The first rays of the rising, and the last of the setting Sun, would gild it's cupola, towering above the forests: in the day-time, the fires of the South, and by night, the lustre of the Moon, would trace it's majestic shadow on the spreading down: the Seine would repeat the reflexes of it in it's flowing stream. In vain would the tempest rage around it's enormous vault; and when the hand of Time should have bronzed it with moss, the oaks of the Country should issue from it's antique cornices, and the eagles of Heaven, hovering round and round, would resort thither to build their nests,

Neither talents, nor birth, nor gold, should constitute a title for claiming the honour of a monument in this patriotic and holy ground. But it will be asked, Who is to judge, and to decide, the merits of the persons whose ashes are to be there deposited? The King alone should have the power of decision, and the People the privilege of reporting the cause. It should not be sufficient for a citizen, in order to his obtaining this kind of distinction, that he had cultivated a new plant in a hot-house, or even in his garden; but it should be requisite to have it naturalized in the open field, and the fruit of it carried for sale to the public market. It

ought not to be deemed sufficient, that the model of an ingenious machine was preserved in the collection of an Artist, and approved by the Academy of Sciences; it should be required to have the machine itself in the hands of the People, and converted to their use. It ought by no means to suffice, in order to establish the claim of a literary Work, that the prize had been adjudged to it by the French Academy; but that it should be read by that class of men for whose use it was designed. Thus, for example, a patriotic *Ode* should be accounted good for nothing, unless it were sung about the streets by the common people. The merit of a naval or military Commander should be ascertained, not by the report of Gazettes, but by the suffrages of the sailors or soldiery.

The People, in truth, distinguish hardly any other virtue in the citizen except beneficence: they consult only their own leading want; but their instinct, on this article, is conformable to the divine Law: for all the virtues terminate in that, even those which appear the most remote from it; and supposing there were rich men who meant to captivate their affections, by doing them good, that is precisely the feeling with which we propose to inspire them. They would fulfil their duties, and the lofty and the low conditions of humanity would be reduced to a state of approximation.

From

From an Institution of this kind would result the re-establishment of one of the Laws of Nature, of all others the most important to a Nation; I mean an inexhaustible perspective of infinity, as necessary to the happiness of a whole Nation, as to that of an individual. Such is, as we have caught a glimpse in another place, the nature of the human mind; if it perceives not infinity in its prospects, it falls back upon itself, and destroys itself by the exertion of its own powers. Rome presented to the patriotism of her citizens the conquest of the World: but that object was too limited. Her last victory would have proved the commencement of her ruin. The establishment which I am now proposing, is not subjected to this inconveniency. No object can possibly be proposed to Man more unbounded, and more profound, than that of his own latter end. There are no monuments more varied, and more agreeable, than those of virtue. Were there to be reared annually, in this Elysium, but a single tablet of the marble of Britanny, or of the granite of Auvergne, there would always be the means of keeping the People awake, by the spectacle of novelty. The provinces of the kingdom would dispute with the Capital, the privilege of introducing the monuments of their virtuous inhabitants.

What

What an august Tribunal might be formed, of Bishops eminent for their piety, of upright Magistrates, of celebrated Commanders of armies, to examine their several pretensions! What memoirs might one day appear, proper to create an interest in the minds of the People, who see nothing in their library, but the sentences of death pronounced on illustrious criminals, or the lives of Saints, which are far above their sphere. How many new subjects for our men of letters, who have nothing for it, but to trudge eternally over the beaten ground of the age of *Louis XIV.* or to prop up the reputation of the Greeks and Romans! What curious anecdotes for our wealthy voluptuaries! They pay a very high price for the History of an American insect, engraved in every possible manner, and studied through the microscope, minute by minute, in all the phases of it's existence. They would not have less pleasure in studying the manners of a poor collier, bringing up his family virtuously in the forests, in the midst of smugglers and banditti; or those of a wretched fisherman, who, in finding delicacies for their tables, is obliged to live, like a heron, in the midst of tempests.

I have no doubt that these monuments, executed with the taste which we are capable of displaying

playing, would attract crowds of rich strangers to Paris. They resort hither already to live in it, they would then flock hither to die among us. They would endeavour to deserve well of a Nation become the arbiter of the virtues of Europe, and to acquire a last asylum, in the holy land of this Elysium; where all virtuous and beneficent men would be reputed citizens. This establishment, which might be formed, undoubtedly, in a manner very superior to the feeble sketch which I have presented of it, would serve to bring the higher conditions of life into contact with the lower, much better than our churches themselves, into which avarice and ambition frequently introduce among the citizens, distinctions more humiliating, than are to be met with even in Society. It would allure foreigners to the Capital, by holding out to them the rights of a citizenship illustrious and immortal. It would unite, in a word, Religion to Patriotism, and Patriotism to Religion, the mutual bonds of which are on the point of being torn asunder.

It is not necessary for me to subjoin, that this establishment would be attended with no expense to the State. It might be reared, and kept up, by the revenue of some rich abbey, as it would be consecrated to Religion, and to the rewards of virtue. There is no reason why it should become, like the
monuments

monuments of modern Rome, and even like many of our own royal monuments, an object of filthy lucre to individuals, who sell the sight of them to the curious. Particular care would be taken not to exclude the People, because they are meanly habited; nor to hunt out of it, as we do from our public gardens, poor and honest artisans in jackets, while well-dressed courtesans flaunt about with effrontery, in their great alleys. The lowest of the commonalty should have it in their power to enter, at all seasons. It is to you, O ye miserable of all conditions, that the sight of the friends of Humanity should of right appertain; and your patrons are henceforth no where but among the statues of virtuous men! There, a soldier, at sight of *Caius*, would learn to endure calumny. There, a girl of the town, sick of her infamous profession, would, with a sigh, cast her eyes down to the ground, on beholding the statue of Modesty approached with honour and respect: but at sight of that of a female of her own condition, reclaimed to the paths of virtue, she would raise them toward Him who preferred repentance to innocence.

It may be objected to me, That our poorer sort would very soon spread destruction over all those monuments; and it must, indeed, be admitted, that they seldom fail to treat in this manner, those which do not interest them. There should, undoubtedly,

doubtedly, be a police in this place; but the People respect monuments which are destined to their use. They commit ravages in a park, but do not wantonly destroy any thing in the open country. They would soon take the Elysium of their Country under their own protection, and watch over it with zeal much more ardent than that of Swifs, and military guards.

Besides, more than one method might be devised, to render that spot respectable and dear to them. It ought to be rendered an inviolable asylum to the unfortunate of every description; for example, to fathers who have incurred the debt of the month's nursing of a child; and to those who have committed venial and inconsiderate faults; it would be proper to prohibit any arrest taking place there, upon any one's person, except by an express warrant from the King, under his own signature. This likewise should be the place to which laborious families, out of employment, might be directed to address themselves. There ought to be a strict prohibition to make it a place of alms-giving, but an unbounded permission to do good in it. Persons of virtue, who understand how to distinguish, and to employ men, would resort thither in quest of proper objects, in whose behalf they might employ their credit; others, in the view of putting respect on the memory of some illustrious

illustrious personage, would give a repast, at the foot of his statue, to a family of poor people. The State would set the example of this, at certain favourite epochs, such as a festival in honour of the King's birth-day. Provisions might then be distributed among the populace, not by tossing loaves at their heads, as in our public rejoicings; but they might be classed, and made to sit down on the grass, in professional assemblages, round the statues of those who invented, improved, or perfected the several arts. Such repasts would have no resemblance to those which the rich sometimes give to the wretched, out of ceremony, and in which they respectfully wait upon their humble guests, with napkins under their arm. The persons who gave the entertainment should be obliged to sit down at table with their company, and to eat and drink with them. It would be needless to impose on them the task of washing the feet of the poor; but they might be admonished of rendering to them a service of much more real importance, that of supplying them with shoes and stockings.

There, the man of wealth would be instructed really to practise virtue, and the People to know it. The Nation would there learn their great duties, and be assisted in forming a just idea of true greatness. They would behold the homage presented to the memory of virtuous men, and the offerings

offerings tendered to the DEITY, ultimately applied to the relief of the miserable.

Such repasts would recal to our remembrance the love-feasts of the primitive Christians, and the Saturnalia of death, toward which every day is carrying us forward, and which, by speedily reducing us all to an estate of equality, will efface every other difference among us, except that of the good which we shall have done in life.

In the days of other times, in order to do honour to the memory of virtuous men, the faithful assembled in places consecrated by their actions, or by their sepulchres, on the brink of a fountain, or under the shade of a forest. Thither they had provisions carried, and invited those who had none, to come and partake with them. The same customs have been common to all religions. They still subsist in those of Asia. You find them prevailing among the ancient Greeks. When *Xenophon* had accomplished that famous retreat, by which he saved ten thousand of his compatriots, ravaging, as he went, the territory of Persia, he destined part of the booty thus obtained, to the founding of a chapel, in Greece, to the honour of *Diana*. He attached to it a certain revenue, which should annually supply with the amusement of the chase,

chace, and with a plentiful repast, all persons who should repair to it on a particular day.

OF THE CLERGY.

If our poor are sometimes partakers of some wretched ecclesiastical distribution, the relief which they thence derive, so far from delivering them out of their misery, only serves to continue them in it. What landed property, however, has been bequeathed to the Church, expressly for their benefit ! Why, then, are not the revenues distributed, in sums sufficiently large, to rescue annually from indigence, at least a certain number of families ? The Clergy allege, that they are the administrators of the goods of the poor : but the poor are neither idiots nor madmen, to stand in need of administrators : besides, it is impossible to prove, by any one passage of either the Old, or New Testament, that this charge pertained to the priesthood : if they really are the administrators of the poor, they have, then, no less than seven millions of persons, in the kingdom, in their temporal administration. I shall push this reflection no farther. It is a matter of unchangeable obligation to render to every one his due : the priests are, by divine right, the agents of the poor, but the King alone is the natural administrator.

As indigence is the principal cause of the vices of the People, opulence may, like it, produce, in it's turn, irregularities in the Clergy. I shall not avail myself here of the reprehensions of St. *Jerome*, of St. *Bernard*, of St. *Augustin*, and of the other Fathers of the Church, to the Clergy of their times, and of the Countries in which they lived; wherein they predicted to them the total destruction of Religion, as a necessary consequence of their manners and of their riches. The prediction of several of them was speedily verified in Africa, in Asia, in Judea, and in the Grecian Empire, in which not only the religion, but the very civil government of those Nations, totally disappeared. The avidity of most ecclesiastics soon renders the functions of the Church suspicious: this is an argument which strikes all men. I believe witnesses, said *Pascal*, who brave death. This reasoning, however, must be admitted, not without many grains of allowance; but no objection can be offered to this: I distrust witnesses who are enriching themselves by their testimony. Religion, in truth, has proofs natural and supernatural, far superior to those which men are capable of furnishing it with. She is independent of our regularity, and of our irregularity; but our Country depends on these.

The World, at this day, looks on most priests with an eye of envy; shall I say of hatred? But

they are the children of their age, just like other men. The vices which are laid to their charge, belong partly to their Nation, partly to the times in which they live, to the political constitution of the State, and to their education. Ours are Frenchmen, like ourselves; they are our kinsmen, frequently sacrificed to our own fortune, through the ambition of our fathers. Were we charged with the performance of their duties, we should frequently acquit ourselves worse than they do. I know of none so painful, none so worthy of respect, as those of a good ecclesiastic.

I do not speak of those of a Bishop, who exercises a vigilant care over his diocese, who institutes judicious seminaries of instruction, who maintains regularity and peace in communities, who resists the wicked, and supports the weak, who is always ready to succour the miserable, and who, in this age of error, refutes the objections of the enemies of the faith, by his own virtues. He has his reward in the public esteem. It is possible to purchase, by painful labours, the glory of being a *Fenelon*, or a *Juigné*. I say nothing of those of a parish minister, which, from their importance, sometimes attract the attention of Kings; nor of those of a missionary, advancing to the crown of martyrdom. The conflicts of this last frequently endure but for a single day, and his glory is immortal.

mortal. But I speak of those of a simple and obscure parish-drudge, to whom no one pays any manner of attention. He is under the necessity, in the first place of sacrificing the pleasures, and the liberty, of his juvenile days, to irksome and painful studies. He is obliged to support, all the days of his life, the exercise of continency, like a cumbersome cuirass, on a thousand occasions which endanger the loss of it. The World honours theatrical virtues only, and the victories of a single moment. But to combat, day after day, an enemy lodged within the fortress, and who makes his approaches under the disguise of a friend; to repel incessantly, without a witness, without glory, without applause, the most impetuous of passions, and the gentlest of propensities—this is not easy.

Conflicts of another kind await him, from without. He is every day called upon to expose his life to the attack of epidemical distempers. He is obliged to confess, with his head on the same pillow, persons attacked with the small-pox, with the putrid and the purple fever. This obscure fortitude appears to me very far superior to the courage of a soldier. The military man combats in the view of armies, animated with the noise of cannon and drums; he presents himself to the stroke of death as a hero. But the priest devotes himself to it as a victim. What fortune can this last pro-

mise himself from his labours? In many cases, a precarious subsistence at most! Besides, supposing him to have acquired wealth, he cannot transmit it to his descendants. He beholds all his temporal hopes ready to expire with him. What indemnification does he receive from men? To be called upon, many a time, to administer the consolations of Religion, to persons who do not believe it; to be the refuge of the poor, with nothing to give them; to be sometimes persecuted for his very virtues; to see his conflicts treated with contempt, his best-intentioned actions mis-interpreted into artifice, his virtues transformed into vices, his religion turned into ridicule. Such are the duties imposed, and such the recompense which the World bestows on the men whose lot it envies.

This is what I have assumed the courage to propose, for the happiness of the People, and of the principal orders of the State, in so far as I have been permitted to submit my ideas to the public eye. Many Philosophers and Politicians have declaimed against the disorders of Society, without troubling themselves to enquire into their causes, and still less into the remedies which might be applied. Those of the greatest ability have viewed our evils only in detail, and have recommended palliatives merely. Some have proscribed luxury; others give no quarter to celibacy, and would load
with

with the charge of a family, persons who have not the means of supplying their personal necessities. Some are for incarcerating all the beggars ; others would prohibit the wretched women of pleasure to appear in the streets. They would act in the manner which that physician does, who, in order to cure the pimples on the body of a person out of order, uses all his skill to force back the humours. Politicians, you apply the remedy to the head, because the pain is in the forehead ; but the mischief is in the nerves : it is for the heart you must provide a cure ; it is the People, whose health you must endeavour to restore.

Should some great Minister, animated with a noble ambition, to procure for us internal happiness, and to extend our power externally, have the courage to undertake a re-establishment of things, he must, in his course of procedure, imitate that of Nature. She acts, in every case slowly, and by means of re-actions. I repeat it, the cause of the prodigious power of gold, which has robbed the People at once of their morality, and of their subsistence, is in the venality of public employments. That of the beggary which, at this day, extends to seven millions of subjects, consists in the enormous accumulation of landed and official property. That of female prostitution, is to be imputed, on the one hand, to extreme indigence ;

and on the other, to the celibacy of two millions of men. The unprofitable superabundance of the idle and censorious burghers in our second and third-rate cities, arises from the imposts which degrade the inhabitants of the country. The prejudices of the nobility are kept alive by the resentments of those who want the advantage of birth; and all these evils, and others innumerable, physical and intellectual, spring up out of the misery of the People. It is the indigence of the People which produces such swarms of players, courtisans, highwaymen, incendiaries, licentious scholars, calumniators, flatterers, hypocrites, mendicants, kept-mistresses, quacks of all conditions, and that infinite multitude of corrupted wretches, who, incapable of coming to any thing by their virtues, endeavour to procure bread and consideration by their vices. In vain will you oppose to these, plans of finance, projects of equalization of taxes and tithes, of ordonnances of Police, of arrests of Parliament; all your efforts will be fruitless. The indigence of the People is a mighty river, which is, every year, collecting an increase of strength, which is sweeping away before it every opposing mound, and which will issue in a total subversion of order and government.

To this physical cause, of our distresses, must be added another, purely moral; I mean our education.

tion. I shall venture to suggest a few reflections on this subject, though it far exceeds my highest powers: but if it be the most important of our abuses, it appears to me, on the other hand, the most easily susceptible of reformation; and this reform appears to me so absolutely necessary, that, without it, all the rest goes for nothing.

STUDY FOURTEENTH.

OF EDUCATION.

“ **T**O what higher object,” says *Plutarch**,
 “ could *Numa* have directed his atten-
 “ tion, than to the culture of early infancy, and
 “ to uniformity in the treatment of young per-
 “ sons; in the view of preventing the collision of
 “ different manners, and turbulency of spirit aris-
 “ ing from diversity of nurture? Thus he pro-
 “ posed to harmonize the minds of men, in a state
 “ of maturity, from their having been, in child-
 “ hood, trained in the same habits of order, and
 “ cast into the same mould of virtue. This, inde-
 “ pendent of other advantages, greatly contribut-
 “ ed, likewise, to the support of the Laws of *Ly-*
 “ *curgus*; for respect to the oath, by which the
 “ Spartans had bound themselves, must have pro-
 “ duced a much more powerful effect, from his
 “ having, by early instruction and nurture, *died*
 “ *in the wool*, if I may use the expression, the mo-

* Comparison of *Numa* and *Lycurgus*.

“ rals of the young, and made them suck in, with
“ the milk from their nurse’s breast, the love of
“ his Laws and Institutions.”

Here is a decision, which completely condemns our mode of education, by pronouncing the elogium of that of Sparta. I do not hesitate a single moment to ascribe to our modern education, the restless, ambitious, spiteful, pragmatical, and intolerant spirit of most Europeans. The effects of it are visible in the miseries of the Nations. It is remarkable, that those which have been most agitated internally and externally, are precisely the Nations among which our boasted style of education has flourished the most. The truth of this may be ascertained, by stepping from country to country, from age to age. Politicians have imagined, that they could discern the cause of public misfortunes in the different forms of Government. But Turkey is quiet, and England is frequently in a state of agitation. All political forms are indifferent to the happiness of a State, as has been said, provided the People are happy. We might have added, and provided the children are so likewise

The Philosopher *Laloubere*, Envoy from *Louis XIV.* to Siam, says, in the account which he gives of his mission, that the Asiatics laugh us to scorn,
when

when we boast to them of the excellence of the Christian Religion, as contributing to the happiness of States. They ask, on reading our Histories, How it is possible that our Religion should be so humane, while we wage war ten times more frequently than they do? What would they say, then, did they see among us our perpetual law-suits, the malicious censoriousness and calumny of our societies, the jealousy of corps, the quarrels of the populace, the duels of the better sort, and our animosities of every kind, nothing similar to which is to be seen in Asia, in Africa, among the Tartars, or among Savages, on the testimony of missionaries themselves? For my own part, I discern the cause of all these particular and general disorders, in our ambitious education. When a man has drunk, from infancy upward, into the cup of ambition, the thirst of it cleaves to him all his life long, and it degenerates into a burning fever at the very feet of the altars.

It is not Religion, assuredly, which occasions this. I cannot explain how it comes to pass, that kingdoms, calling themselves Christian, should have adopted ambition as the basis of public education. Independently of their political constitution, which forbids it to all those of their subjects who have not money, that is to the greatest part of them, there is no passion so uniformly condemned

demned by Religion. We have observed, that there are but two passions in the heart of Man, love and ambition. Civil Laws denounce the severest punishment against the excesses of the first : they repress, as far as their power extends, the more violent emotions of it. Prostitution is branded with infamous penalties ; and, in some countries, adultery is punished even with death. But these same Laws meet the second more than half way ; they, every where, propose to it prizes, rewards, and honours. These opinions force their way, and exercise dominion, in cloisters themselves. It is a grievous scandal to a convent, if the amorous intrigues of a monk happen to take air ; but what elogiums are bestowed on those which procure him a cardinal's hat ! What raillery, imprecation, and malediction, are the portion of imprudent weakness ! What gentle and honourable epithets are applied to audacious craft ! Noble emulation, love of glory, spirit, intelligence, merit rewarded ; with how many glorious appellations do we palliate intrigue, flattery, simony, perfidy, and all the vices which walk, in all States, in the train of the ambitious !

This is the way in which the World forms it's judgments ; but Religion, ever conformable to Nature, pronounces a very different decision on the characters of these two passions. Jesus invites the
communications

communications of the frail Samaritan woman, he pardons the adultress, he absolves the female offender who bathed his feet with her tears ; but hear how he inveighs against the ambitious :—

“ Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, for ye love
 “ the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and the
 “ chief places at feasts, and greetings in the mar-
 “ kets, and to be called of men, Rabbi ! Woe
 “ unto you, also, ye lawyers ; for ye lade men with
 “ burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves
 “ touch not the burdens with one of your fingers !
 “ Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye have taken away
 “ the key of knowledge : ye entered not in your-
 “ selves, and them that were entering in ye hin-
 “ dered ! and so on*.” He declares to them
 that, notwithstanding their empty honours in this
 World, harlots should go before them into the
 kingdom of God. He cautions us, in many
 places, to be on our guard against them ; and inti-
 mates that we should know them by their fruits.
 In pronouncing decisions so different from ours,
 He judges our passions according to their natural
 adaptations. He pardons prostitution, which is
 in itself a vice, but which, after all, is a frailty
 only, relatively to the order of Society ; and He
 condemns, without mercy, the sin of ambition, as
 a crime which is contrary, at once, to the order of

* Luke xi. 43, &c.

Society, and to that of Nature. The first involves the distress of only two guilty persons, but the second affects the happiness of Mankind.

To this our doctors reply, that the only object pursued, in the education of children, is the inspiring them with a virtuous emulation. I do not believe there is such a thing in our Colleges, as exercises of virtue, unless it be to prescribe to the students, on this subject, certain themes, or amplifications. But a real ambition is taught, by engaging them to dispute the first place in their several classes, and to adopt a thousand intolerant systems. Accordingly, when they have once got the key of knowledge in their pocket, they resolutely determine, like their masters, to let no one enter but by their door.

Virtue and ambition are absolutely incompatible. The glory of ambition is to mount, and that of virtue is to descend. Observe how JESUS CHRIST reprimands his disciples, when they asked him who should be the first among them. He takes a little child, and places him in the midst : Not, surely, a child from our schools. Ah ! when He recommends to us the humility so suitable to our frail and miserable condition, it is because He did not consider that power, even supreme, was capable of constituting our happiness in this
World ;

World; and it is worthy of being remarked, that He did not confer the superiority over the rest on the disciple whom he loved the most; but as a reward to the love of him who had been faithful unto death, He bequeathed to him, with his dying breath, his own mother as a legacy.

This pretended emulation, instilled into children, renders them, for life, intolerant, vain-glorious, tremblingly alive to the slightest censure, or the meanest token of applause from an unknown person. They are trained to ambition, we are told, for their good, in order to their prospering in the World; but the cupidity natural to the human mind is more than sufficient for the attainment of that object. Have merchants, mechanics, and all the lucrative professions, in other words, all the conditions of Society; have they need of any other stimulus? Were ambition to be instilled into the mind of only one child, destined, at length, to fill a station of high importance, this education, which is by no means exempted from inconveniencies, would be adapted, at least, to the career which the young man had in prospect. But by infusing it into all, you give each individual as many opponents as he has got companions; you render the whole unhappy, by means of each other. Those who are incapable of rising by their talents, endeavour to insinuate themselves into the good
graces

graces of their masters by flattery, and to supplant their equals by calumny. If these means succeed not, they conceive an aversion for the objects of their emulation, which, to their comrades, has all the value of applause, and becomes, to themselves, a perpetual source of depression, of chastisement, and of tears.

This is the reason that so many grown men, endeavour to banish from their memory, the times and the objects of their early studies, though it be natural, to the heart of Man, to recollect with delight the epochs of infancy. How many behold, in the maturity of life, the bowers of osiers, and the rustic canopies, which served for their infant sleeping and dining apartments, who could not look, without abhorrence, upon a *Turfelin*, or a *Despauter* ! I have no doubt that those disgusts, of early education, extend a most baleful influence to that love with which we ought to be animated toward Religion, because it's elements, in like manner, are displayed only through the medium of gloom, pride, and inhumanity.

The plan of most masters consists, above all, in composing the exterior of their pupils. They form, on the same model, a multitude of characters, which Nature had rendered essentially different. One will have his to be grave and stately, as if they were
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so many little presidents ; others, and they are the most numerous, wish to make theirs alert and lively. One of the great burdens of the lesson is, an incessant fillip of: "Come on, make haste, don't be lazy." To this impulsions simply, I ascribe the general giddiness of our youth, and of which the Nation is accused. It is the impatience of the master which, in the first instance, produces the precipitancy of the scholars. It, afterwards, acquires strength, in the commerce of the World, from the impatience of the women. But, through the progress of human life, Is not reflection of much higher importance than promptitude? How many children are destined to fill situations which require seriousness and solemnity? Is not reflection the basis of prudence, of temperance, of wisdom, and of most of the other moral qualities? For my own part, I have always seen honest people abundantly tranquil, and rogues always alert.

There is, in this respect, a very perceptible difference, between two children, the one of whom has been educated in his Father's house, and the other, at a public school. The first is, beyond all contradiction, more polite, more ingenuous, less jealously disposed ; and, from this single circumstance, that he has been brought up without the desire of excelling any one, and still less of surpassing himself, according to our great fashionable

phraseology, but as destitute of common sense as many others of the kind. Is not a child, influenced by the emulation of the schools, under the necessity of renouncing it, from the very first step he makes in the World, if he means to be supportable to his equals, and to himself? If he proposes to himself no other object but his own advancement, Will he not be afflicted at the prosperity of another? Will he not, in the course of his progress, be liable to have his mind torn with the aversions, the jealousies, and the desires, which must deprave it, both physically and morally? Do not Philosophy and Religion impose on him the necessity, of exerting himself every day of his life, to eradicate those faults of education? The World itself obliges him to mask their hideous aspect. Here is a fine perspective opened to human life, in which we are constrained to employ the half of our days, in destroying, with a thousand painful efforts, what had been raising up in the other, with so many tears, and so much parade.

We have borrowed those vices from the Greeks, without being aware, that they had contributed to their perpetual divisions, and to their final ruin. The greatest part, at least, of their exercises, had the good of their Country, as the leading object. If there were proposed, among the Greeks, prizes for superiority in wrestling, in boxing, in throwing
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the quoit, in foot and chariot races, it was because such exercises had a reference to the art of war. If they had others established for the reward of superior eloquence, it was because that art served to maintain the interests of Country, from city to city, or in the general Assemblies of Greece. But to what purpose do we employ the tedious and painful study of dead languages, and of customs foreign to our Country? Most of our institutions, with relation to the Ancients, have a striking resemblance to the paradise of the Savages of America. Those good people imagine that, after death, the souls of their compatriots migrate to a certain country, where they hunt down the souls of beavers with the souls of arrows, walking over the soul of snow with the soul of rackets, and that they dress the soul of their game in the soul of pots. We have, in like manner, the images of a Coliseum, where no spectacles are exhibited; images of peristyles and public squares, in which we are not permitted to walk; images of antique vases, in which it is impossible to put any liquor, but which contribute largely to our images of grandeur and patriotism. The real Greeks, and the real Romans, would believe themselves, among us, to be in the land of their shades. Happy for us, had we borrowed from them vain images only, and not naturalized in our Country their real evils, by transplanting

planting thither the jealousies, the hatreds, and the vain emulations which rendered them miserable.

It was *Charlemagne*, we are told, who instituted our course of studies; and some say it was in the view of dividing his subjects, and of giving them employment. He has succeeded in this to a miracle. Seven years devoted to *humanity*, or *classical learning*, two to *Philosophy*, three to *Theology*: twelve years of languor, of ambition, and of self-conceit; without taking into the account the years which well-meaning parents double upon their children, to make sure work of it, as they allege. I ask whether, on emerging thence, a student is, according to the denomination of those respective branches of study, more *humane*, more of a *philosopher*, and *believes* more in God, than an honest peasant, who has not been taught to read? What good purpose, then, does all this answer to the greatest part of Mankind? What benefit do the majority derive, from this irksome course, on mixing with the World, toward perfecting their own intelligence, and even toward purity of diction. We have seen, that the classical Authors themselves have borrowed their illumination only from Nature, and that those of our own Nation who have distinguished themselves the most, in literature and in the sciences, such as *Descartes*, *Michael Montaigne*, *J. J. Rousseau*,

seau, and others, have succeeded only by deviating from the track which their models pursued, and frequently by pursuing the directly opposite path. Thus it was that *Descartes* attacked and subverted the philosophy of *Aristotle*: you would be tempted to say, that Eloquence and the Sciences are completely out of the province of our Gothic Institutions.

I acknowledge, at the same time, that it is a fortunate circumstance for many children, who have wicked parents, that there are colleges; they are less miserable there than in the father's house. The faults of masters, being exposed to view, are in part repressed by the fear of public censure; but it is not so, as to those of their parents. For example, the pride of a man of letters is loquacious, and sometimes instructive; that of an ecclesiastic is clothed with dissimulation, but flattering; that of a man of family is lofty, but frank; that of a clown is insolent, but natural: but the pride of a warm tradesman is fullen and stupid; it is pride at it's ease, pride in a night-gown. As the cit is never contradicted, except it be by his wife, they unite their efforts to render their children unhappy, without so much as suspecting that they do so. Is it credible that, in a society, the men of which all moralists allow to be corrupted, in which the citizens maintain their ground only by the ter-

ror of the Laws, or by the fear which they have of each other, feeble and defenceless children should not be abandoned to the discretion of tyranny? Nothing can be conceived so ignorant, and so conceited, as the greatest part of tradesmen; among them it is that folly shoots out spreading and profound roots. You see a great many of this class, both men and women, dying of apoplectic fits, from a too sedentary mode of life; from eating beef, and swallowing strong broths, when they are out of order, without suspecting for a moment that such a regimen was pernicious. Nothing can be more wholesome, say they; they have always seen their Aunts do so. Hence it is that a multitude of false remedies, and of ridiculous superstitions, maintain a reputation among them, long after they have been exploded in the World. In their cup-boards is still carefully treasured up the *cassia*, a species of poison, as if it were an universal panacea. The regimen of their unfortunate children, resembles that which they employ where their own health is concerned; they form them to melancholy habits; all that they make them learn, up to the Gospel itself, is with the rod over their head; they fix them in a sedentary posture all the day long, at an age when Nature is prompting them to stir about, for the purpose of expanding their form. Be good children, is the perpetual injunction; and this goodness consists in never moving a limb. A woman

man of spirit, who was fond of children, took notice one day, at the house of a shop-keeper, in St. Denis-street, of a little boy and girl, who had a very serious air. “Your children are very grave,” said she to the mother....“Ah! Madam,” replied the sagacious shop-dame, “it is not for want of “whipping, if they are not so.”

Children rendered miserable in their sports, and in their studies, become hypocritical and reserved before their fathers and mothers. At length, however, they acquire stature. One night, the daughter puts on her cloke, under pretence of going to evening-prayers, but it is to give her lover the meeting: by and by, her shapes divulge the secret; she is driven from her father's house, and comes upon the town. Some fine morning, the son enlists for a soldier. The father and mother are ready to go distracted. We spared nothing, say they, to procure them the best of education: they had masters of every kind: Fools! you forgot the essential point; you forgot to teach them to love you.

They justify their tyranny by that cruel adage: *Children must be corrected; human nature is corrupted.* They do not perceive that they themselves, by their excessive severity, stand chargeable with the cor-
x 4
ruption,

ruption *, and that in every country where fathers are good, the children resemble them.

I could

* To certain species of chastisement, I ascribe the physical and moral corruption, not only of children, and of several orders of monks, but of the Nation itself. You cannot move a step through the streets, without hearing nurses and mothers menacing their little charge with, *I shall give you a flogging*. I have never been in England, but I am persuaded, that the ferocity imputed to the English, must proceed from some such cause. I have indeed heard it affirmed, that punishment by the rod was more cruel, and more frequent, among them, than with us. See what is said on this subject by the illustrious Authors of the *Spectator*, a Work which has, beyond contradiction, greatly contributed to soften both their manners and ours. They reproach the English Nobility, for permitting this character of infamy to be impressed on their children. Consult, particularly, No. CLVII. of that Collection, which concludes thus: “I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned men of either robe, who have been whipped at school, are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy.”

Government ought to proscribe this kind of chastisement, not only in the public schools, as Russia has done, but in convents, on shipboard, in private families, in boarding houses: it corrupts, at once, fathers, mothers, preceptors, and children. I could quote terrible re-actions of it, did modesty permit. Is it not very astonishing, that men, in other respects, of a staid and serious exterior, should lay down, as the basis of a Christian education, the observance of gentleness, humanity, chastity; and punish timid and innocent children, with the most barbarous, and the most obscene of all chastisements? Our men of letters,
who

I could demonstrate, by a multitude of examples, that the depravation of our most notorious criminals, began with the cruelty of their education,

who have been employed in reforming abuses, for more than a century past, have not attacked this, with the severity which it deserves. They do not pay sufficient attention to the miseries of the rising generation. It would be a question of right, the discussion of which were highly interesting and important, namely, Whether the State could permit the right of inflicting infamous punishment, to persons who have not the power of life and death? It is certain, that the infamy of a citizen produces reactions more dangerous to Society, than his own death merely. It is nothing at all, we are told, they are but children; but for this very reason, because they are children, every generous spirit is bound to protect them, and because every miserable child becomes a bad man.

At the same time, it is far from being my intention, in what I have said respecting masters in general, to render the profession odious. I only mean to suggest to them, that those chastisements, the practice of which they have borrowed from the corrupted Greeks of the Lower Empire, exercise an influence much more powerful than they are aware of, on the hatred which is borne to them, as well as to the other ministers of Religion, monks as well as the regular clergy, by a people more enlightened than in former times. After all, it must be granted, that masters treat their pupils as they themselves were treated. One set of miserable beings are employed in forming a new set, frequently without suspecting what they are doing. All I aim at present to establish is this, That man has been committed to his own foresight; that all the ill which he does to his fellow-creatures, recoils, sooner or later, upon himself. This re-action is the only counterpoise capable of bringing him back to humanity.

tion, from *Guillery* down to *Desfrues*. But, to take leave, once for all of this horrid perspective, I conclude with a single reflection: namely, if human nature were corrupted, as is alleged by those who arrogate to themselves the power of reforming it, children could not fail to add a new corruption, to that which they find already introduced into the World, upon their arrival in it. Human Society would, accordingly, speedily reach the term of it's dissolution. But children, on the contrary, protract, and put off that fatal period, by the introduction of new and untainted souls. It requires a long apprenticeship to inspire them with a taste for our passions and extravagancies. New generations resemble the dews and the rains of Heaven, which refresh the waters of rivers, slackened in their course, and tending to corruption: change the sources of a river, and you will change it in the stream; change the education of a People, and you will change their character and their manners.

We shall hazard a few ideas on a subject of so much importance, and shall look for the indications of them in Nature. On examining the nest of a bird, we find in it, not only the nutriments

sity. All the Sciences are still in a state of infancy; but that of rendering men happy has not, as yet, so much as seen the light, not even in China, whose politics are so far superior to ours.

which

which are most agreeable to the young, but, from the softness of the downs with which it is lined ; from it's situation, whereby it is sheltered from the cold, from the rain, and from the wind ; and from a multitude of other precautions, it is easy to discern that those who constructed it, collected around their brood, all the intelligence, and all the benevolence, of which they were capable. The father, too, sings at a little distance from their cradle, prompted rather, as I suppose, by the solitudes of paternal affection, than by those of conjugal love ; for this last sentiment expires, in most, as soon as the process of hatching begins. If we were to examine, under the same aspect, the schools of the young of the human species, we should have a very indifferent idea of the affection of their parents. Rods, whips, stripes, cries, tears, are the first lessons given to human life : we have here and there, it is true, a glimpse of reward, amidst so many chastisements ; but, symbol of what awaits them in Society, the pain is real, and the pleasure only imaginary.

It is worthy of being remarked that, of all the species of sensible beings, the human species is the only one, whose young are brought up, and instructed, by dint of blows. I would not wish for any other proof, of an original depravation of Mankind. The European brood, in this respect, surpasses

surpasses all the Nations of the Globe; as they likewise do in wickedness. We have already observed, on the testimony of missionaries themselves, with what gentleness Savages rear their children, and what affection the children bear to their parents in return.

The Arabs extend their humanity to the very horses; they never beat them; they manage them by means of kindness and caresses, and render them so docile, that there are no animals of the kind, in the whole World, once to be compared with them in beauty and in goodness. They do not fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitation, to which they come running the moment that they hear the sound of the master's voice. Those tractable animals resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting them in the slightest degree. If the rider happens to fall while a-courting, his horse stands still instantly, and never stirs till he has mounted again. These people, by means of the irresistible influence of a mild education, have acquired the art of rendering their horses the first couriers of the universe.

It is impossible to read, without being melted into tears, what is related on this subject, by the
virtuous

virtuous Consul *d'Hervieux*, in his journey to Mount Lebanon. The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the Desert consisted of a most beautiful mare. The French Consul at Saïd offered to purchase her, with an intention to send her to his master *Louis XIV.* The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time; but, at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum, which he named. The Consul, not daring, without instructions, to give so high a price, wrote to Versailles for permission to close the bargain on the terms stipulated. *Louis XIV.* gave orders to pay the money. The Consul immediately sent notice to the Arab, who soon after made his appearance, mounted on his magnificent courser, and the gold which he had demanded was paid down to him. The Arab, covered with a miserable rug, dismounts, looks at the money; then, turning his eyes to the mare, he sighs, and thus accosts her: "To whom am I going to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable: return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!" As he pronounced these words, he sprung upon her back, and scampered off toward the Desert.

If, with us, fathers beat their children, it is because they love them not; if they send them abroad
to

to nurse, as soon as they come into the World, it is because they love them not ; if they place them, as soon as they have acquired a little growth, in boarding-schools and colleges, it is because they love them not ; if they procure for them situations out of their State, out of their Province, it is because they love them not : if they keep them at a distance from themselves, at every epoch of life, it must undoubtedly be, because they look upon them as their heirs.

I have been long enquiring into the cause of this unnatural sentiment, but not in our books ; for the Authors of these, in the view of paying court to fathers, who buy their Works, insist only on the duties of children ; and if, sometimes, they bring forward those of fathers, the discipline which they recommend to them, respecting their children, is so gloomy and severe, that it looks as if they were furnishing parents with new means of rendering themselves hateful to their offspring.

This parental apathy is to be imputed to the disorderly state of our manners, which has stifled among us all the sentiments of Nature. Among the Ancients, and even among Savages, the perspective of social life presented to them a series of employments, from infancy up to old age, which, among them, was the era of the higher magistracies,

cies, and of the priesthood. The hopes of their religion, at that period, interposed to terminate an honourable career, and concluded with rendering the plan of their life conformable to that of Nature. Thus it was that they always kept up in the soul of their citizens, that perspective of infinity which is so natural to the heart of Man. But venality, and debauched manners, having subverted, among us, the order of Nature, the only age of human existence which has preserved it's rights, is that of youth and love. This is the epoch to which all the citizens direct their thoughts. Among the Ancients, the aged bare rule ; but with us, the young people assume the government. The old are constrained to retire from all public employment. Their dear children then pay them back the fruits of the education which they had received from them.

Hence, therefore, it comes to pass, that a father and mother restricting, with us, the epoch of their felicity to the middle period of life, cannot, without uneasiness, behold their children approaching toward it, just in proportion as they themselves are withdrawing from it. As their faith is almost, or altogether extinguished, Religion administers to them no consolation. They behold nothing but death closing their perspective. This point of view renders them sullen, harsh, and, frequently, cruel.

This

This is the reason that, with us, parents do not love their children, and that our old people affect so many frivolous tastes, to bring themselves nearer to a generation which is repelling them.

Another consequence of the same state of manners is, that we have nothing of the spirit of patriotism among us. The Ancients, on the contrary, had a great deal of it. They proposed to themselves a noble recompense in the present, but one still much more noble in the future. The Romans, for example, had oracles which promised to their City that she should become the Capital of the World, and she actually became so. Each citizen, in particular, flattered himself with the hope of exercising an influence over her destiny, and of presiding, one day, as a tutelary deity, over that of his own posterity. Their highest ambition was to see their own age honoured and distinguished above every other age of the Republic. Those, among us, who have any ambition that regards futurity, restrict it to the being themselves distinguished by the age in which they live, for their knowledge or their philosophy. In this, nearly, terminates our natural ambition, directed, as it is, by our mode of education.

The Ancients employed their thoughts in prognosticating the character and condition of their posterity ;

posterity; and we revolve what our Ancestors were. They looked forward, and we look backward. We are, in the State, like passengers embarked, against their will, on board a vessel; we look toward the poop, and not to the prow; to the land from which we are taking our departure, and not to that on which we hope to arrive. We collect, with avidity, Gothic manuscripts, monuments of chivalry, the medallions of *Childeric*; we pick up, with ardour, all the worn out fragments of the ancient fabric of our State vessel. We pursue them in a backward direction, as far as the eye can carry us. Nay, we extend this solicitude about Antiquity, to monuments which are foreign to us; to those of the Greeks and Romans. They are, like our own, the wrecks of their vessels, which have perished on the vast Ocean of Time, without being able to get forward to us. They would have been accompanying us, nay, they would have been out-failing us, had skilful pilots always stood at the helm. It is still possible to distinguish them from their shattered fragments. From the simplicity of her construction, and the lightness of her frame, that must have been the Spartan Frigate. She was made to swim eternally; but she had no bottom; she was overtaken by a dreadful tempest; and the Helots were incapable of restoring the equilibrium. From the loftiness of her quarter-galleries, you there distinguish the remains of the mighty first-

rate of proud Rome. She was unable to support the weight of her unwieldy turrets; her cumbersome and ponderous upper-works overset her. The following inscriptions might be engraved on the different rocks against which they have made shipwreck :

LOVE OF CONQUEST.

Accumulation of Property. Venality of Employments.

AND, ABOVE ALL :

CONTEMPT OF THE PEOPLE.

The billows of Time still roar over their enormous wrecks, and separate from them detached planks, which they scatter among modern Nations, for their instruction. Those ruins seem to address them thus : “ We are the remains of the ancient
“ government of the Tuscans, of Dardanus, and
“ of the grand-children of Numitor. The States
“ which they have transmitted to their descendants
“ still support Nations of Mankind; but they no
“ longer have the same languages, nor the same
“ religions, nor the same civil dynasties. Divine
“ Providence, in order to save men from ship-
“ wreck, has drowned the pilots, and dashed the
“ ships to pieces.”

We admire, on the contrary, in our frivolous Sciences, their conquests, their vast and useless
buildings,

buildings, and all the monuments of their luxury; which are the very rocks on which they perished. See, to what our studies, and our patriotism, are leading us. If posterity is taken up with the Ancients, it is because the Ancients laboured for posterity: but if we do nothing for ours, assuredly they will pay no attention to us. They will talk incessantly, as we do, about the Greeks and Romans, without wasting a single thought upon their fathers.

Instead of falling into raptures, over Greek and Roman Medallions, half devoured by the teeth of Time, would it not be fully as agreeable, and much more useful, to direct our views, and employ our conjectures, on the subject of our fresh, lively, plump children, and to try to discover in their several inclinations, who are to be the future co-operators in the service of their Country? Those who, in their childish sports, are fond of building, will one day rear her monuments. Among those who take delight in managing their boyish skirmishes, will be formed the *Epaminondas*es and the *Scipio*s of future times. Those who are seated upon the grass, the calm spectators of the sports of their companions, will, in due time, become excellent Magistrates, and Philosophers, the complete masters of their own passions. Those who, in their restless course, love to withdraw from the rest, will be

noted travellers, and founders of colonies, who shall carry the manners, and the language, of France, to the Savages of America, or into the interior of Africa itself.

If we are kind to our children, they will bless our memory; they will transmit, unaltered, our customs, our fashions, our education, our government, and every thing that awakens the recollection of us, to the very latest posterity. We shall be to them beneficent deities, who have wrought their deliverance from Gothic barbarism. We should gratify the innate taste of infinity, still better, by launching our thoughts into a futurity of two thousand years, than into a retrospect of the same distance. This manner of viewing, more conformable to our divine nature, would fix our benevolence on sensible objects which do exist, and which still are to exist *. We should secure to
ourselves,

* There is a sublime character in the Works of the DIVINITY. They are not only perfect in themselves, but they are always in a progressive state toward perfection. We have suggested some thoughts respecting this Law, in speaking of the harmonies of plants. A young plant is of more value than the seed which produced it; a tree bearing flowers and fruits is more valuable than the young plant; finally, a tree is never more beautiful than when, declined into years, it is surrounded with a forest of young trees, sprouted up out of its seeds. The same thing holds good as to Man. The state of an embryo is
superior

ourselves, as a support to an old age of sadness and neglect, the gratitude of the generation which is advancing to replace us ; and, by providing for their happiness and our own, we should combine all the means in our power, toward promoting the good of our Country.

In order to contribute my little mite toward so blessed a revolution, I shall hazard a few more hasty ideas. I proceed on the supposition, then, that I am empowered to employ usefully a part of the twelve years, which our young people waste at schools and colleges. I reduce the whole time of their education to three epochs, consisting of three years each. The first should commence at the age of seven years, as among the Lacedemonians, and

superior to that of a non-entity ; that of infancy to the embryo ; adolescence is preferable to infancy ; and youth, the season of loves, more important than adolescence. Man, in a state of maturity, the head of a family, is preferable to a young man. The old age which encircles him with a numerous posterity ; which, from it's experience, introduces him into the counsels of Nations ; which suspends in him the dominion of the passions, only to give more energy to that of reason : the old age which seems to rank him among superior beings, from the multiplied hopes which the practice of virtue, and the Laws of Providence, have bestowed upon him, is of more value, than all the other ages of life put together. I could wish it were so with the maturity of France, and that the age of *Louis XVI.* might surpass all that have preceded it.

even earlier : a child is susceptible of a patriotic education, as soon as he is able to speak, and to walk. The second shall begin with the period of adolescence ; and the third end with it, toward the age of sixteen, an age when a young man may begin to be useful to his Country, and to assume a profession.

I would begin with disposing, in a central situation, in Paris, a magnificent edifice, constructed internally in form of a circular amphitheatre, divided into ascending rows. The masters, to be entrusted with the charge of the national education, should be stationed below, in the centre ; and above, I would have several rows of galleries, in order to multiply places for the auditors. On the outside, and quite round the building, I would have wide porticos, story above story, for the reception and accommodation of the People. On a pediment, over the grand entrance, these words might be inscribed :

NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

I have no need to mention, that as the children pass three years in each epoch of their education, one of these edifices would be requisite for the instruction of the generation of the year, which re-
stricts

stricts to nine the number of monuments destined to the general education of the Capital.

Round each of these amphitheatres, there should be a great park, strewed with the plants and trees of the Country, scattered about without artificial arrangement, as in the fields and the woods. We should there behold the primrose and the violet shining around the root of the oak ; the apple and pear-tree blended with the elm and the beech. The bowers of innocence should be no less interesting than the tombs of virtue.

If I have expressed a wish, to have monuments raised to the glory of those by whom our climate has been enriched with exotic plants, it is not that I prefer these to the plants of our own Country, but it is in the view of rendering to the memory of those citizens, a part of the gratitude which we owe to Nature. Besides, the most common plants in our plains, independent of their utility, are those which recal to us the most agreeable sensations : they do not transport us beyond seas, as foreign plants do ; but recal us home, and restore us to ourselves. The feathered sphere of the dandelion brings to my recollection the places where, seated on the grass with children of my own age, we endeavoured to sweep off, by one whiff of breath, all its plumage, without leaving a single tuft be-

hind. Fortune, in like manner, has blown upon us, and has scattered abroad our downy-pinioned circles over the face of the whole earth. I call to remembrance, on seeing certain gramineous plants in the ear, the happy age when we conjugated on their alternate ramifications, the different tenses and moods of the verb *aimer* (to love). We trembled at hearing our companions finish, after all the various inflexions, with, *je ne vous aime plus*, (I no longer love you). The finest flowers are not always those for which we conceive the highest affection. The moral sentiment determines, at the long run, all our physical tastes. The plants which seem to me the most unfortunate, are, at this day, those which awaken in me the most lively interest. I frequently fix my attention on a blade of grass, at the top of an old wall, or on a scabious, tossed about by the winds in the middle of a plain. Oftener than once, at sight, in a foreign land, of an apple-tree without flowers, and without fruit, have I exclaimed: "Ah! why has Fortune denied to thee, as she has done to me, a little earth
" in thy native land?"

The plants of our Country, recal the idea of it to us, wherever we may be, in a manner still more affecting than it's monuments. I would spare no cost, therefore, to collect them around the children of the Nation. I would make their school a spot
charming

charming as their tender age, that when the injustice of their patrons, of their friends, of their relations, of fortune, may have crushed to pieces in their hearts all the ties of Country, the place in which their childhood had enjoyed felicity, might be still their Capitol.

I would decorate it with pictures. Children, as well as the vulgar, prefer painting to sculpture, because this last presents to them too many beauties of convention. They do not love figures completely white, but with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, like their images in plaster. They are more struck with colours than with forms. I could wish to exhibit to them the portraits of our infant Kings. *Cyrus*, brought up with the children of his own age, formed them into heroes; ours should be educated, at least, with the images of our Sovereigns. They would assume, at sight of them, the first sentiments of the attachment which they owe to the Fathers of their Country.

I would present them with pictures after religious subjects; not such as are terrifying, and which are calculated to excite Man to repentance; but those which have a tendency to encourage innocence. Such would be that of the Virgin, holding the infant *JESUS* in her arms. Such would be that of *JESUS* himself in the midst of children, displaying

playing in their attitudes, and in their features, the simplicity and the confidence of their age, and such as *Le Sueur* would have painted them. Beneath, there might be inscribed these words of JESUS CHRIST himself :

Sinite parvulos ad me venire.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME.

Were it necessary to represent, in this school, any act of justice, there might be a painting of the fruitless fig-tree withering away at his command. It would exhibit the leaves of that tree curling up, it's branches twisting, it's bark cracking, and the whole plant, struck with terror, perishing under the malediction of the AUTHOR of Nature.

There might be inserted some simple and short inscription, from the Gospel, such as this :

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Or this :

COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT ARE HEAVY LADEN,

AND

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

And

And that maxim already necessary to the infant mind :

VIRTUE CONSISTS

IN PREFERRING

THE PUBLIC GOOD TO OUR OWN.

And that other :

IN ORDER TO BE VIRTUOUS,

A MAN

Must resist his Propensities, his Inclinations, his Tastes,

AND MAINTAIN

An incessant Conflict with himself.

But there are inscriptions to which hardly any attention is paid, and the meaning of which is of much higher importance to children ; these are their own names. Their names are inscriptions, which they carry with them wherever they go. It is impossible to conceive the influence which they have upon their natural character. Our name is the first and the last possession which is at our own disposal ; it determines, from the days of infancy, our inclinations ; it employs our attention through life, nay, transports us beyond the grave. I have still a name left, is the reflection. It is a name that ennobles, or dishonours the earth. The rocks of Greece, and of Italy, are neither more ancient, nor more beautiful, than those of the other parts of

of

of the World ; but we esteem them more, because they are dignified by more beautiful names. A medal is nothing but a bit of copper, frequently eaten with rust, but it acquires value from being decorated by an illustrious name.

I could wish, therefore, to have children distinguished by interesting names. A lad fathers himself upon his name. If it inclines toward any vice, or if it furnishes matter for ridicule, as many of ours do, his mind takes a bias from it. *Bayle* remarks, that a certain Inquisitor, named *TORRE-CREMADA*, or the Burnt-Tower, had, in his lifetime, condemned I know not how many heretics to the flames. A Cordelier, of the name of *FEU-ARDENT* (Ardent-Flame) is said to have done as much. There is a farther absurdity, in giving children, destined to peaceful occupations, turbulent and ambitious names, such as those of *Alexander* and *Cesar*. It is still more dangerous to give them ridiculous names. I have seen poor boys so tormented, on this account, by their companions, and even by their own parents, from the silly circumstance of a baptismal name, which implied some idea of simplicity and good-nature, that they insensibly acquired from it an opposite character of malignity and ferociousness. Instances of this are numerous. Two of our most satyrical Writers, in Theology and Poesy, were named, the one *BLAISE*
Pascal,

Pascal, and the other COLIN *Boileau*. *Colin* implies nothing sarcastic, said his father. That one word infused the spirit of sarcasm into him. The audacious villainy of *James CLEMENT*, took it's birth, perhaps, from some jest that passed upon his name.

Government, therefore, ought to interpose in the business of giving names to children, as they have an influence so tremendous on the characters of the citizens. I could wish, likewise, that to their baptismal name might be added a surname of some family, rendered illustrious by virtue, as the Romans did; this species of adoption would attach the little to the great, and the great to the little. There were, at Rome, *Scipios* without number, in Plebeian families. We might revive, in like manner, among our commonalty, the names of our illustrious families, such as the *Fenelons*, the *Catinats*, the *Montausiers*, and the like.

I would not make use, in this school, of noisy bells, to announce the different exercises, but of the sound of flutes, of hautboys, and of bag-pipes. Every thing they learned should be versified, and set to music. The influence of these two arts united is beyond all conception. I shall produce some examples of it, taken from the Legislation of a People, whose police was the best, perhaps, in
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the World; I mean that of Sparta. Hear what *Plutarch* says on the subject, in his life of *Lycurgus*. “*Lycurgus*, then, having taken leave of his Country,” (to escape the calumnies which were the reward of his virtues) “directed his course, first, towards Candia, where he studied the Cretan laws and government, and made an acquaintance with the principal men of the Country. Some of their laws he much approved, and resolved to make use of them in his own Country; others he rejected. Amongst the persons there, the most renowned for ability and wisdom, in political affairs, was *Thales*, whom *Lycurgus*, by repeated importunities, and assurances of friendship, at last persuaded to go over to Lacedemon. When he came thither, though he professed only to be a lyric poet, in reality he performed the part of the ablest legislator. The very songs which he composed, were pathetic exhortations to obedience and concord; and the sweetness of the music, and the cadence of the verse, had so powerful, and so pleasing an effect, upon the hearers, that they were insensibly softened and civilized; and, at last, renouncing their mutual feuds and animosities, united in the love of humanity and good order. So that it may truly be said, that *Thales* prepared the way for *Lycurgus*, by disposing the People to receive his institutions.”

Lycurgus

Lycurgus farther introduced among them the use of music, in various species of exercise, and, among others, into the art of war *. “ When their army
“ was drawn up, and the enemy near, the King
“ sacrificed a goat, commanded the soldiers to set
“ their garlands upon their heads, and the musicians to play the tune of the Hymn to *Castor*, and
“ he himself advancing forwards, began the Pæan,
“ which served for a signal to fall on. It was at
“ once a solemn and a terrible sight, to see them
“ march on to the combat, cheerfully and sedately,
“ without any disorder in their ranks, or discom-
“ posure in their minds, measuring their steps by
“ the music of their flutes. Men in this temper
“ were not likely to be possessed with fear, or
“ transported with fury ; but they proceeded with
“ a deliberate valour, and confidence of success,
“ as if some divinity had sensibly assisted them.”

Thus, considering the difference of modern Nations, music would serve to repress their courage, rather than to excite it ; and they had no occasion, for that purpose, of bears-skin caps, nor of brandy, nor of drums.

If music and poetry had so much power at Sparta, to recal corrupted men to the practice of

* *Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.*

virtue, and afterwards to govern them; what influence would they not have over our children in the age of innocence? Who could ever forget the sacred Laws of Morality, were they set to music, and in verses as enchanting as those of the *Devin du Village*? From familiar institutions, there might be produced, among us, Poets as sublime as the sage *Thales*, or as *Tyrtæus*, who composed the Hymn of *Castor*.

These arrangements being made for our children, the first branch of their education should be Religion. I would begin with talking to them about God, in the view of engaging them to fear and love Him, but to fear Him, without making Him an object of terror to them. Terrifying views of God generate superstition, and inspire horrible apprehensions of priests and of death. The first precept of Religion is to love God. *Love, and do what you will*, was the saying of a Saint. We are enjoined by Religion to love Him above all things. We are encouraged to address ourselves to Him as to a Father. If we are commanded to fear Him, it is only with a relation to the love which we owe Him; because we ought to be afraid of offending the person whom we are bound to love. Besides, I am very far from thinking, that a child is incapable of having any idea of God before fourteen years of age, as has been advanced by a Writer whom,

whom, in other respects, I love. Do we not convey to the youngest children, sentiments of fear, and of aversion, for metaphysical objects, which have no existence? Wherefore should they not be inspired with confidence and love for the Being who fills universal Nature with his beneficence? Children have not the ideas of GOD such as are taught by systems of Theology and Philosophy; but they are perfectly capable of having the sentiment of him, which, as we have seen, is the reason of Nature. This very sentiment has been exalted among them, during the time of the Crusades, to such a height of fervor, as to induce multitudes of them to assume the Cross for the conquest of the Holy Land. Would to God I had preserved the sentiment of the existence of the Supreme Being, and of his principal attributes, as pure as I had it in my earliest years! It is the heart, still more than the understanding, that Religion demands. And which heart, I beseech you, is most filled with the DEITY, and the most agreeable in his sight; that of the child who, elevated with the sentiment of Him, raises his innocent hands to Heaven, as he stammers out his prayer, or of the schoolman, who pretends to explain His Nature.

It is very eafy to communicate to children ideas
of GOD, and of virtue. The daifies fpringing up

VOL. IV. z among

among the grafs, the fruits fufpended on the trees of their enclosure, fhould be their firft leffons in Theology, and their firft exercifes of abftinence, and of obedience to the Laws. Their minds might be fixed on the principal object of Religion, by the pure and fimple recitation of the life of JESUS CHRIST in the Gospel. They would learn in their Creed, all that they can know of the nature of God, and in the *Pater-nofter*, every thing that they can ask of Him.

It is worthy of remark, that of all the Sacred Books, there is no one which children take in with fo much facility as the Gospel. It would be proper to habituate them betimes, in a particular manner, to perform the actions which are there enjoined, without vain glory, and without any refpect to human obfervation or applaufe. They ought to be trained up, therefore, in the habit of preventing each other in acts of friendship, in mutual deference, and in good offices of every kind.

All the children of citizens fhould be admitted into this National School, without making a fingle exception. I would infift only on the moft perfect cleanliness, were they, in other refpects, drefled but in patches fewed together. There you might fee the child of a man of quality, attended by his governor, arrive in an equipage, and take his place
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by the side of a peasant's child, leaning on his little stick, dressed in canvas, in the very middle of winter, and carrying, in a fatchel, his little books, and his slice of brown bread, for the provision of the whole day. Thus they would both learn to know each other, before they came to be separated for ever. The child of the rich man would be instructed to impart of his superfluity, to him who is frequently destined to support the affluent out of his own necessary pittance. These children, of all ranks, crowned with flowers, and distributed into choirs, would assist in our public processions. Their age, their order, their songs, and their innocence, would present, in these, a spectacle more august, than the lackeys of the Great bearing the coats of arms of their masters pasted to wax-tapers, and beyond all contradiction, much more affecting than the hedges of soldiers and bayonets with which, on such occasions, a God of Peace is encompassed.

In this school, children might be taught to read and to cipher. Ingenious men have, for this effect, contrived boards, and methods simple, prompt, and agreeable; but schoolmasters have been at great pains to render them useless, because they destroyed their empire, and made education proceed faster than was consistent with their emolument. If you wish children to learn quickly to

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read,

read, put a sugar-plumb over each of their letters ; they will soon have their alphabet by heart ; and if you multiply or diminish the number of them, they will soon become arithmeticians. However that may be, they shall have profited wonderfully in this school of their Country, should they leave it without having learned to read, write, and cipher ; but deeply penetrated with this one truth, that to read, write, and cipher, and all the Sciences in the World, are mere nothings ; but that to be sincere, good, obliging ; to love God and Man, is the only Science worthy of the human heart.

At the second era of education, which I suppose to be about the age of from ten to twelve, when their intellectual powers restlessly stir, and press forward, to the imitation of every thing that they see done by others, I would have them instructed in the means which men employ in making provision for the wants of Society. I would not pretend to teach them the five hundred and thirty arts and handicrafts which are carried on at Paris, but those only which are subservient to the first necessities of human life, such as agriculture, the different processes employed in making bread, the arts which, in the pride of our hearts, we denominate mechanical, such as those of spinning flax and hemp, of weaving these into cloth, and that of building houses. To these I would join the elements

ments of the natural Sciences, in which those various handicrafts originated, the elements of Geometry, and the experiments of Natural Philosophy, which have invented nothing in this respect, but which explain their processes with much pomp and parade.

I would, likewise, have them made acquainted with the liberal arts, such as those of drawing, of architecture, of fortification, not in the view of making painters of them, or architects, or engineers, but to shew them in what manner their habitation is constructed, and how their Country is defended. I would make them observe, as an antidote to the vanity which the Sciences inspire, that Man, amidst such a variety of arts and operations, has imagined no one thing; that he has imitated, in all his productions, either the skill of the animal creation, or the operations of Nature; that his industry is a testimony of the misery to which he is condemned, whereby he is laid under the necessity of maintaining an incessant conflict against the elements, against hunger and thirst, against his fellow men, and, what is most difficult of all, against himself. I would make them sensible of these relations of the truths of Religion, with those of Nature; and I would thus dispose them to love the class of useful men, who are continually providing for their wants.

I would always endeavour, in the course of this education, to make the exercises of the body go hand in hand with those of the mind. Accordingly, while they were acquiring the knowledge of the useful arts, I would have them taught Latin. I would not teach it them metaphysically and grammatically, as in our colleges, and which is forgotten much faster than it was attained, but they should learn it practically. Thus it is that the Polish peasantry acquire it, who speak it fluently all their life-time, though they have never been at college. They speak it in a very intelligible manner, as I know by experience, having travelled through their Country. The use of that language has been, I imagine, propagated among them, by certain exiles from ancient Rome, perhaps *Ovid*, who was sent into banishment among the Sarmatians, their Ancestors, and for the memory of which Poet they still preserve the highest veneration. It is not, say our *Literati*, the Latin of *Cicero*. But what is that to the purpose? It is not because these peasants have not a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue, that they are incapable of speaking the language of *Cicero*; but because, being slaves, they do not understand the language of liberty. Our French peasants would not comprehend the best translations which could be made of that Author, were they the production even of the University. But a Savage of Canada would
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take them in perfectly, and better than many Professors of eloquence. It is the tone of soul of the person who listens, which gives the comprehension of the language of him who speaks. A project was once formed, I think under *Louis XIV.* of building a city, in which no language but Latin was to have been spoken. This must have inconceivably facilitated the study of that tongue ; but the University, undoubtedly, would not have found it's account in it. Whatever may be in this, I am well assured, that two years, at most, are sufficient for the children of the National School, to learn the Latin by practice, especially if, in the lectures which they attended, extracts were given from the lives of great men, French and Roman, written in good Latin, and afterwards well explained.

In the third period of Education, nearly about the age when the passions begin to take flight, I would shew, to ingenuous youth, the pure and gentle language of them, in the Eclogues and Georgics of *Virgil*; the philosophy of them, in some of the Odes of *Horace*; and pictures of their corruption, taken from *Tacitus* and *Suetonius*. I would finish the painting of the hideous excesses into which they plunge Mankind, by exhibiting passages from some Historian of the Lower Empire. I would make them remark how talents,

taste, knowledge, and eloquence, sunk at once among the Ancients, together with manners and virtue. I would be very careful not to fatigue my pupils with reading of this sort ; I would point out to them only the more poignant passages, in order to excite in them a desire to know the rest. My aim should be, not to lead them through a course of *Virgil*, of *Horace*, and of *Tacitus*, but a real course of classical learning, by uniting in their studies whatever men of genius have considered as best adapted to the perfecting of human nature.

I would likewise have them practically instructed in the knowledge of the Greek tongue, which is on the point of going into total disuse among us. I would make them acquainted with *Homer*, *principium sapientiæ & fons*, (the original source of Wisdom) as *Horace*, with perfect propriety calls him ; with *Herodotus*, the father of History ; with some maxims from the sublime book of *Marcus Aurelius*. I would endeavour to make them sensible how, at all times, talents, virtues, great men, and States, flourished together, with confidence in the Divine Providence. But, in order to communicate greater weight to these eternal truths, I would intermingle with them, the enchanting studies of Nature, of which they had hitherto seen only some faint sketches in the greatest Writers.

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I would make them remark the disposition of this Globe, suspended, in a most incomprehensible manner, upon nothing, with an infinite number of different Nations in motion over it's solid, and over it's liquid surface. I would point out to them, in each climate, the principal plants which are useful to human life; the animals which stand related to those plants, and to their soil, without extending farther. I would then shew them the human race, who alone, of all sensible beings, are universally dispersed, mutually to assist each other, and to gather, at once, all the productions of Nature. I would let them see, that the interests of Princes are not different from those of other men; and that those of every Nation are the same with the interests of their Princes. I would speak of the different Laws by which the Nations are governed; I would lead them to an acquaintance with those of their own Country, of which most of our citizens are entirely ignorant. I would give them an idea of the principal religions which divide the Earth; and I would demonstrate to them, how highly preferable Christianity is to all the political Laws, and to all the religions of the World, because it alone aims at the felicity of the whole human race. I would make them sensible, that it is the Christian Religion which prevents the different ranks of Society from dashing themselves to pieces by mutual collision, and which gives them equal powers

powers of bearing up under the pressure of unequal weights. From these sublime considerations, the love of their Country would be kindled in those youthful hearts, and would acquire increasing ardor from the spectacle of her very calamities.

I would intermix these affecting speculations with exercises, useful, agreeable, and adapted to the vivacity of their time of life. I would have them taught to swim, not so much by way of security from danger, in the event of suffering shipwreck, as in the view of assisting persons, who may happen to be in that dreadful situation. Whatever particular advantage they might derive from their studies, I would never propose to them any other end, but the good of their fellow-creature. They would make a most wonderful progress in these, did they reap no other fruit except that of concord, and the love of Country.

In the beautiful season of the year, when the corn is reaped, about the beginning of September, I would lead them out into the country, embodied under various standards. I would present them with the image of war. I would make them lie on the grass, under the shade of forests: there, they should themselves prepare their own victuals; they should learn to attack, and to defend a post, to cross a river by swimming; they should learn the
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use of fire-arms, and, at the same time, to practise the evolutions borrowed from the tactics of the Greeks, who are our masters in every branch of knowledge. I would bring into disrepute, by means of these military exercises, the taste for fencing, which renders the soldiery formidable only to citizens, an art useless, and even hurtful in war, reprobated by all great Commanders, and derogatory to courage, as *Philopæmen* alleged. “In my “younger days,” says *Michael Montaigne*, “the “nobility disclaimed the praise of being skilful “fencers, as injurious to their character, and “learned that art by stealth, as a matter of trick, “inconsistent with real native valour*.” This art, generated in the same society, of the hatred of the lower classes to the higher, who oppress them, is an importation from Italy, where the military art exists no longer. It is this which keeps up the spirit of duelling among us. We have not derived that spirit from the Nations of the North, as so many Writers have taken upon them to assert. Duels are hardly known in Russia and in Prussia; and altogether unknown to the Savages of the North. Italy is their native soil, as may be gathered from the most celebrated treatises on fencing, and from the terms of that art, which are Italian, as *tierce*, *quarte*. It has been naturalized

* *Essays of Michael Montaigne*. Book ii. chap. 27.

among us, through the weakness and corruption of many women, who are far from being displeased with having a bully for a lover. To those moral causes, no doubt, we must ascribe that strange contradiction in our government, which prohibits duelling, and, at the same time, permits the public exercise of an art, which pretends to teach nothing else but how to fight duels*. The pupils trained in the National Schools should be taught to entertain a very different idea of courage; and in the course of their studies, they should perform a course of human life, in which they should be instructed in what manner they ought one day to demean themselves toward a fellow-citizen, and toward an enemy.

The season of youth would glide away agreeably and usefully, amidst such a number of employments. The mind and the body would expand

* Fencing-masters tell us that their art expands the body, and teaches to walk gracefully, Dancing-masters say the same thing of theirs. As a proof that they are mistaken, both these classes of gentlemen are readily distinguished by their affected manner of walking. A citizen ought to have neither the attitude nor the movements of a gladiator. But if the art of fencing be necessary, duelling ought to be permitted by public authority, in order to relieve persons of character from the cruel alternative of equally dishonouring themselves, by violating the Laws of the State and of Religion, or by observing them. In truth, worthless people are, among us, very much at their ease.

at one and the same time. The natural talents, frequently unknown in most men, would manifest themselves at sight of the different objects which might be presented to them. More than one *Achilles* would feel his blood all on fire on beholding a sword: more than one *Vaucanson*, at the aspect of a piece of machinery, would begin to meditate on the means of organizing wood or brass.

The attainment of all this various knowledge, I shall be told, will require a very considerable quantity of time: but, if we take into consideration that which is squandered away in our colleges, in the tiresome repetitions of lessons; in the grammatical decompositions and explications of the Latin tongue, which do not communicate to the scholar so much as facility in speaking it; and in the dangerous competitions of a vain ambition, it is impossible not to admit that we have been proposing to make a much better use of it. The scholars, every day, scribble over, in them, as much paper as so many attorneys*, so much the
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* I am persuaded, that if this plan of education, indigested as it is, were to be adopted, one of the greatest obstacles to the universal renovation of our knowledge and morals would be, not Regents, not academical Institutions, not University Privileges, not the square caps of Doctors. It would come from the Paper Merchants, one of whose principal branches of commerce would
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more unprofitably, that, thanks to the printing of the books, the versions, or themes, of which they copy, they have no occasion for all this irksome labour. But on what should the Regents themselves employ their own time, if the pupils did not waste theirs ?

In the National Schools, every thing would go on after the academic manner of the Greek Philosophers. The pupils should there pursue their studies, sometimes seated, sometimes standing; sometimes in the fields, at other times in the amphitheatre, or in the park which surrounded it. There would be no occasion for either pen, or paper, or ink; every one would bring with him only the classical book which might contain the subject of the lesson. I have had frequent experience that we forget what we commit to writing. That which I have conveyed to paper, I discharge from my memory, and very soon from my recollective faculty. I have become sensible of this with respect to complete Works, which I had fairly transcribed, and which appeared to me afterward as strange, as if they had been the production of a different hand from my own. This does not take place with re-

thereby be reduced to almost nothing. There might be devised happy and glorious compensations for the privileges of the Masters: but a money objection, in this venal age, seems to me absolutely unanswerable.

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gard to the impressions which the conversation of another leaves upon our mind, especially if it be accompanied with striking circumstances. The tone of voice, the gesture, the respect due to the orator, the reflections of the company, concur in engraving on the memory the words of a discourse, much better than writing does. I shall again quote, to this purpose, the authority of *Plutarch*, or rather that of *Lycurgus*.

“ But it is carefully to be remarked, that *Lycurgus*
 “ would never permit any one of his Laws to be
 “ committed to writing; it is accordingly expressly
 “ enjoined by one of the special statutes, which
 “ he calls *πρόρροι* (oracular, *pacta conventa*, Institutes)
 “ that none of his Institutes shall be copied; because
 “ whatever is of peculiar force and efficacy toward
 “ rendering a city happy and virtuous, it was his
 “ opinion, ought to be impressed by habitual cul-
 “ ture on the hearts and manners of men, in order
 “ to make the characters indelible. Good-will is
 “ more powerful than any other mode of constraint
 “ to which men can be subjected, for by means of
 “ it, every one becomes a Law unto himself*.”

The heads of our young people should not, then, be oppressed, in the National Schools, with

* *Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus*.

an unprofitable and prattling Science. Sometimes they should defend, among themselves, the cause of a citizen; sometimes they should deliver their opinion respecting a public event. They should pursue the process of an art through its whole course. Their eloquence would be a real eloquence, and their knowledge real knowledge. They should employ their minds on no abstruse Science, in no useless research, which are usually the fruit of pride. In the studies which I propose, every thing should bring us back to Society, to Concord, to Religion, and to Nature.

I have no need to suggest, that these several Schools should be decorated correspondently to their use, and that the exterior of them all should serve as walking places and asylums to the People, especially during the long and gloomy days of Winter. There they should every day behold spectacles more proper to inspire them with virtuous sentiments, and with the love of their country, I do not say than those of the Boulevards, or than the dances of Vauxhall, but even than the tragedies of *Corneille*.

There should be among those young people, no such thing as reward, nor punishment, nor emulation, and, consequently, no envy. The only punishment there inflicted should be, to banish from
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the assembly the person who should disturb it, and even that only for a time proportioned to the fault of the offender : and, withal, this should rather be an act of justice than a punishment ; for I would have no manner of shame to attach to that exile. But, if you wish to form an idea of such an assembly, conceive, instead of our young collegians, pale, pensive, jealous, trembling about the fate of their unfortunate compositions, a multitude of young persons gay, content, attracted by pleasure to vast circular halls, in which are erected, here and there, the statues of the illustrious men of Antiquity, and of their own Country : behold them all attentive to the master's lessons, assisting each other in comprehending them, in retaining them, and in replying to his unexpected questions. One tacitly suggests an answer to his neighbour : another makes an excuse for the negligence of his absent comrade.

Represent to yourself the rapid progress of studies elucidated by intelligent masters, and drunk in by pupils who are mutually assisting each other in fixing the impression of them. Figure to yourself Science spreading among them, as the flame in a pile, all the pieces of which are nicely adjusted, communicates from one to another, till the whole becomes one blaze. Observe among them, instead of a vain emulation, union, benevolence, friendship,

VOL. IV. A a

friendship, for an answer seasonably suggested, for an apology made in behalf of one absent by his comrades, and other little services rendered and repaid. The recollection of those early intimacies will farther unite them in the World, notwithstanding the prejudices of their various conditions.

At this tender age it is that gratitude and resentment become engraved, for the rest of life, as indelibly as the elements of Science and of Religion. It is not so in our colleges, where every scholar attempts to supplant his neighbour. I recollect that one exercise day, I found myself very much embarrassed, from having forgotten a Latin Author, out of which I had a page to translate. One of my neighbours obligingly offered to dictate to me the version which he had made from it. I accepted his services, with many expressions of acknowledgment. I accordingly copied his version, only changing a few words, that the Regent might not perceive it to be the same with my companion's; but that which he had given me was only a false copy of his own, and was filled with blunders so extravagant, that the Regent was astonished at it, and could not believe it, at first, to be my production, for I was a tolerably good scholar. I have not lost the recollection of that act of perfidy, though, in truth, I have forgotten others much more cruel which I have encountered since that period ;

riod; but the first age of human life is the season of resentments, and of grateful feelings, which are never to be effaced.

I recollect periods of time still more remote. When I went to school in frocks, I sometimes lost my books through heedlessness. I had a nurse named *Mary Talbot*, who bought me others with her own money, for fear of my being whipped at school. And, of a truth, the recollection of those petty services has remained so long, and so deeply imprinted on my heart, that I can truly affirm, no person in the World, my mother excepted, possessed my affection so uniformly, and so constantly. That good and poor creature frequently took a cordial interest in my useless projects for acquiring a fortune. I reckoned on repaying her with usury, in her old age, when she was in a manner destitute, the tender care which she took of my infancy; but scarcely has it been in my power to give her some trifling and inadequate tokens of my goodwill. I relate these recollections, traces of which every one of my Readers probably possesses, somewhat similar, and still more interesting, relating to himself, and to his own childhood, to prove to what a degree the early season of life would be naturally the era of virtue and of gratitude, were it not frequently depraved among us, through the faultiness of our institutions.

But, before we could pretend to establish these National Schools, we must have men formed to preside in them. I would not have them chosen from among those who are most powerfully recommended. The more recommendations they might have, the more would they be given to intrigue, and, consequently, the less would be their virtue. The enquiry made concerning them ought not to be, Is he a wit, a bright man, a Philosopher? But, Is he fond of children? Does he frequent the unfortunate rather than the great? Is he a man of sensibility? Does he possess virtue? With persons of such a character, we should be furnished with masters proper for conducting the public education. Besides, I could wish to change the appellation of Master and Doctor, as harsh and lofty. I would have their titles to import the friends of childhood, the fathers of the Country; and these I would have expressed by beautiful Greek names, in order to unite to the respect due to their functions, the mysteriousness of their titles. Their condition, as being destined to form citizens for the Nation, should be, at least, as noble, and as distinguished, as that of the Squires who manage hordes in the Courts of Princes. A titled magistrate should preside every day in each school. It would be very becoming, that the magistrates should cause to be trained up, under their own eyes, to justice, and to the Laws, the children whom

whom they are one day to judge and to govern as men. Children, likewise, are citizens in miniature. A nobleman of the highest rank, and of the most eminent accomplishments, should have the general superintendence of these National Schools, more important, beyond all contradiction, than that of the studs of the kingdom; and to the end that men of letters, given to low flattery, might not be tempted to insert in the public papers, the days on which he was to *vouchsafe* to make his visits to them, this sublime duty should have no revenue annexed to it, and the only honour that could possibly be claimed, should be that of presiding.

Would to God it were in my power to conciliate the education of women to that of men, as at Sparta! But our manners forbid it. I do not believe, however, that there could be any great inconveniency in associating, in early life, the children of both sexes. Their society communicates mutual grace; besides, the first elements of civil life, of religion, and of virtue, are the same for the one and for the other. This first epoch excepted, young women should learn nothing of what men ought to know; not that they are to remain always in ignorance of it, but that they may receive instruction with increased pleasure, and one day find teachers in their lovers. There is this moral

difference between man and woman, that the man owes himself to his country, and the woman is devoted to the felicity of one man alone. A young woman will never attain this end, but by acquiring a relish for the employments suitable to her sex. To no purpose would you give her a complete course of the Sciences, and make her a Theologian or a Philosopher: a husband does not love to find either a rival or an instructor in his wife. Books and masters, with us, blight betimes in a young female, virgin ignorance, that flower of the soul, which a lover takes such delight in gathering. They rob a husband of the most delicious charm of their union, of those inter-communications of amorous science, and native ignorance, so proper for filling up the long days of married life. They destroy those contrasts of character which Nature has established between the two sexes, in order to produce the most lovely of harmonies.

These natural contrasts are so necessary to love, that there is not a single female celebrated for the attachment with which she inspired her lovers, or her husband, who has been indebted for her empire to any other attractions than the amusements or the occupations peculiar to her sex, from the age of *Penelope* down to the present. We have them of all ranks, and of all characters, but not one of them learned. Such of them as have merited

rited this description, have likewise been, almost all of them, unfortunate in love, from *Sappho* down to *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, and even still nearer to us. It should be, then, by the side of her mother, of her father, of her brothers and sisters, that a young woman ought to derive instruction respecting her future duties of mother and wife. In her father's house it is that she ought to learn a multitude of domestic arts, at this day unknown to our highly bred dames.

I have oftener than once, in the course of this Work, spoken in high terms of the felicity enjoyed in Holland; however, as I only passed through that country, I have but a slight acquaintance with their domestic manners. This much, nevertheless, I know, that the women there are constantly employed in household affairs, and that the most undisturbed concord reigns in families. But I enjoyed, at Berlin, an image of the charms which those manners, held in such contempt among us, are capable of diffusing over domestic life. A friend whom Providence raised up for me in that city, where I was an entire stranger, introduced me to a society of young ladies; for, in Prussia, these assemblies are held, not in the apartments of the married women, but of their daughters. This custom is kept up in all the families which have not been corrupted by the manners of our French

officers, who were prisoners there in the last war. It is customary, then, for the young ladies of the same society to invite each other, by turns, to assemblies, which they call coffee parties. They are generally kept on Thursdays. They go, accompanied by their mothers, to the apartments of her who has given the invitation. She treats them with creamed coffee, and every kind of pastry and comfits, prepared by her own hand. She presents them, in the very depth of Winter, with fruits of all sorts, preserved in sugar, in colours, in verdure, and in perfume, apparently as fresh as if they were hanging on the tree. She receives from her companions thousands of compliments, which she repays with interest.

But, by and by, she displays other talents. Sometimes she unrolls a large piece of tapestry, on which she labours night and day, and exhibits forests of willows, always green, which she herself has planted, and rivulets of mohair, which she has set a-flowing with her needle. At other times, she weds her voice to the sounds of a harpsichord, and seems to have collected into her chamber all the songsters of the grove. She requests her companions to sing in their turn. Then it is you hear elegium upon elegium. The mothers, enraptured with delight, applaud themselves in secret, like *Niobe*, on the praises given to their daughters :

Pertentant

Pertentant gaudia pectus: (the bosom glows with joy.) Some officers, booted, and in their uniform, having slipped away by stealth from the exercises of the parade, step in to enjoy, amidst this lovely circle, some moments of delightful tranquility; and while each of the young females hopes to find in one of them her protector and her friend, each of the men sighs after the partner who is one day to soothe, by the charm of domestic talents, the rigour of military labours. I never saw any country, in which the youth of both sexes discovered greater purity of manners, and in which marriages were more happy.

There is no occasion, however, to have recourse to strangers, for proofs of the power of love over sanctity of manners. I ascribe the innocence of those of our own peasantry, and their fidelity in wedlock, to their being able, very early in life, to give themselves up to this honourable sentiment. It is love which renders them content with their painful lot: it even suspends the miseries of slavery. I have frequently seen, in the Isle of France, black people, after being exhausted by the fatigues of the day, set off, as the night approached, to visit their mistresses, at the distance of three or four leagues. They keep their assignation in the midst of the woods, at the foot of a rock, where they kindle a fire; they dance together a great part of the

the night, to the found of their *tamtam*, and return to their labour before day-break, contented, full of vigour, and as fresh as those who have slept soundly all night long: such is the power possessed by the moral affections, which combine with this sentiment, over the physical organization. The night of the lover diffuses a charm over the day of the slave.

We have, in Scripture, a very remarkable instance to this effect; it is in the book of Genesis; “*Jacob*,” it is there written, “served seven years for *Rachel*; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her*.” I am perfectly aware that our politicians, who set no value on any thing but gold and titles, have no conception of all this; but I am happy in being able to inform them, that no one ever better understood the Laws of Nature than the Authors of the Sacred Books, and that on the Laws of Nature only, can those of happily ordered Societies be established.

I could wish, therefore, that our young people might have it in their power to cultivate the sentiment of love, in the midst of their labours, as *Jacob* did. No matter at what age; as soon as

* Genesis, chap. xxix. ver. 20.

we are capable of feeling, we are capable of loving. Honourable love suspends pain, banishes languor, saves from prostitution, from the errors and the restlessness of celibacy : it fills life with a thousand delicious perspectives, by displaying, in futurity, the most desirable of unions : it augments, in the heart of two youthful lovers, a relish for study, and a taste for domestic employments. What pleasure must it afford a young man, transported with the science which he has derived from his masters, to repeat the lessons of it to the fair one whom he loves ! What delight to a young and timid female, to see herself distinguished amidst her companions, and to hear the value, and the graces, of her little skill and industry, exalted by the tongue of her lover !

A young man, destined one day to repress, on the tribunal, the injustice of men, is enchanted, amidst the labyrinths of Law, to behold his mistress embroidering for him, the flowers which are to decorate the asylum of their union, and to present him with an image of the beauties of Nature, of which the gloomy honours of his station are going to deprive him for life. Another, devoted to conduct the flame of war to the ends of the Earth, attaches himself to the gentle spirit of his female friend, and flatters himself with the thought that the mischief which he may do to mankind, shall

shall be repaired by the blessings which she bestows on the miserable. Friendships multiply in families ; of the friend to the brother who introduces him, and of the brother to the sister. The kindred are mutually attracted. The young folks form their manners ; and the happy perspectives which their union discloses, cherish in them the love of their several duties, and of virtue. Who knows but those unconstrained choices, those pure and tender ties, may fix that roving spirit, which some have supposed natural to women ? They would respect the bands which they themselves had formed. If, having become wives, they aim at pleasing every body, it is, perhaps, because when they were single, they were not permitted to be in love with one.

If there is room to hope for a happy revolution in our Country, it is to be effected only by calling back the women to domestic manners. Whatever satire may have been levelled against them, they are less culpable than the men. They are chargeable with hardly any vices, except those which they receive from us ; and we have a great many from which they are free. As to those which are peculiar to themselves, it may be affirmed, that they have retarded our ruin, by balancing the vices of our political constitution. It is impossible to imagine what must have become of a state of
Society

Society abandoned to all the absurdities of our education, to all the prejudices of our various conditions, and to the ambitions of each contending party, had not the women crossed us upon the road. Our History presents only the disputes of monks with monks, of doctors with doctors, of grandees with grandees, of nobles with the base-born; while crafty politicians gradually lay hold of all our possessions. But for the women, all these parties would have made a desert of the State, and led the commonalty, to the very last man, to the slaughter, or to market, a piece of advice which was actually given not many years ago. Ages have elapsed, in which we should all have been Cordeliers, born and dying encircled with the cord of St. *Francis*; in others, all would have taken to the road in the character of knights-errant, rambling over hill and dale with lance in hand; in others, all penitents, parading through the streets of our cities, in solemn processions, and whipping ourselves to some purpose; in others, *quisquis* or *quamquam* of the University.

The women, thrown out of their natural state, by our unjust manners, turn every thing upside down, laugh at every thing, destroy every thing, the great fortunes, the pretensions of pride, and the prejudices of opinion. Women have only one
passion,

passion, which is love, and this passion has only one object; whereas men refer every thing to ambition, which has thousands. Whatever be the irregularities of women, they are always nearer to Nature than we are, because their ruling passion is incessantly impelling them in that direction, whereas ours, on the contrary, is betraying us into endless deviations. A Provincial, and even a Parisian, tradesman, hardly behaves with kindness to his children, when they are somewhat grown up; but he bends with profound reverence before those of strangers, provided they are rich, or of high quality: his wife, on the contrary, is regulated in her behaviour to them by their figure. If they are homely, she neglects them; but she will care for a peasant's child, if it is beautiful; she will pay more respect to a low-born man with gray hairs, and a venerable head, than to a counsellor without a beard. Women attend only to the advantages which are the gift of Nature, and men only to those of fortune. Thus the women, amidst all their irregularities, still bring us back to Nature, while we, with our affectation of superior wisdom, are in a constant tendency to deviation from her.

I admit, at the same time, that they have prevented the general calamity only by introducing among us an infinite number of particular evils.

Alas!

Alas! as well as ourselves, they never will find happiness except in the practice of virtue. In all countries where the empire of virtue is at an end, they are most miserable. They were formerly exceedingly happy in the virtuous Republics of Greece and of Italy: there they decided the fate of States: at this day, reduced to the condition of slaves, in those very countries, the greatest part of them are under the necessity of submitting to prostitution for the sake of a livelihood. Ours ought not to despair of us. They possess over Man an empire absolutely inalienable*; we know them only under the appellation of the sex, to which we have given the epithet of fair by way of excellence.

* It deserves to be remarked, that most of the names of the objects of Nature, of morals, and of metaphysics, are feminine, especially in the French language. It would afford matter of curious research, to enquire, whether masculine names have been given by the women, and feminine names by the men, to objects which are most particularly subservient to the uses of each sex; or whether the first have been made of the masculine gender, because they presented characters of energy and force, and the second of the feminine gender, because they displayed characters of grace and loveliness. I am persuaded, that the men having given names to the objects of nature, in general, have lavished feminine designations upon them, from that secret propensity which attracts them toward the sex: this observation is supported by the names assigned to the heavenly Constellations, to the four quarters of the Globe, to by far the greatest part of rivers, kingdoms, fruits, trees, virtues, and so on;

But

But how many other descriptive epithets, still more interesting, might be added to this, such as those of nutritive, consolatory ! They receive us on our entrance into life, and they close our eyes when we die. It is not to beauty, but to Religion, that our women are indebted for the greatest part of their influence ; the same Frenchman who, in Paris, sighs at the feet of his mistress, holds her in fetters, and under the discipline of the whip, in St. Domingo. Our Religion alone of all, contemplates the conjugal union in the order of Nature : it is the only Religion, on the face of the Earth, which presents woman to man as a companion ; every other abandons her to him as a slave. To Religion alone do our women owe the liberty which they enjoy in Europe ; and from the liberty of the women it is that the liberty of Nations has flowed, accompanied with the proscription of a multitude of inhuman usages, which have been diffused over all the other parts of the World, such as slavery, seraglios, and eunuchs. O charming sex ! it is in your virtue that your power consists.—Save your Country, by recalling to the love of domestic manners your lovers and your husbands, from a display of your gentle occupations : You would restore Society at large to a sense of duty, if each of you brings back one single man to the order of Nature. Envy not the
other

other sex their authority, their magistracies, their talents, their vain-glory; but in the midst of your weakness, furrounded with your wools and your filks, give thanks to the AUTHOR of Nature, for having conferred on you alone, the power of being always good and beneficent.



RECAPITULATION.

I HAVE presented, from the beginning of this Work, the different paths of Nature which I proposed to pursue, on purpose to form to myself an idea of the order which governs the World. I brought forward, in the first place, the objections which have, in all ages, been raised against a Providence ; I have exhibited them as applied to the several kingdoms of Nature, one after another ; which furnished me with an opportunity, in refuting them, of displaying views entirely new, respecting the disposition, and the use, of the different parts of this Globe : I have, accordingly, referred the direction of the chains of Mountains, on the Continents, to the regular Winds which blow over the Ocean ; the position of Islands, to the confluence of it's Currents, or of those of Rivers ; the constant supply of fuel to Volcanos, to the bituminous deposits on it's shores ; the Currents of the Sea, and the movements of the Tides, to the alternate effusions of the Polar Ices.

In the next place, I have refuted, in order, the other objections raised on the subject of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, by demonstrating, that these kingdoms were no more governed by mechanical Laws than the fossil kingdom is. I have farther demonstrated, that the greatest part of the ills which oppress the human race, are to be ascribed to the defects of our political Institutions, and not to those of Nature; that Man is the only Being who is abandoned to his own Providence, as a punishment for some original transgression; but that the same DEITY who had given him up to the direction of his own intelligence, still watched over his destination; that he caused to recoil on the Governors of the Nations the miseries with which they overwhelm the little and the weak; and I have demonstrated the action of a Divine Providence from the very calamities of the Human Race. Such is the subject of my first Part.

In the opening of my second, I have attacked the principles of our Sciences, by evincing, that they mislead us, either by the boldness of those same principles, from whence they would soar up to the nature of the elements which elude their grasp, or, by the insufficiency of their methods, which is capable of catching only one Law of Nature at once, because of the weakness of our understanding, and of the vanity inspired by our education,

cation, whereby we are betrayed into the belief, that the little paths in which we tread, are the only roads leading to knowledge. Thus it is that the natural Sciences, and even the political, which are results from them, having been, with us, separated from each other, each one, in particular, has formed, if I may use the expression, a lane, without a thoroughfare, of the road by which it entered. Thus it is that the physical causes have, at the long run, made us lose sight of intellectual ends in the order of Nature, as financial causes have stripped us of the hopes of Religion, and of Virtue, in the social order.

I afterwards set out in quest of a faculty better adapted to the discovery of truth than our reason, which, after all, is nothing but our personal interest merely. I flatter myself I have found it in that sublime instinct called *sentiment*, which is in us the expression of natural Laws, and which is invariable among all Nations. By means of it, I have observed the Laws of Nature, not by tracing them up to their principles, which are known to God only, but by descending into their results, which are destined to the use of Man. I have had the felicity, in pursuance of this track, to perceive certain principles of the correspondencies, and of the harmonies, which govern the World.

I cannot entertain a shadow of doubt, that it was by proceeding in this same track, the ancient Egyptians distinguished themselves so highly for their attainments in natural knowledge, which they carried incomparably farther than we have done. They studied Nature in Nature herself, and not by piecemeal, and with machines. Hence they formed a most wonderful Science, of just celebrity all over the Globe, under the name of Magic. The elements of this Science are now unknown; the name of it alone is all that remains, and is, at this day, given to operations, the most stupid in which the error and depravity of the human heart can be employed. This was not the character of the Magic of the ancient Egyptians, so much celebrated by the most respectable Authors of Antiquity, and by the Sacred Books themselves. These were the principles of correspondence and of harmony, which *Pythagoras* derived from their stores, which he imported into Europe, and which there became the sources of the various branches of Philosophy that appeared after his time, nay, the source of the Arts likewise, which did not begin to flourish there till that period; for the Arts are only imitations of the processes of Nature.

Though my incapacity is very great, these harmonic principles are so luminous, that they have presented to me, not only dispositions of the Globe
entirely

entirely new; but they have, besides, furnished me with the means of distinguishing the characters of plants on the first inspection, so as to be able to say, at once, This is a native of the mountains, That is an inhabitant of the shores. By them, I have demonstrated the use of the leaves of plants, and have determined by the nautical, or volatile forms of their grains, the relations which they have to the places where they are destined to grow. I have observed that the *corollæ* of their flowers had relations, positive or negative, to the rays of the Sun, according to the difference of Latitude, and to the points of elevation at which they are to blow. I have afterwards remarked the charming contrasts of their leaves, of their flowers, of their fruits, and of their stems, with the soil and the sky in which they grow, and those which they form from genus to genus, being, if I may say so, grouped by pairs. Finally, I have indicated the relations in which they stand to animals, and to Man; to such a degree, that, I am confident to affirm, I have demonstrated, there is not a single shade of colour impressed by chance, through the whole extent of Nature.

By prosecuting these views, I have supplied the means of forming complete chapters of Natural History, from having evinced, that each plant was the centre of the existence of an infinite number of

animals, which possess correspondencies with it, to us still unknown. Their harmonies might, undoubtedly, be extended much farther; for, many plants seem to have relations not only to the Sun, but to different constellations. It is not always such an elevation of the Sun above the Horizon which elicits the vegetative powers of plants. Such a one flourishes in the Spring, which would not put out the smallest leaf in Autumn, though it might then undergo the same degree of heat. The same thing is observable with respect to their seeds, which germinate and shoot at one season, and not at another, though the temperature may be the same.

These celestial relations were known to the ancient Philosophy of the Egyptians, and of *Pythagoras*. We find many observations on this subject in *Pliny*; when he says, for example, that toward the rising of the Pleiades, the olive-trees and vines conceive their fruit; and, after *Virgil*, that wheat ought to be sown immediately on the retiring of this constellation; and lentils on that of Boötes; that reeds and willows should be planted, when the constellation of the Lyre is setting. It was after these relations, the causes of which are unknown to us, that *Linnaeus* formed, with the flowers of plants, a botanical almanac, of which *Pliny* suggested the first idea to the husbandmen of his time.

time*. But we have indicated vegetable harmonies still more interesting, by demonstrating, that the time of the expansion of every plant, of it's flowering, and of the maturity of it's fruit, was connected with the expansions, and the necessities, of the animal creation, and especially with those of Man. There is not a single one but what possesses relations of utility to us, direct or indirect : but this immense and mysterious part of the History of Man will, perhaps, never be known, except to the Angels.

My third Part, presents the application of these harmonic principles to the nature of Man himself. In it I have shewn, That he is formed of two powers, the one physical, and the other intellectual, which affect him perpetually with two contrary sentiments, the one of which is that of his misery, and the other that of his excellence. I have demonstrated, that these two powers were most happily gratified in the different periods of the passions, of the ages, and of the occupations to which Nature has destined Man, such as agriculture, marriage, the settlement of posterity, Religion.

I have dwelt, principally, on the affections of the intellectual power, by rendering it apparent,

* Consult his Natural History, Book xviii. chap. 28.

that every thing which has the semblance of delicious and transporting in our pleasures, arose from the sentiment of infinity, or of some other attribute of DEITY, which discovered itself to us, as the termination of our perspective. I have demonstrated, on the contrary, that the source of our miseries, and of our errors, might be traced up to this, That, in the social state, we frequently cross those natural sentiments, by the prejudices of education and of society : so that, in many cases, we make the sentiment of infinity to bear upon the transient objects of this World, and that of our frailty and misery, upon the immortal plans of Nature. I have only glanced at this rich and sublime subject ; but I assert with confidence, that by pursuing this track simply, I have sufficiently proved the necessity of virtue, and that I have indicated it's real source, not where our modern Philosophers seek for it, namely, in our political institutions, which are often diametrically opposite to it, but in the natural state of Man, and in his own heart.

I have afterwards applied, with what ability I possess, the action of these two powers to the happiness of Society, by shewing, first, that most of the ills we endure are only social re-actions, all of which have their grand origin, in overgrown property, in employments, in honours, in money, and
in

in land. I have proved that those enormous properties produce the physical and moral indigence of a Nation; that this indigence generated, in its turn, swarms of debauched men, who employed all the resources of craft and industry to make the rich refund the portion which their necessities demand; that celibacy, and the disquietudes with which it is attended, were, in a great many citizens, the effects of that state of penury and anguish to which they found themselves reduced; and that their celibacy produced, by repercussion, the prostitution of women of the town, because every man who abstains from marriage, whether voluntarily or from necessity, devotes a young woman to a single life, or to prostitution. This effect necessarily results from one of the harmonic Laws of Nature, as every man comes into the World, and goes out of it, with his female, or, what amounts to the same thing, the males and females of the human species are born and die in equal numbers. From these principles I have deduced a variety of important consequences.

I have, finally, demonstrated, That no inconsiderable part of our physical and moral maladies proceeded from the chastisements, the rewards, and the vanity of our education.

I have

I have hazarded sundry conjectures, in the view of furnishing to the People abundant means of subsistence and of population, and of re-animating in them the spirit of Religion and of Patriotism, by presenting them with certain perspectives of infinity, without which the felicity of a Nation, like that of an individual, is negative, and quickly exhausted, were we to form plans, in other respects, the most advantageous, of finance, of commerce, and of agriculture. Provision must be made, at once, for Man, as an animal, and as an intelligent being. I have terminated those different projects, by presenting the sketch of a National Education, without which it is impossible to have any species of Legislation, or of Patriotism, that shall be of long duration. I have endeavoured to unfold in it, at once, the two powers, physical and intellectual, of Man, and to direct them toward the love of Country and Religion.

I must, no doubt, have frequently gone astray in pursuing paths so new, and so intricate. I must have, many a time, sunk far below my subject, from the construction of my plans, from my inexperience, from the very embarrassment of my style; but, I repeat it, provided my ideas shall suggest superior conceptions to others, I am well satisfied. At the same time, if calamity be the road to Truth,
I have

I have not been destitute of means to direct me toward her. The disorders of which I have frequently been the witness, and the victim, have suggested to me ideas of order. I have sometimes found upon my road, great personages of high repute, and men belonging to respectable bodies, who had the words Country and Humanity continually in their mouth. I associated with them, in the view of deriving illumination from their intelligence, and of putting myself under the protection of their virtues ; but I discovered them to be intriguers merely, who had no other object in view but their personal fortune, and who began to persecute me the moment that they perceived I was not a proper person to be either the agent of their pleasures or the trumpeter of their ambition. I then went over to the side of their enemies, promising myself to find among them the love of truth, and of the public good ; but however diversified our sects, our parties, and our corps, may be, I every where met the same men, only clothed in different garbs. As soon as the one or the other found that I refused to enlist as a partisan, he calumniated me, after the perfidious manner of the age, that is, by pronouncing my panegyric. The times we live in are highly extolled ; but, if we have on the throne a Prince who emulates *Marcus Aurelius*, the age rivals that of *Tiberius*.

Were

Were I to publish the memoirs of my own life*, I could wish for no stronger proof of the contempt which the glory of this World merits, than to hold
up

* It would be, I acknowledge, after all, a matter of very small importance; but however retired, at this day, my condition of life may be, it has been interwoven with revolutions of high moment. I presented, on the subject of Poland, a very circumstantial memoir to the Office for Foreign Affairs, in which I predicted it's partition by the neighbouring Powers, several years before it was actually accomplished. The only mistake I committed was in going on the supposition, that the partitioning Powers would lay hold of it entirely; and I am astonished to this hour that they did not. This memoir, however, has been of no utility either to that country or to myself, though I had exposed myself to very great risks in it, by throwing myself, when I quitted the Russian service, into the party of the Polish Republicans, then under the protection of France and Austria. I was there taken prisoner in 1765, as I was going, with the approbation of the Ambassador of the Empire, and of the French Minister at Warsaw, to join the army commanded by Prince *Radjivil*. This misfortune befel me about three miles from Warsaw, through the indiscretion of my guide. I was carried back to that city, put in prison, and threatened with being delivered up to the Russians, whose service I had just quitted, unless I acknowledged that the Ambassador of the Court of Vienna, and the Minister of France, had concurred in recommending this step to me. Though I had every thing to fear on the part of Russia, and had it in my power to involve in my disgrace, two personages in illustrious situations, and consequently, to render it more conspicuous, I persisted in taking the whole upon myself. I likewise did my utmost to exculpate the guide, to whom I had given time to burn the dispatches with which he was entrusted,
by

up to view the persons who are the objects of it. At the time when, unconscious of having committed the slightest injury to any one, after an infinity
of

by keeping back, with my pistol in my hand, the Houlonds, who had just surprized us, by night, in the post-house, where we made our first encampment, in the midst of the woods.

I never had the least shadow of recompense for either of these two pieces of service, which cost me a great deal of both time and money. Nay, it is not very long since I was actually in debt, for part of the expence of my journey, to my friend M. *Hennin* then Minister of France at Warfaw, now First Commissary for Foreign Affairs at Versailles, and who has given himself much fruitless trouble on the subject. Undoubtedly, had M. the Count *de Vergennes* been at that time Minister for Foreign Affairs, I should have been suitably rewarded, as he has procured for me some slight gratuities. I stand, however, to this hour, indebted to the amount of more than four thousand livres (£166 13s. 4d.) on that account, to different friends in Russia, Poland, and Germany.

I have not been more fortunate in the Isle of France, to which I was sent Captain-Engineer of the Colony; for, in the first place, I was persecuted by the ordinary Engineers, who were stationed there, because I did not belong to their corps. I had been dispatched to that Country, as to a situation favourable to making a fortune, and I must have run considerably in debt, had I not submitted to live on herbs. I pass over in silence all the particular distresses I had there to undergo. I shall only say, that I endeavoured to dissipate the mortification which they cost me, by employing my mind on the subject of the ills which oppressed the island in general. It was entirely in the view of remedying these, that I published, on my return from thence, in 1773, my Voyage to the Isle of France. I considered myself,
first,

of fruitless voyages, services, and labours, I was preparing, in solitude, these last fruits of my experience and application, my secret enemies, that is, the men under whom I scorned to enlist as a partisan, found means to intercept a gratuity which I annually received from the beneficence of my Sovereign. It was the only source of subsistence to myself, and the only means I enjoyed of assisting my family. To this catastrophe were added the loss of health, and domestic calamities, which baffle all the powers of description. I have hastened, therefore, to gather the fruit, though still

first, as rendering an essential service to my Country, by making it apparent, that this island, which is kept filled with troops, was, in no respect, proper for being the staple, or the citadel of our commerce with India, from which it is more than fifteen hundred leagues distant. This I have even proved by the events of preceding wars, in which Pondicherry has always been taken from us, though the Isle of France was crowded with soldiers. The late war has confirmed anew the truth of my observations. For these services, as well as for many others, I have received no other recompense save indirect persecutions, and calumnies, on the part of the inhabitants of that island, whom I reprehended for their barbarity to their slaves. I have not even received an adequate indemnification for a species of shipwreck I underwent, on my return, at the Island of Bourbon, nor for the smallness of my appointments, which were not up to the half of those of the ordinary Engineers of my rank. I am well assured, that, under a Marine Minister, as intelligent, and as equitable as M. the *Mareschal de Castries*, I should have reaped some part of the fruit of my literary and military services.

immature,

immature, of the tree which I had cultivated with such unwearied perseverance, before it was torn up by the tempest.

But, I bear no malice to any one of my persecutors. If I am, one day, laid under the necessity of exposing to the light their secret practices against me, it shall only be in the view of justifying my own conduct. In other respects, I am under obligation to them. Their persecution has proved the cause of my repose. To their disdainful ambition I am indebted for a liberty, which I prize far above their greatness. To them I owe the delicious studies to which I have devoted my attention. Providence has not abandoned me, though they have. It has raised up friends, who have served me, as opportunity offered, with my Prince; and others will arise to recommend me to his favour, when it may be necessary. Had I reposed in God that confidence which I put in men, I should have always enjoyed undisturbed tranquillity: the proofs of his Providence, as affecting myself, in the past, ought to set my heart at rest about futurity. But, from a fault of education, the opinions of men still exercise too much dominion over me. By their fears, and not my own, is my mind disturbed. Nevertheless, I sometimes say to myself, Wherefore be embarrassed about what is to come? Before you came into the World, were you disquieted

with anxious thoughts about the manner in which your members were to be combined, and your nerves and your bones to expand? When, in process of time, you emerged into light, did you study optics, in order to know how you were to perceive objects; and anatomy, in order to learn how to move about your body, and how to promote it's growth? These operations of Nature, far superior to those of men, have taken place in you, without your knowledge, and without any interference of your own. If you disquieted not yourself about being born, Wherefore should you, about living, and Wherefore, about dying? Are you not always in the same hand?

Other sentiments, however, natural to the mind of Man, have filled me with dejection. For example, Not to have acquired, after so many peregrinations and exertions, one little rural spot, in which I could, in the bosom of repose, have arranged my observations on Nature, to me of all others the most amiable and interesting under the Sun. I have another source of regret, still more depressing, namely, the misfortune of not having attached to my lot a female mate, simple, gentle, sensible, and pious, who, much better than Philosophy, would have soothed my solitudes, and who, by bringing me children like herself, would have provided me with a posterity, incomparably more
dear

dear than a vain reputation. I had found this retreat, and this rare felicity, in Russia, in the midst of honourable employment; but I renounced all these advantages, to go in quest, at the instigation of Ministers, of employment, in my native Country, where I had nothing similar, after which to aspire. Nevertheless, I am enabled to say, that my particular studies have repaired the first privation, in procuring for me the enjoyment not only of a small spot of ground, but of all the harmonies diffused over the vast garden of Nature. An estimable partner for life cannot be so easily replaced; but if I have reason to flatter myself that this Work is contributing to multiply marriages, to render them more happy, and to soften the education of children, I shall consider my own family as perpetuated in them, and I shall look on the wives and children of my Country, as, in some sense, mine.

Nothing is durable, virtue alone excepted. Personal beauty passes quickly away; fortune inspires extravagant inclinations; grandeur fatigues; reputation is uncertain; talents, nay, genius itself, are liable to be impaired: but virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal, and ever vigorous, because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

Happy then, happy beyond conception, if I have been enabled to contribute one feeble effort toward redressing some of the evils which oppress my Country, and to open to it some new prospect of felicity ! Happy, if I have been enabled to wipe away, on the one hand, the tears of some unfortunate wretch, and to recal, on the other, men misled by the intoxication of pleasure, to the DIVINITY, toward whom Nature, the times, our personal miseries, and our secret affections, are attracting us with so much impetuosity !

I have a presentiment of some favourable approaching revolution. If it does take place, to the influence of literature we shall be indebted for it. In modern times, learning produces little solid benefit to the persons who cultivate it ; nevertheless, it directs every thing. I do not speak of the influence which letters possess, all the Globe over, under the government of books. Asia is governed by the maxims of *Confucius*, the Korans, the Bets, the Vidams, and the rest ; but, in Europe, *Orpheus* was the first who associated it's inhabitants, and allured them out of barbarism by his divine poesy. The genius of *Homer*, afterwards, produced the legislations and the religions of Greece. He animated *Alexander*, and sent him forth on the conquest of Asia. He extended his
influence

influence to the Romans, who traced upward, in his sublime poetical effusions, the genealogy of the founder, and of the sovereigns of their Empire, as the Greeks had found in him the rudiments of their Republics, and of their Laws. His august shade still presides over the poetry, the liberal Arts, the Academies, and the Monuments of Europe : such is the power over the human mind, exercised by the perspectives of DEITY which he has presented to it ! Thus, the Word which created the World still governs it ; but when it had descended itself from Heaven, and had shewn to Man the road to happiness in Virtue alone, a light more pure than that which had shed a lustre over the islands of Greece, illuminated the forests of Gaul. The Savages, who inhabited them, would have been the happiest of Mankind, had they enjoyed liberty ; but they were subjected to tyrants, and those tyrants plunged them back into a sacred barbarism, by presenting to them phantoms so much the more tremendous, that the objects of their confidence were transformed into those of their terror.

The cause of human felicity, and of Religion herself, was on the brink of desperation, when two men of letters, *Rabelais*, and *Michael Cervantes*, arose, the one in France and the other in Spain, and shook, at once, the foundations of monastic

power* and that of chivalry. In levelling these two Colossuses to the ground, they employed no other weapons but ridicule, that natural contrast of human terror. Like to children, the Nations of Europe laughed, and resumed their courage : they no longer felt any other impulsions toward happiness, but those which their Princes chose to give them, if their Princes had then been capable of communicating such impulsion. The *Telemachus* made it's appearance, and that Book brought Europe back to the harmonies of Nature. It produced a wonderful revolution in Politics. It recalled Nations and their Sovereigns to the useful arts, to commerce, to agriculture, and, above all, to the sentiment of DEITY. That Work united, to the imagination of *Homer* the wisdom of *Confucius*.

* God forbid that I should be thought to insinuate an invective against persons, or orders, truly religious. Supposing them to possess no higher merit in this life, than that of passing it without doing mischief, they would be respectable in the eyes of infidelity itself. The persons here exposed are not men really pious, who have renounced the World, in order to cherish, without interruption, the spirit of Religion : but those who have assumed a habit consecrated by Religion, to procure for themselves the riches and the honours of this World ; those against whom St. *Jerome* thundered so vehemently to no purpose, and who have verified his prediction in Palestine and in Egypt, in bringing Religion into discredit, by the profligacy of their manners, by their avarice, and their ambition.

It

It was translated into all the languages of Europe. It was not in France that it excited the highest admiration: there are whole Provinces in England, where it is still one of the books in which children are taught to read. When the English entered the Cambrasis, with the allied army, they wished to carry the Author, who was living there in a state of retirement from the Court, into their camp, to do him the honours of a military festival; but his modesty declined that triumph: he concealed himself. I shall add but one trait to his elogium: he was the only man living of whom *Louis XIV.* was jealous: and he had reason to be so; for while he was exerting himself to excite the terror, and purchase the admiration of Europe, by his armies, his conquests, his banquets, his buildings, and his magnificence, *Fenelon* was commanding the adoration of the whole World by a Book *.

Many

* It is absurd to institute a comparison between *Bossuet* and *Fenelon*: I am not capable of appraising their several merits, but I cannot help considering the second as highly preferable to his rival. He fulfilled, in my apprehension, the two great precepts of the Law: HE LOVED GOD AND MEN.

The Reader will, perhaps, not be displeased at being told what *J. J. Rousseau* thought of this great man. Having, one day, set out with him on a walking excursion to Mount Valerien, when we had reached the summit of the mountain, it was resolved to ask a dinner of it's hermits, for payment. We arrived at their habitation a little before they sat down to table, and while they

Many learned men, inspired by his genius, have changed among us the spirit of the Government, and the public manners. To their Writings we are indebted for the abolition of many barbarous customs, such as that of punishing capitally the pretended crime of witchcraft; the application of the rack to all criminals without distinction; the remains of feudal slavery; the practice of wearing swords in the bosom of cities, in times of profound peace,

were still at Church. *J. J. Rousseau* proposed to me to step in, and offer up our devotions. The hermits were, at that time, reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayer to God, in a little chapel, and as the hermits were proceeding toward their refectory, *Rousseau* said to me, with his heart overflowing: "At this moment I experience what is said in the Gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a sentiment of peace and of felicity which penetrates the soul." I replied: "If *Fenelon* had lived, you would have been a Catholic." He exclaimed in an extasy, and with tears in his eyes: "O! if *Fenelon* were in life, I would struggle to get into his service as lackey, in hope of meriting the place of his valet de chambre."

Having picked up, some time ago, on the Pont-Neuf, one of those little urns which the Italians sell about the streets for a few halfpence a-piece, the idea struck me of converting it, as a decoration of my solitude, into a monument sacred to the memory of *John-James* and of *Fenelon*, after the manner of those which the Chinese set up to the memory of *Confucius*. As there are two little scutcheons on this urn, I wrote on the one these words, J. J. ROUSSEAU; and on the other F. FENELON. I then

peace, and many others. To them we owe the return of the tastes, and of the duties, of Nature, or,

then placed it in an angle of my cabinet, about six feet from the floor, and close by it, the following inscription.

D. M.

A la gloire durable & pure
De ceux dont le génie éclaira les vertus,
Combattit à la fois l'erreur & les abus,
Et tenta d'amener le siècle à la Nature.
Aux JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAUX, aux FRANÇOIS FÉNELONS
J'ai dédié ce monument d'argile
Que j'ai consacré par leur noms
Plus augustes que ceux de CÉSAR & d'ACHILLE.
Ils ne sont point fameux par nos malheurs :
Ils n'ont point, pauvres laboureurs
Ravi vos bœufs, ni vos javelles ;
Bergères, vos amans ; nourissons, vos mamelles ;
Rois, les états où vous régnez :
Mais vous les comblerez de gloire,
Si vous donnez a leur mémoire
Les pleurs qu'ils vous ont épargnés.

To the pure and untading glory,
Of the men whose virtues were illumined by genius ;
Who set their faces against error and depravity,
And laboured to bring Mankind back to Nature :
To the ROUSSEAUX and the FENELONS of the Human Race,
I dedicate this humble monument of clay,
And inscribe it with their names,
Far more august than those of CESAR and ACHILLES.
They purchased not fame by spreading devastation ;
They did not, O ye poor husbandmen,
Seize your oxen, and plunder your barns ;
Nor, shepherdesses, carry off your lovers, nor, sucklings, your teats ;
Nor, Kings, did they ravage your domains ;
But their glory will be complete,
If on their memory you bestow
The tears which they have spared you.

at least their images. They have restored to many infants the breasts of their mothers, and to the rich a relish for the country, which induces them, now a-days, to quit the centre of cities, and to take up their habitation in the suburbs. They have inspired the whole Nation with a taste for agriculture, which is degenerated, as usual, into fanaticism, since it became a spirit of corps. They have the honour of bringing back the noblesse to the commonalty, toward whom, it must be confessed, they had already made some steps of approximation, by their alliances with finance ; they have recalled that order to their peculiar duties by those of humanity. They have directed all the powers of the State, the women themselves not excepted, toward patriotic objects, by arraying them in attractive ornaments and flowers.

O ye men of letters ! without you the rich man would have no manner of intellectual enjoyment ; his opulence and his dignities would be a burthen to him. You alone restore to us the rights of our nature, and of DEITY. Wherever you appear, in the military, in the clergy, in the laws, and in the arts, the divine Intelligence unveils itself, and the human heart breathes a sigh. You are at once the eyes and the light of the Nations. We should be, perhaps, at this hour, much nearer to happiness, if several of your number, intent on pleasing the
multitude,

multitude, had not misled them by flattering their passions, and by mistaking their deceitful voices for those of human nature.

See how these passions have misled yourselves, from your having come too closely into contact with men ! It is in solitude, and living together in unity, that your talents communicate mutual intellectual light. Call to remembrance the times when the *La Fontaines*, the *Boileaus*, the *Racines*, the *Molieres*, lived with one another. What is, at this day, your destiny ? That World, whose passions you are flattering, arms you against each other. It turns you out to a strife of glory, as the Romans exposed the wretched, to wild beasts. Your holy lists are become the amphitheatres of gladiators. You are, without being conscious of it, the mere instruments of the ambition of corps. It is by means of your talents that their leaders procure for themselves dignities and riches, while you are suffered to remain in obscurity and indigence. Think of the glory of men of letters, among the Nations who were emerging out of barbarism ; they presented virtue to Mankind, and were exalted into the rank of their Gods. Think of their degradation among Nations sunk into corruption : they flattered their passions, and became the victims of them. In the decline of the Roman Empire,

pire, letters were no longer cultivated, except by a few enfranchised Greeks. Suffer the herd to run at the heels of the rich and the voluptuous. What do you propose to yourselves in the sacred career of letters, except to march on, under the protection of *Minerva*? What respect would the World shew you, were you not covered by her immortal Egis? It would trample you under foot. Suffer it to be deceived by those who are mean enough to be it's worshippers; repose your confidence in Heaven, whose support will search and find you out wherever you may be.

The vine, one day, complained to Heaven, with tears, of the feverity of her destiny. She envied the condition of the reed. "I am planted," said she, "amidst parched rocks, and am obliged "to produce fruits replenished with juice; whereas, "in the bottom of that valley, the reed, which "bears nothing but a dry shag, grows at her "ease by the brink of the waters." A voice from Heaven replied: "Complain not, O vine! "at thy lot. Autumn is coming on, when the "reed will perish, without honour, on the border "of the marshes; but the rain of the skies will go "in quest of thee in the mountain, and thy juices, "matured on the rock, shall one day serve to "cheer the heart of God and Man."

We

We have, farther, a considerable ground of hope of reformation, in the affection which we bear to our Kings. With us, the love of Country is one and the same thing with the love of our Prince. This is the only bond which unites us, and which, oftener than once, has prevented our falling to pieces. On the other hand, Nations are the real monuments of Kings. All those monuments of stone, by which so many Princes have dreamt of immortalizing their names, frequently served only to render them detestable. *Pliny* tells us, that the Egyptians of his time cursed the memory of the Kings of Egypt, who had built the pyramids; and, besides, their names had sunk into oblivion. The modern Egyptians allege, that they were raised by the Devil, undoubtedly from the sentiment of the distress which rearing those edifices must have cost Mankind. Our own People frequently ascribes the same origin to our ancient bridges, and to the great roads cut through rocks, whose summits are lost in the clouds. To no purpose are medals struck for their use; they understand nothing about emblems and inscriptions. But it is the heart of Man, on which the impression ought to be made, by means of benefits conferred; the stamp there imprinted is never to be effaced. The People have lost the memory of their Monarchs who presided in councils, but they cherish

cherish, to this day, the remembrance of those of them who supped with millers.

The affection of the People fixes on one single quality in their Prince; it is his popularity: for it is from this that all the virtues flow, of which they stand in need. A single act of justice, dispensed unexpectedly, and without ostentation, to a poor widow, to a collier, fills them with admiration and delight. They look upon their Prince as a God, whose Providence is at all times, and in every place, upon the watch: and they are in the right; for a single interposition of this nature, well-timed, has a tendency to keep every oppressor in awe, and enlivens all the oppressed with hope. In our days, venality and pride have reared, between the People and their Sovereign, a thousand impenetrable walls of gold, of iron, and of lead. The People can no longer advance toward their Prince, but the Prince has it still in his power to descend toward the People. Our Kings have been prepossessed, on this subject, with groundless fears and prejudices. It is singularly remarkable, nevertheless, that, among the great number of Princes of all Nations, who have fallen the victims of different factions, not a single one ever perished, when employed in acts of goodness, walking about on foot, and *incognito*; but all of them, either riding in their coaches,

coaches, or at table in the bosom of pleasure, or in their court, surrounded by their guards, and in the very centre of their power.

We see, at this hour, the Emperor and the King of Prussia, in a carriage simply, with one or two domestics, and no guards, traversing their scattered dominions, though peopled in part with strangers and conquered Nations. The great men, and the most illustrious Princes of Antiquity, such as *Scipio*, *Germanicus*, *Marcus Aurelius*, travelled without any retinue, on horseback, and frequently on foot. How many provinces of his kingdom, in an age of trouble and faction, were thus travelled over by our great *Henry IV* ?

A King, in his States, ought to be like the Sun over the Earth, on which there is not one single little plant but what receives, in it's turn, the influence of his rays. Of the knowledge of how many important truths are our Kings deprived, by the prejudices of courtiers ? What pleasures do they lose from their sedentary mode of life ! I do not speak of those of grandeur, when they see, on their approach, Nations flocking together, in millions, along the highways ; the ramparts of cities set on fire with the thunder of artillery, and squadrons issuing out of their sea-ports, and covering the face of the Ocean with flags and flame. I believe
they

they are weary of the pleasures of glory. But I can believe them sensible to those of humanity, of which they are perpetually deprived. They are for ever constrained to be Kings, and never permitted to be Men. What delight might it not procure them to spread a veil over their greatness, like the Gods, and to make their appearance in the midst of a virtuous family, like *Jupiter*, at the fire-side of *Philemon* and *Baucis*! How little would it cost them to make happy people every day of their lives! In many cases, what they lavish on a single family of courtiers, would supply the means of happiness to a whole Province. On many occasions, their appearance merely, would overawe all the tyrants of the district, and console all the miserable. They would be considered as omnipresent, when they were not known as confined to a particular spot. One confidential friend, a few hardy servants, would be sufficient to bring within their reach all the pleasures of travelling from place to place, and to screen them from all the inconveniencies of it.

They have it in their power to vary the seasons as they will, without stirring out of the kingdom, and to extend their pleasures to the utmost extent of their authority. Instead of inhabiting country-residences on the banks of the Seine, or amidst the rocks of Fontainebleau, they might have them on
the

the shores of the Ocean, and at the bottom of the Pyrenees. It depends altogether on themselves, to pass the burning heats of Summer, embosomed in the mountains of Dauphiné, and encompassed with a horizon of snow; the Winter in Provence, under olive-trees and verdant oaks; the Autumn, in the ever-green meadows, and amidst the apple orchards, of fertile Normandy. They would every day behold arriving on the shores of France, the sea-faring men of all Nations, British, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, all exhibiting the peculiarities and the manners of their several countries. Our Kings have in their palaces, comedies, libraries, hot-houses, cabinets of Natural History; but all these collections are only vain images of Men and of Nature. They possess no gardens more worthy of them than their kingdoms, and no libraries so fraught with instruction as their own subjects*.

Ah!

* Here, undoubtedly, the Volume ought to have closed. It is no inconsiderable mortification to me, that my duty, as a Translator, permitted me not to retrench the piece of extravagance which follows. In justice to myself, however, I transmit it to the British Public, with an explicit disavowal of its spirit, of its style, of its sentiments, and of its object. I can excuse the rapturous vanity of a Frenchman, when his Prince, or when his Republic is the theme; I can not only excuse, but likewise commend, the effusions of a grateful heart, filled with the idea of a kingly benefactor; I can excuse the self-complacency of an Author contem-

Ah ! if it be possible for one single man to constitute, on this earth, the hope of the Human Race, that Man is a King of France. He reigns
over

plating the probable success and influence of a good Book, his own production ; nay, I can make allowance for a good Catholic, exalting a Saint upon Earth into an Intercessor in Heaven : But who can forbear smiling, or rather weeping, at the airy visions of a returning golden age, on the very eve of an explosion of the age of iron, clothed in every circumstance of horror ? Who but must be kindled into indignation, at seeing genius degraded into a servile minister, of fulsome adulation, to the vilest of women ? Who but must deride the pretensions so frequently advanced, by the wise and by the unwise, and as frequently exposed, to the gift of predicting future events.

In Latin, the same word, *Fates*, denotes both Poet and Prophet ; and the two characters are by no means incompatible. Our Author is no mean Poet, he is a first-rate Naturalist, he is an eloquent Writer, and, what is above all, he is a good and estimable Man ; but events have demonstrated, that he is but a wretched Prophet. A few short years have scattered his fond prognostics “into air, thin air.” He makes it one of the glories of the reign of *Louis XVI.* that he “supported the oppressed “Americans.” Whatever political sagacity might have dictated, or predicted, at the time, respecting his interference in the dispute between Great-Britain and her American Colonies, the issue has demonstrated, that this interference was injudicious and impolitic, as far as he was personally concerned. The support which he gave to *oppressed* America, laid an accumulated weight on *oppressed* France, and precipitated that Revolution, which, by progressive steps, abridged his power, annihilated his splendor, hurled him from his throne, subjected his neck to the axe, and
blasted

over his People by love, his People over the rest of Europe by manners, Europe over the rest of the Globe by power. Nothing prevents his doing good when he pleases. It is in his power, notwithstanding the venality of employments, to humble haughty vice, and to exalt lowly virtue. It is, farther, in his power, to descend toward his subjects, or to bid them rise toward him. Many Kings have repented that they had placed their confidence in treasures, in allies, in corps, and in grandees; but no one that he had trusted in his People, and in God. Thus reigned the popular *Charles V.* and the St. *Louises*. Thus you shall one day have reigned, O *Louis XVI!* You have, from your very first advances to the throne, given laws for the re-establishment of manners; and, what was still more difficult, you have exhibited the example, in the midst of a French Court. You

blasted the prospects of his Family. Here was one of the fearful re-actions of a righteous Providence.

The nauseous elogium pronounced on the *charms and sensibility of his august Consort*, is still more intolerable. It is notorious to all Europe, that the lewdness, the pride, the prodigality, the ambition, the resentments, of that bad woman, filled up the measure of moral depravity among the higher orders in France, embroiled the two hemispheres of the Globe in the horrors of war; and ruined her Country, ruined her Husband, ruined Herself, ruined her Posterity. Another of the re-actions of a righteous Providence!

H. H.

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have

have destroyed the remains of feudal slavery, mitigated the hardships endured by unfortunate prisoners, as well as the severity of civil and military punishments; you have given to the inhabitants of certain provinces the liberty of assessing themselves to the public imposts, remitted to the Nation the dues of your accession to the Crown, secured to the poor seaman a part of the fruits of war, and restored to men of letters the natural privilege of reaping those of their labours.

While, with one hand, you were assisting and relieving the wretched part of the Nation, with the other, you raised statues to it's illustrious men of ages past, and you supported the oppressed Americans. Certain wise men, who are about your person, and, what is still more potent than their wisdom, the charms and the sensibility of your august Consort, have rendered the path of virtue easy to you. O great King! if you proceed with constancy in the rough paths of virtue, your name will one day be invoked by the miserable of all Nations. It will preside over their destinies even during the life of their own Sovereigns. They will present it as a barrier to oppose their tyrants, and as a model to their good Kings. It will be revered from the rising to the setting of the Sun, like that of the *Tituses*, and of the *Antoninuses*.

When

When the Nations which now cover the Earth shall be no more, your name shall still live, and shall flourish with a glory ever new. The Majesty of ages shall increase it's venerability, and posterity the most remote, shall envy us the felicity of having lived under your government.

I, Sire, am nothing. I may have been the victim of public calamities, and remain ignorant of the causes. I may have spoken of the means of remedying them, without knowing the power and the resources of mighty Kings. But if you render us better and more happy, the *Tacitus'es* of future times will study, from you, the art of re-forming and governing men in a difficult age. Other *Fenelous* will one day speak of France, under your reign, as of happy Egypt under that of *Sesofstris*. Whilst you are then receiving upon Earth, the invariable homage of men, you will be their mediator with DEITY, of whom you shall have been among us, the most lively image. Ah! if it were possible that we should lose the sentiment of his existence from the corruption of those who ought to be our patterns, from the disorder of our passions, from the wanderings of our own understanding, from the multiplied ills of humanity; O King! it would be still glorious for you to preserve the love of order in the midst of the general disorder.

disorder. Nations, abandoned to the will of lawless tyrants, would flock together for refuge to the foot of your throne, and would come to seek, in you, the God whom they no longer perceived in Nature.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

ERRATA.

- Page 4, lines 6 and 7 from the bottom, for *immortality* and *mortality*,
read *immorality* and *morality*.
 — 6, line 6 from the bottom, for *s*, read *is*.
 — 32, line 3, for *greater*, read *great*.
 — 76, line 13, the *l* has dropped out of the word Bengal.
 — 77, line 3, from the bottom, for *it is*, read *it is not*.
 — 188, line 15, for *mefs*, read *masfs*.

